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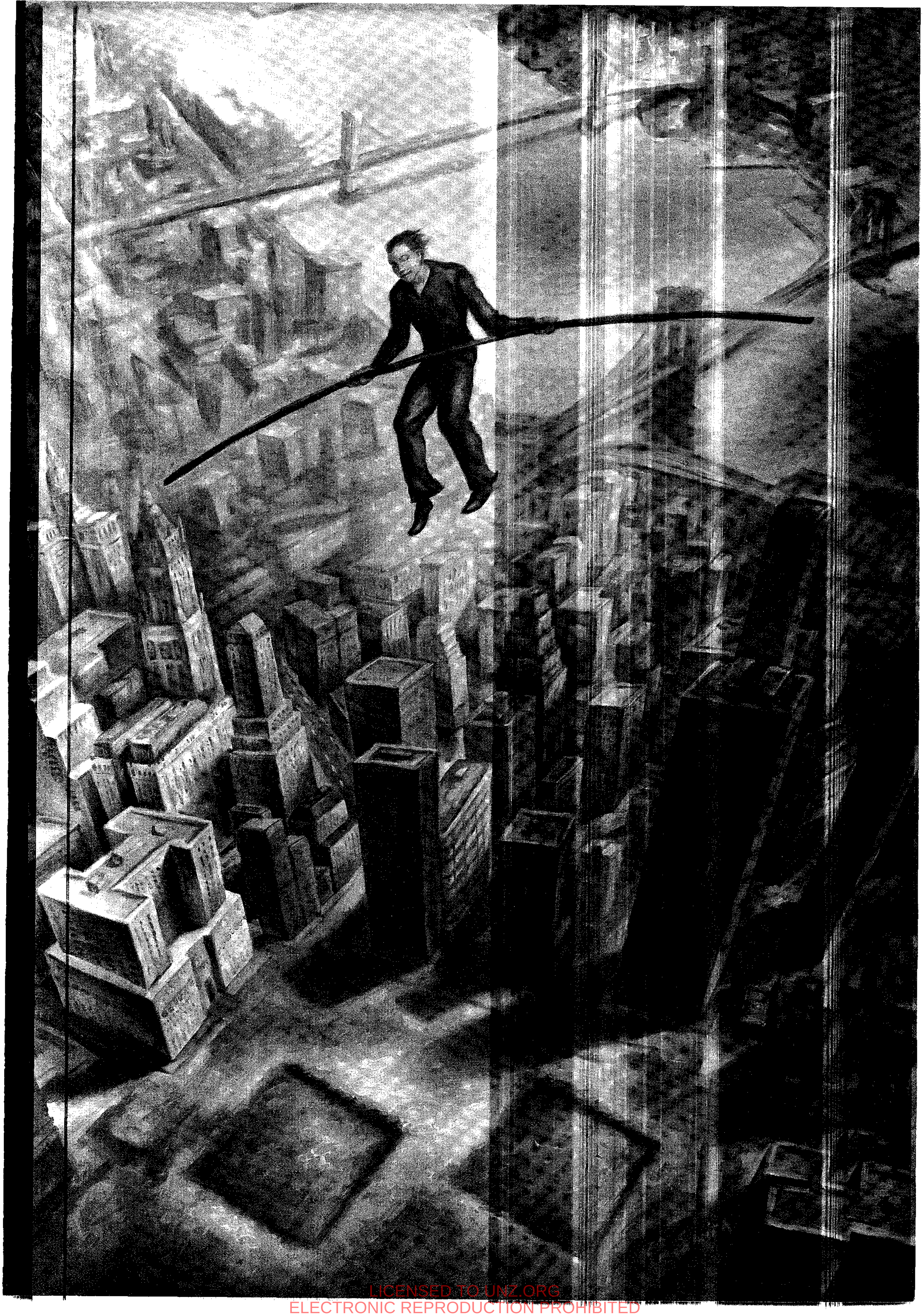
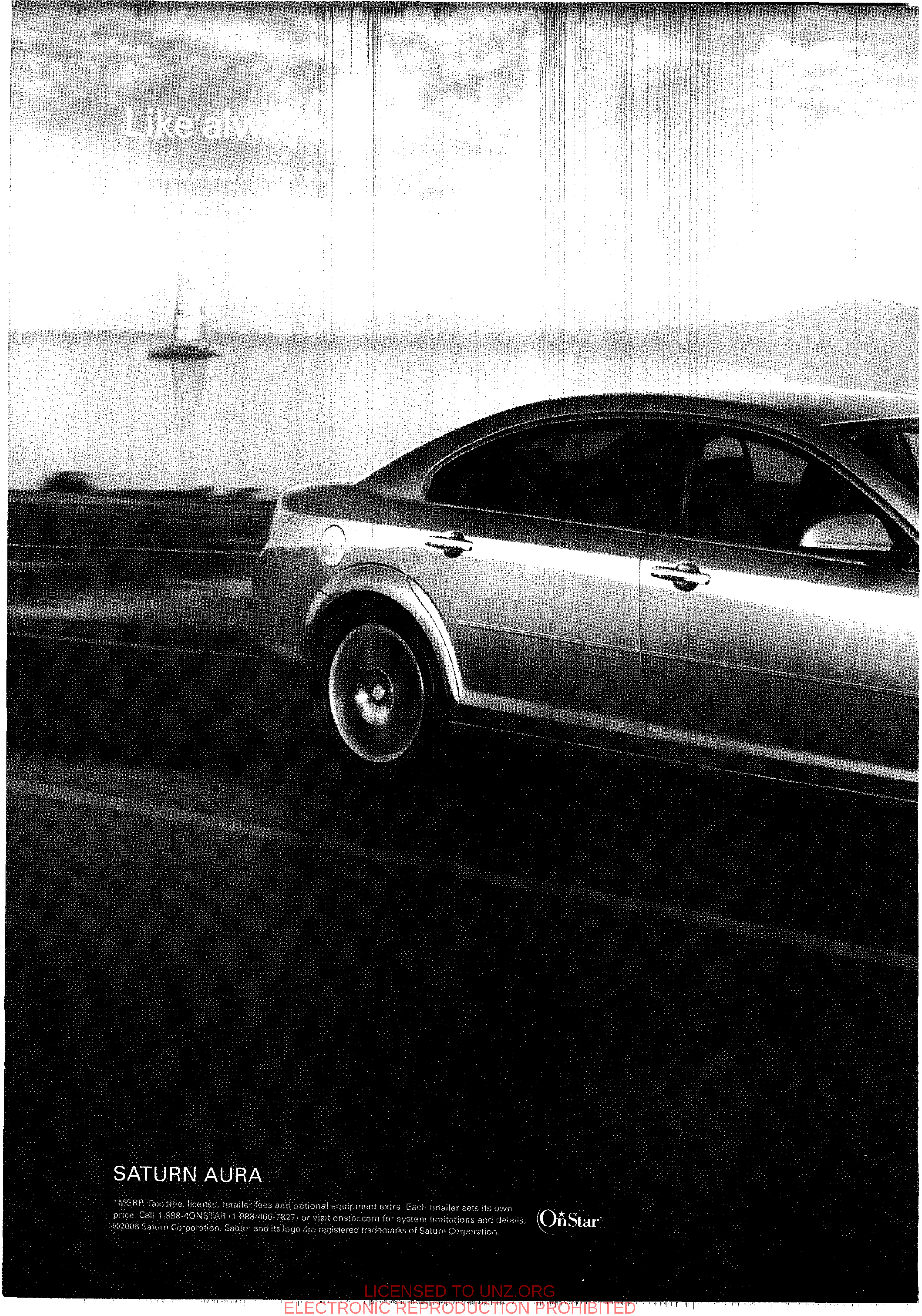
SEPT. 11, 2006





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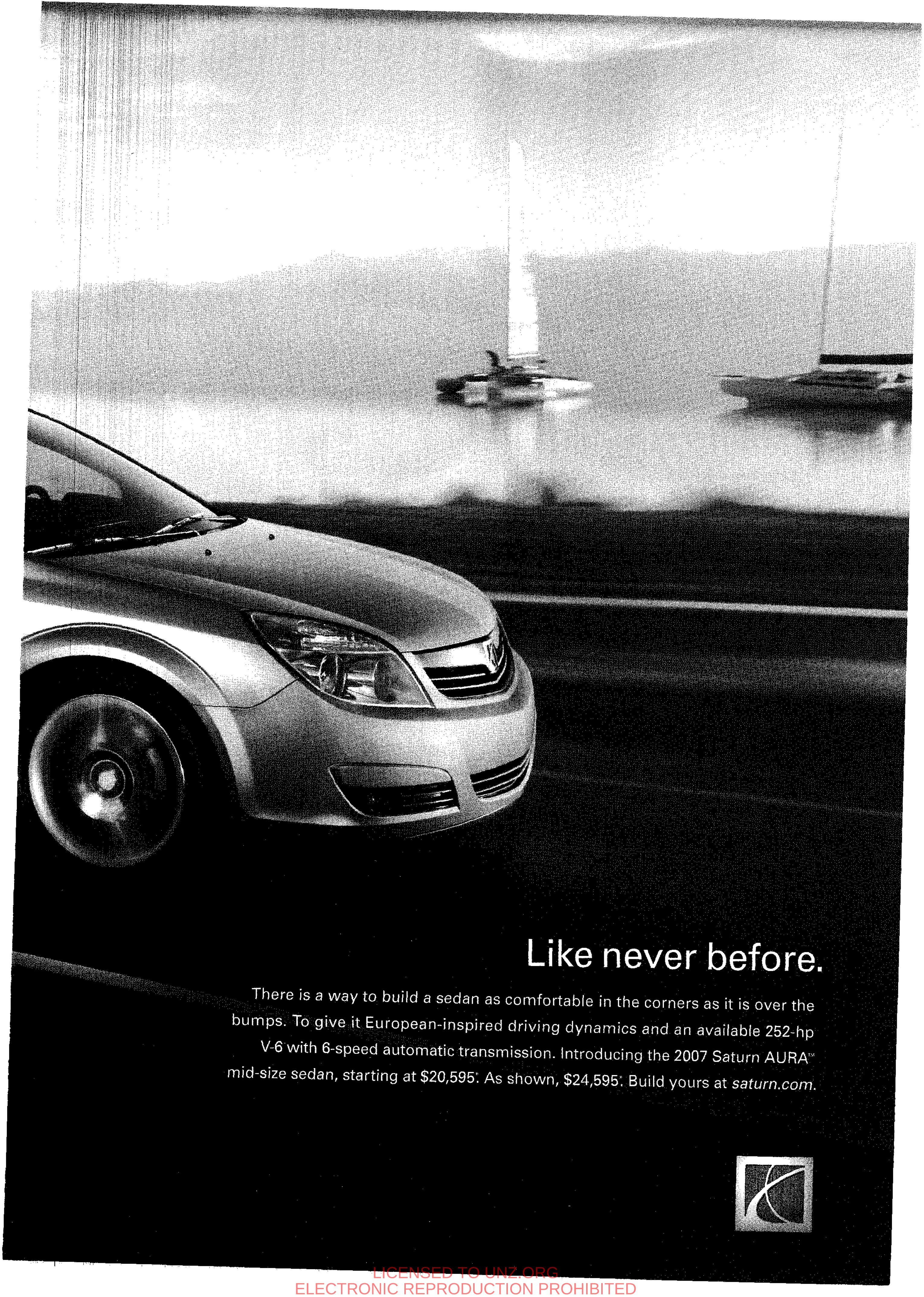

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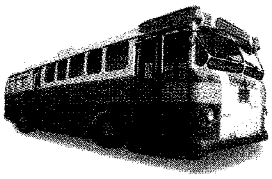

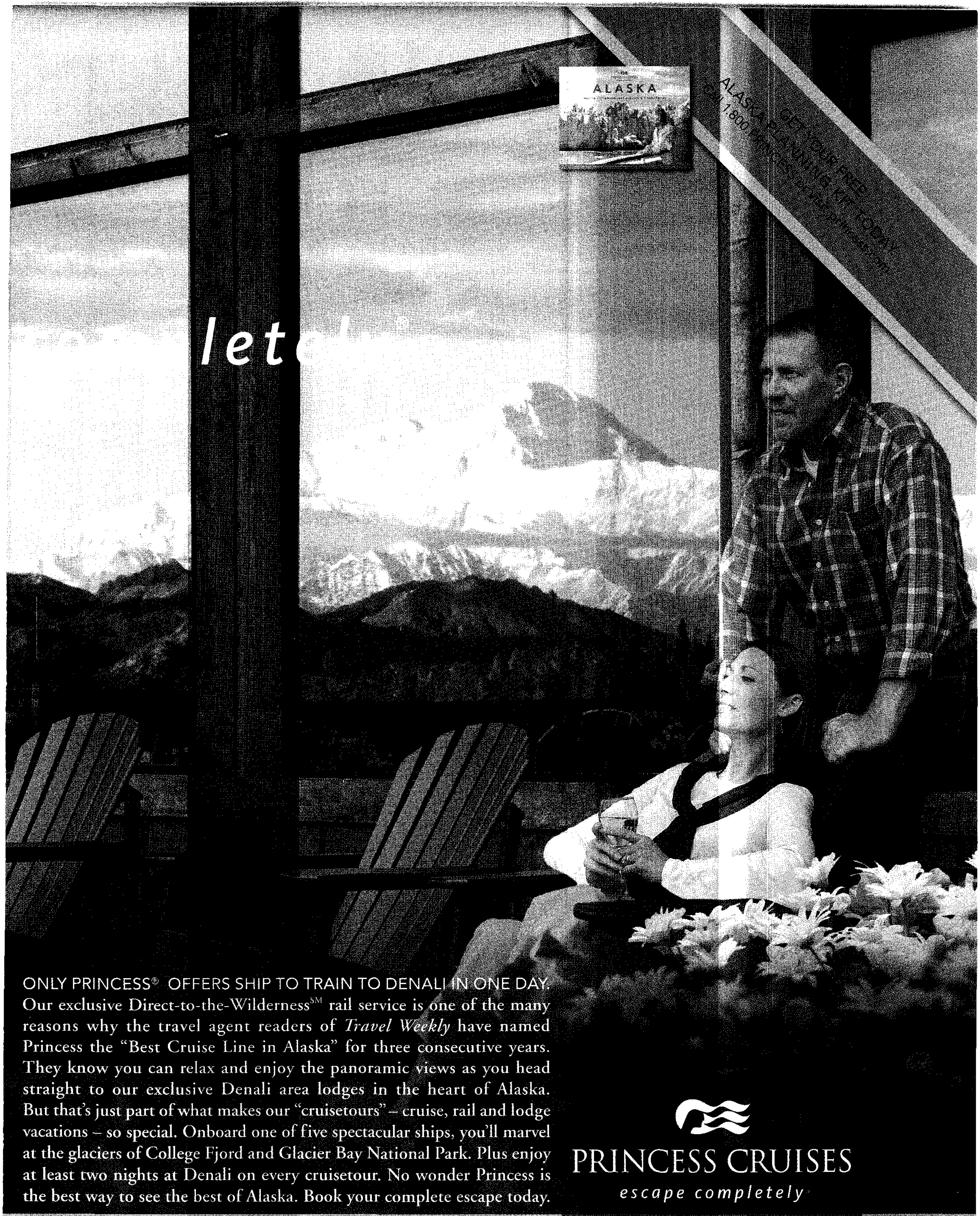

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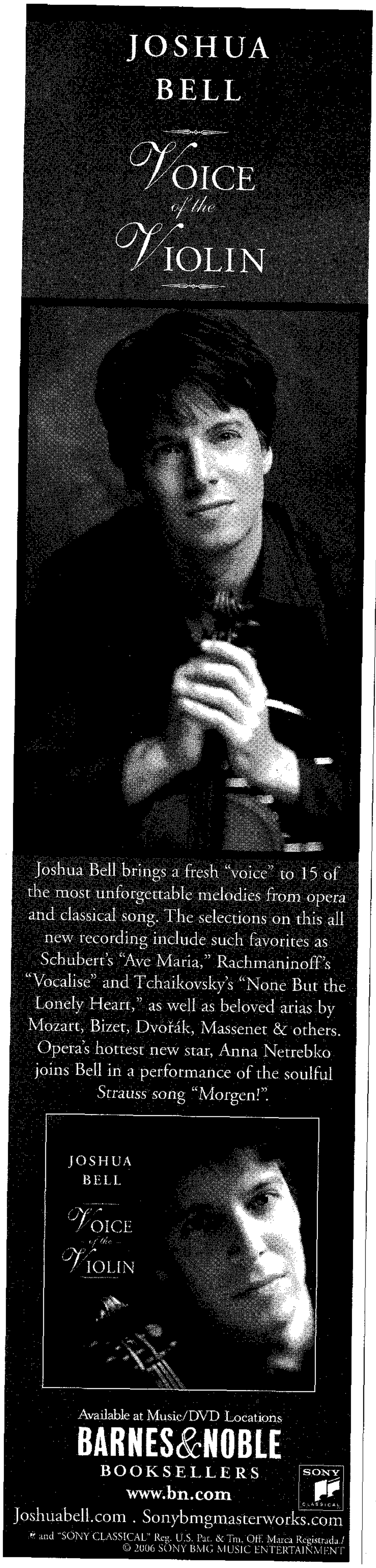
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THE NEW YORKER
FIVE YEARS AFTER

SEPTEMBER 11, 2006

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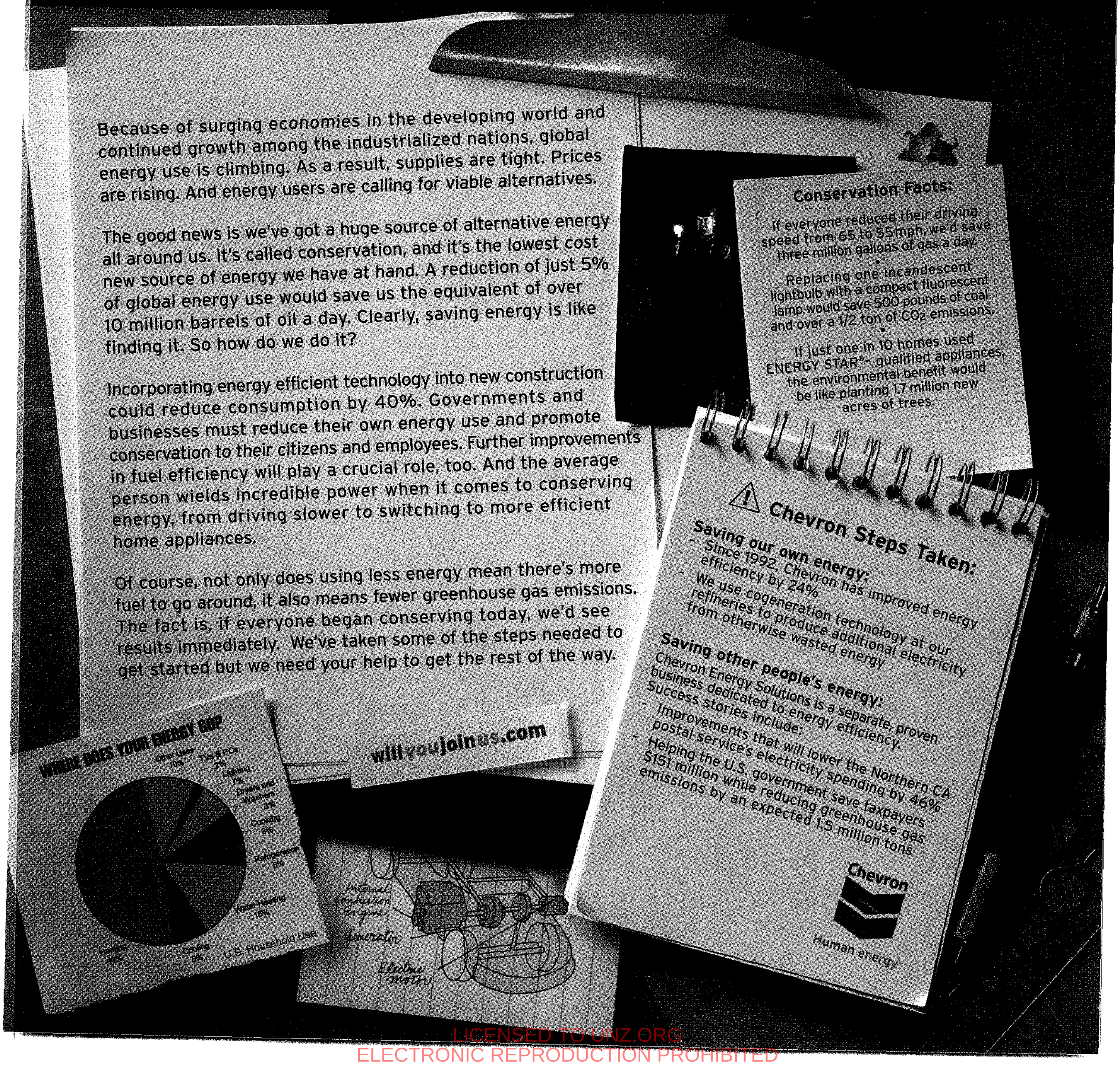
So who has the power to change that?



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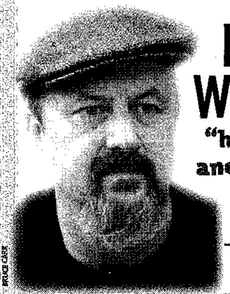

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Los Angeles Times Book Review

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"Ree is one of those heroines whose
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Mattie Ross in *True Grit*
but also Scout in
To Kill A Mockingbird."**
—*Booklist* (Starred Review)

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CONTRIBUTORS

Lawrence Wright ("The Master Plan," p. 48) is the author of "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11."

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Cate Kennedy (Fiction, p. 70) has a collection of stories, "Dark Roots," coming out in Australia this month.

Caleb Crain (A Critic at Large, p. 76) is the author of "American Sympathy: Men, Friendship, and Literature in the New Nation."

Guy Billout (Illustrations, pp. 35, 41, 49, 60) will publish a children's book, "The Frog Who Wanted to See the Sea," next year.

Steve Coll (The Financial Page, p. 33) is a staff writer. His book "Ghost Wars," about the C.I.A. and Afghanistan, is available in paperback.

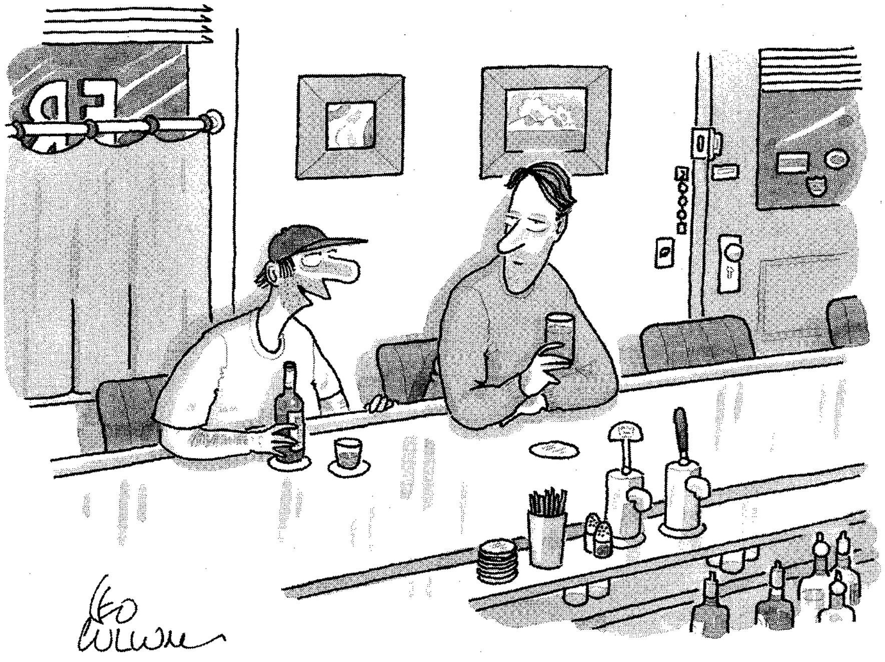
George Packer ("The Moderate Martyr," p. 60) is the author of "The Assassins' Gate: America in Iraq," which comes out in paperback later this month.

Jeffrey Goldberg ("The Forgotten War," p. 40) writes the Letter from Washington. His book "Prisoners: A Muslim and a Jew Across the Middle East Divide" will be published next month.

Meghan O'Rourke (Poem, p. 45) is the culture editor of *Slate* and a poetry editor of *The Paris Review*. Her début collection of poems, "Halflife," comes out next spring.

Marvin Bell (Poem, p. 72) will publish his eighteenth collection of poems, "Mars Being Red," in the spring.

John Mavroudis (Cover) is an illustrator living in San Francisco. Owen Smith has illustrated several children's books, including "Magnus at the Fire," written by Jennifer Armstrong. ♦



"What I drink and what I tell the pollsters I drink are two different things."

THE MAIL

A MATTER OF MATH

Sylvia Nasar and David Gruber's article on the Poincaré conjecture does provide an antidote to the bland image of scientists by depicting the community's less than happy recluses—like Grigory Perelman—and its ambitious empire builders, such as Shing-Tung Yau ("Manifold Destiny," August 28th). However, sitting by himself while listening to opera in the upper balcony of the Mariinsky Theatre is not what distinguishes Perelman from other socially inept members of our species any more than pushing his own agenda too hard before the Chinese press in Beijing distinguishes Yau from other overly zealous individuals. What does distinguish Perelman, Yau, and their ilk is that they have accomplished something that will endure and will leave a legacy that, once we have had time to assimilate it, will give our descendants something to contemplate besides their own navels. Of course the rest of us are jealous of their immortality, but our jealousy does not excuse our succumbing to the crab-bucket syndrome.

Daniel W. Stroock
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Nasar and Gruber's juxtaposition of Perelman's asceticism and Yau's ambitions made for a dramatic story. I would, however, like to say a few words in defense of Yau. As Shiing-Shen Chern's successor as emperor of Chinese mathematics, Yau has an outsized ego and great ambition, and has done things that dismay his peers. What shouldn't be forgotten is the enormous contributions Yau has made to the mathematical community. Beyond what Nasar and Gruber describe in their article, he is one of the greatest teachers, having trained—according to the Mathematics Genealogy Project—thirty-nine students and a hundred and twenty-five descendants in all, including many of the top geometers working today. And he has always been generous in his support of people at less well-known institutions whose work impresses him (my colleagues Erwin Lutwak and Gaoyong Zhang are two examples). Yau's impact on mathematics and the mathematical community is difficult to overstate, and it is virtually all positive.

Deane Yang
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Polytechnic University
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When a mathematician thinks he has solved a famous, long-standing problem, it is more the rule than the exception to circulate the purported proof informally first to have it critiqued by experts in the specialty area of the proof. Perelman's use of the Internet for this purpose was merely a twenty-first-century variation on this practice. What was exceptional was his unwillingness, once his proof outline was examined by the handful of experts qualified to judge it, to write his own more detailed version in a form suitable for journal publication. Whenever a famous conjecture is proved, other people who have worked on the problem are likely to come forth with variations, simplifications, or generalizations of the first correct proof. Only rarely does this lead to disputed claims of priority. (A famous case occurred in the late nineteen-forties regarding the rival claims of Atle Selberg and Paul Erdös over the first "elementary" proof of the Prime Number Theorem in number theory.) In the Poincaré case, Yau's attempt to shift some of the credit from Perelman to Xi-Ping Zhu and Huai-Dong Cao seems to be utterly without merit.

Solomon Golomb
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Los Angeles, Calif.

•

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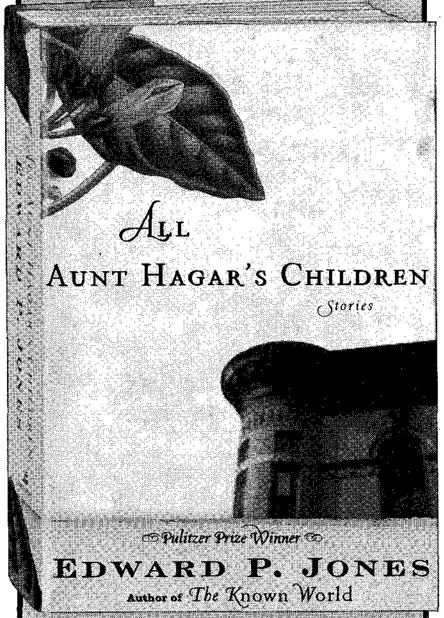

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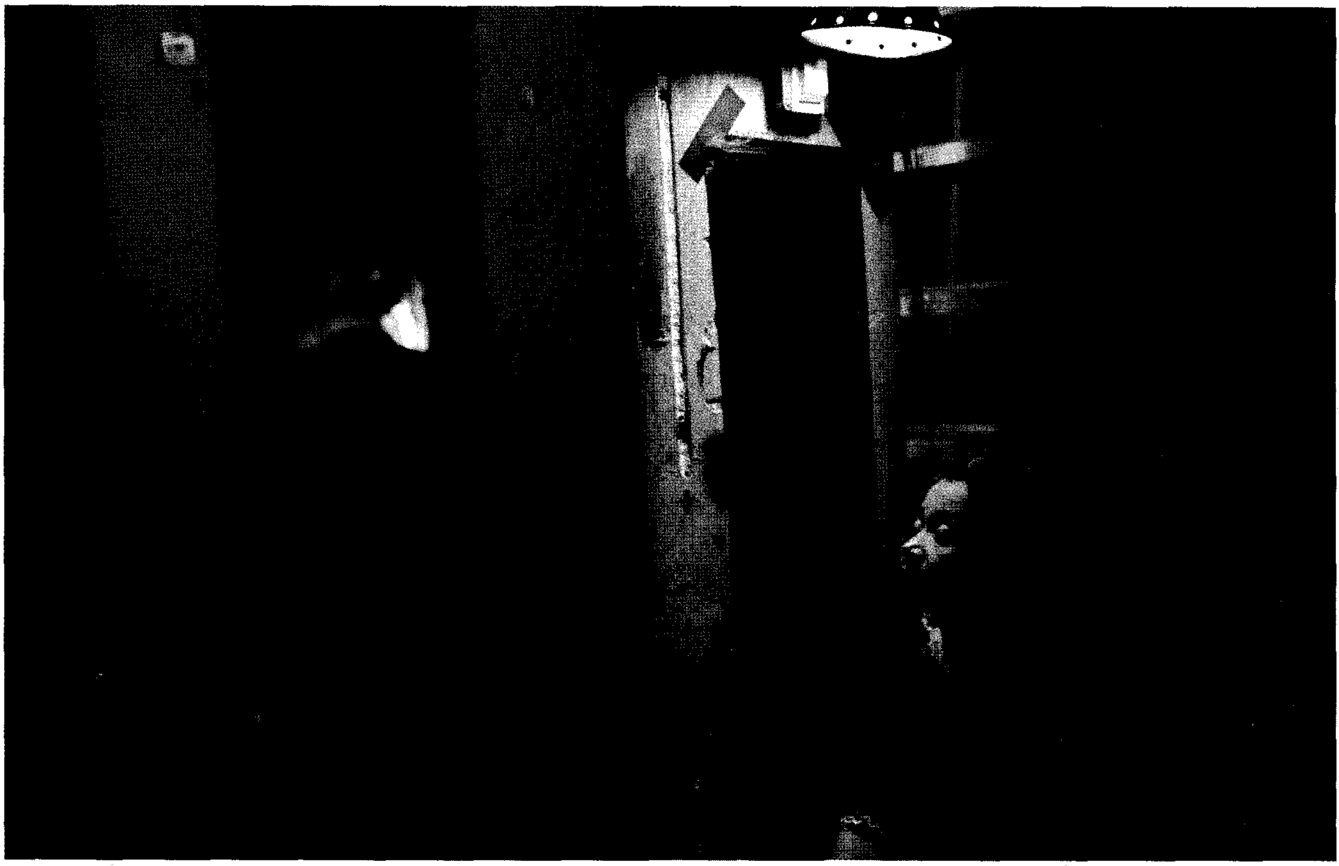

A revival of August Wilson's "Seven Guitars." Photograph by Landon Nordeman.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
10	11	12	6	7	8	9

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
NEW DIRECTION

Eve Ensler follows up her hugely successful "Vagina Monologues" with "The Treatment," a wartime drama that explores the intimate relationship between a traumatized former military interrogator and his female psychologist, a colonel. Dylan McDermott (who also happens to be the playwright's stepson) and the single-named Portia star in the Culture Project production, which kicks off the Impact Festival. (See page 10.)

NIGHT LIFE
BACK IN THE HOUSE

Dr. Octagon, one of the many alter egos of the eccentric rapper and hip-hop innovator Kool Keith, returns with a pair of shows at the Bowery Ballroom, his wacky bedside manner intact. (See page 12.)

ART
THE RENAISSANCE

After the traditional lazy August, New York's galleries have come back to life for the fall season. Scores of shows open this week, featuring new work by such artists as Jessica Stockholder, at Mitchell-Innes & Nash; Adam McEwen, at Klagsbrun; Vik Muniz, at Sikkema Jenkins; and Nicola López, at Golden. (See pages 15-19.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
CLOSE HARMONY

The annual observances of the anniversary of the September 11th attacks have given weight to what used to be a blank space in the classical schedule. Musicians for Harmony brings a wide range of performers—including the pianist Leon Fleisher and the fiddler Mark O'Connor—together for an evening at Merkin Concert Hall. (See page 20.)

MOVIES
WAR AND MORE

With Lebanon again in ruins and torn by ethnic conflict, the Walter Reade Theatre is offering a timely pair of recent Lebanese films about daily life during civil war: "The Tornado," from 1992, directed by Samir Habchi, about an art student who returns from Moscow to Beirut, and "West Beirut," from 1998, by Zaid Doueri, about the friendship between two Muslim boys and a Christian girl. (See page 23.)

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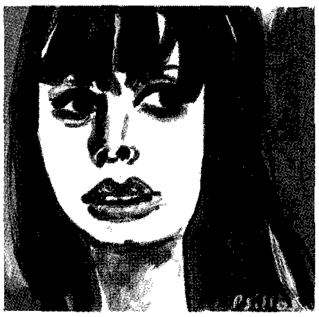
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
NINE LIVES

When I first saw the singer and songwriter Cat Power perform, in the mid-nineties, she played sitting down, her long bangs shrouding her face. At one point, she stopped to tune her guitar for five minutes, apologizing and threatening to leave the stage while she did. That was the good part. The singer, born Chan Marshall, is a delicate creature, to put it mildly. Her combination of wholesome beauty and breathy singing made her the Girl You Need to Save, a status only enhanced by onstage breakdowns. The less entranced among us wanted her to get through the set and make stronger albums. Now she has. Last year, with members of the Hi Rhythm Section, she recorded "The Greatest," her best album by a wide margin. The live shows she has been playing this year have converted very doubtful doubters and sent believers skyward. On his blog, David Byrne called her Town Hall appearance in June "one of the best shows I've ever seen." She returns for two sets on Sept. 10 at Irving Plaza, and it seems foolish to expect that such an unpredictable performer will be doing anything like this next year. Go now.

—*Sasha Frere-Jones*



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

ASYLUM: THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY LINCOLN
York Theatre Company presents the world première of a musical about the life of Mary Todd Lincoln a decade after her husband's assassination. In previews. (619 Lexington Ave. 212-868-4444.)

CHERRY'S PATCH
Richard Caliban directs Ron Scott Stevens's drama about the politics of a pre-9/11 Brooklyn firehouse. Opens Sept. 7. (SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 212-691-1555.)

ESOTERICA
The magician and actor Eric Walton wrote and performs in this show, a mix of magic and storytelling, directed by Elysa Marden. Previews begin Sept. 9. (DR2, 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

FIZZ
Sam Gold directs the world première of a comedy by Rogelio Martinez, about Roberto Goizueta, the Cuban immigrant turned C.E.O. who was behind the much ballyhooed, ultimately failed New Coke. Previews begin Sept. 9. (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-279-4200.)

FOGGY BOTTOM
The world première of a political comedy by James Armstrong, about a government bureaucrat who becomes illicitly involved with three attractive young illegal aliens. In previews. Opens Sept. 10. (Abingdon, 312 W. 36th St. 212-868-4444.)

THE HISTORY OF VALENTYNE AND ORSON
Ralph Lee's Mettawee River Theatre Company uses masks, puppets, and an ensemble of six actors to tell the fifteenth-century French story of a baby who was found in the forest and raised by a king. Opens Sept. 8. (Outdoor Garden of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 111th St. at Amsterdam Ave. 212-929-4777.)

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING
The actor and mime Bill Bowers stars in this one-man show, an autobiographical review of his life so far and the role silence plays in it. Martha Banta directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 7. (Rattlestick, 224 Waverly Pl. 212-868-4444.)

JOHN FERGUSON
Mint Theatre Company revives St. John Ervine's play from 1919, about an Irish farmer who needs a miracle. Martin Platt directs. Previews begin Sept. 8. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

THE MAN HIMSELF
Alan Drury's dark comedy portrays an ordinary man's conversion to religious extremism. In previews. Opens Sept. 10. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

NAMI
John Gould Rubin directs the world première of a new play by Chad Beckim, in which two neighbors intervene in what they think is a plot to sell a child into sex slavery. In previews. (Kirk, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

NEW YORK MUSICAL THEATRE FESTIVAL
The annual festival of more than thirty new musicals returns, in twelve theatres spanning the city. Opens Sept. 10. (Various venues. 212-352-3101. For complete schedule, visit www.nymf.org.)

THE PAIN AND THE ITCH
Playwrights Horizons opens its season with a new comedy by Bruce Norris, a satire of a self-conscious liberal family. Anna D. Shapiro directs. In previews. (416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

RICHARD II
Michael Cumpsty stars in Classic Stage Company's presentation of Shakespeare's historical drama. Brian Kulick directs. In previews. (136 E. 13th St. 212-352-3101.)

SISTERS
Declan Hassett's new one-woman play stars Anna Manahan as Martha and Mary, two sisters living contrasting lives in Ireland in the fifties. Previews begin Sept. 12. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

SUBURBIA
Second Stage Theatre begins its season with an updated version of Eric Bogosian's 1994 study of teen angst and racial tension, starring Daniel Eric Gold, Jessica Capshaw, and Kieran Culkin. Jo Bonney directs. In previews. (307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

THEOPHILUS NORTH
A young traveller finds himself amidst the wealth and glamour of Newport, Rhode Island, in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's novel from 1973. In previews. (Clurman, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE TREATMENT
Dylan McDermott and Portia star in the world première of a new play by Eve Ensler ("The Vagina Monologues"), about a traumatized soldier and his female psychologist. The play kicks off the Impact Festival at the Culture Project. Leigh Silverman directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 12. (45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.)

WASPS IN BED
Three old friends convene at a wedding celebration in the Berkshires in Nicola Behrman's comedy, directed by Lisa Marie Meller. In previews. Opens Sept. 7. (Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

WHO'S YOUR DADA?!
The Wooster Group performs a première of a contemporary work based on Dada materials, at MOMA. Performers include Kate Valk, Scott Shepherd, and Ari Fliakos. Elizabeth LeCompte directs. Sept. 6-7 and Sept. 9. (Agnes Gund Garden Lobby, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 212-708-9781.)

NOW PLAYING

THE FANTASTICKS
After a four-year hiatus, the long-running musical fable returns, relatively unchanged and still dewy as the dawn, under the direction of Tom Jones, who wrote the lyrics to Harvey Schmidt's music and who memorably reprises the role of Henry, a senile actor for hire. Despite the move from its original home, the Sullivan Street Playhouse, to the considerably less homey-sounding Snapple Theatre Center, the show hasn't lost its appeal; it feels like a game of make-believe performed in a grandmother's attic. Even so, its moments of preciousness are surprisingly few. "The Fantasticks" is just like the kind of teen-age love it depicts: nectar-sweet, exempt from time, and not nearly as simple as you may remember it. (210 W. 50th St. 212-307-4100.)

FRINGENYC ENCORES
Ten of the festival's best shows are reprised in repertory at two venues. (212-352-3101. For complete schedule, visit www.fringenycencores.com.)

HENRIK IBSEN + JON FOSSE: NORWAY MEETS NEW YORK
Oslo Elsewhere presents English translations of "Rosmersholm," by Ibsen, and "Deathvariations," by Fosse. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200. Through Sept. 9.)

KIKI & HERB: ALIVE ON BROADWAY
As Kiki, the ancient lounge singer with a potty mouth and a rather philosophical view of the world, Justin Bond gives this show everything he's got, which is a great deal. By turns solipsistic and spot on as a social reporter, Bond's Kiki sings—in an ear-ringing growl—tunes that emphasize what she means to say, especially when she's in her cups. Backed on the piano and in life by the sweet-faced, even-tempered Herb (the adorable Kenny Mellman), Kiki covers a lot of ground in this show, including President Bush, homosexual rights, and Jesus and the manger. Bond and Mellman, who wrote and directed the project, could have benefitted from a little outside direction, if only to cut certain of the script's redundancies. Mostly, though, we're happy to spend time with this odd couple, who would hurt themselves with booze and delusions before they'd hurt a fly. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. Through Sept. 10.)

MARTIN SHORT: FAME BECOMES ME
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tion, an arch sendup of theatrical egotism. Packed full of jokes, sketches, and impersonations, this mock-autobiography features original songs by Marc Shaiman (who also makes several cherubic appearances) and Scott Wittman (who also directs) and supporting turns by four game, talented performers. High points include a "Wizard of Oz" takeoff with Dorothy (Mary Birdsong) lamenting the salesman who got away and Short as an emotionally supportive fence, and Short's Jiminy Glick bit, in which he brilliantly improvises an interview with a wild-card audience member. Even though the story loses its way toward the end, Short delivers a big finish, returning to knowingly, disarmingly beg the audience to show him the love he craves. It works. (Bernard B. Jacobs, 242 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

MR. DOOLEY'S AMERICA
At the turn of the century, a Chicago newspaper editor named Finley Peter Dunne (played by Des Keogh) created a larger-than-life character to anchor his anonymous columns—the Irish saloonkeeper and philosopher of the shot glass Dooley, whose homespun jeremiads about American democracy eventually won legions of readers. Here, Dooley is charmingly brought to life by the Dublin actor Vincent Dowling, whose shrewdness and humanity give substance to the talky role. Set in a pub with sawdust on the floor and plenty of whiskey in the well, the play—created by the columnist's son Philip Dunne, along with Martin Blaine—puts Dooley head to head with a quiet codger named Hennessy, turning their chat into an appealing slice of Irish immigrant life. (Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. Through Sept. 10.)

NEW YORK CLOWN THEATRE FESTIVAL
This festival showcases a roster of clown acts, panel discussions ("Why I Hate Clowns"), and workshops. Highlights include Chiche Capon's Cabaret, from Paris, and Eric Davis as Red Bastard. (Brick Theatre, 575 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn. 212-352-3101.)

SEVEN GUITARS
In this gorgeous Signature Theatre Company production, the director, Ruben Santiago-Hudson, concentrates on the late August Wilson's strongest suit as a writer: his love of the tale. Set during the years when the fighter Joe Louis was known to the world as the great black hope, Wilson's story describes the crippling effect dashed dreams can have on the dreamer and those who love him. Floyd Barton (Lance Reddick) is a musician who wants to leave Pittsburgh for the bright lights of Chicago. But his beloved girlfriend (Roslyn Ruff) cannot let go of her distrust of him, or her life as a concerned member of a small community of realists. While Reddick is a bit too "actorly"—clenched jaws and fists to convey tension, etc.—there are a number of standouts in the cast, particularly Brenda Pressley as Louise, who gives her pivotal role as a nosy neighbor all she's got. (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

Also Playing

ABSINTHE: Spiegeltent, Pier 17, South Street Seaport. 212-279-4200. **AVENUE Q:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **CHICAGO:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COLOR PURPLE:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200. **CREATION: A CLOWN SHOW:** Theatre Five, 311 W. 43rd St. 212-868-4444. Through Sept. 10. **THE DROWSY CHAPERONE:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 212-307-4100. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **THE HISTORY BOYS:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **THE LION KING:** Minskoff, 220 W. 45th St. 212-307-4747. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **NO CHILD . . . :** Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200. **[TITLE OF SHOW]:** Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-279-4200. **THE 25TH ANNUAL PUTNAM COUNTY SPELLING BEE:** Circle in the Square, 50th St. between Broadway and Eighth Ave. 212-239-6200. **THE WEDDING SINGER:** Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.

The third annual Brooklyn Country Music Festival, featuring more than a dozen ac

JOSH COCHRAN

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Sept. 9: A "New Orleans Super-Funk Jam" with **Leo Nocentelli,** the famed guitarist for the Meters, and the powerhouse drummer **Stanton Moore** and members of his band Galactic.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 8: Norway's **Serena-Maneesh,** led by Emil Nikolaisen, cranks out textured guitar assaults layered with evanescent vocals. Sept. 9-10: The multi-personality rapper **Dr. Octagon** (a.k.a. Kool Keith a.k.a. Keith Thornton) is a hip-hop pioneer whose popular success never quite reached the heights of his crazy imagination. His 1996 album, "Dr. Octagonecologyst," is a classic, though. **Mr. Lif** and **Beans,** who are not exactly straight ahead either, are newer to the game and will warm up the crowd. The Bostonian Lif lays a political message

over an amalgamation of au-courant beats. Beans helped found the rap trio Antipop Consortium.

CBGB & OMFUG

315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (212-982-4052)—Sept. 8: The **Avengers** were a short-lived, influential Los Angeles punk group fronted by the spry vocalist Penelope Houston. They lasted from 1977 to 1979, but that was long enough to make a mark on history; they opened for the Sex Pistols at the Winterland for what turned out to be that band's last gig. After the Avengers dissolved, Houston tacked in a different direction and became a singer-songwriter. Recently, however, she reunited with the group's original guitarist, Greg Ingraham, and this is their first New York City show.

DON HILL'S

511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850)—Sept. 8: **Mstrkrft** is the production team Jesse Keeler and Al-P. Keeler's former outfit, Death from Above 1979, had a detached indie-rock approach. "Master Craft," as the duo's name is pronounced, wants to connect its fans to the dance floor and to each other.

HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM

Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 12: A permanent member of the guitar-hero pantheon, **Jeff Beck** is at work on a new album that, after years of his experimenting with fusion and electronica, will rock in an old-fashioned sort of way, he says. The current tour is his first in twenty years to feature a vocalist, Beth Hart.

o floors, fills Southpaw on September 9.

IRVING PLAZA

17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Sept. 6: The country singer **Pat Green** won over his native Texas with hard-partying songs, and he's now in the midst of conquering the rest of the country. Sept. 8: The Australian punk avatars **Radio Birdman** make their New York City début, some thirty years after first banding together. Sept. 10: **Cat Power** (a.k.a. Chan Marshall), indie-rock's premier femme fatale. Sept. 11: The heartfelt guitar pop of **Starsailor.**

JOE'S PUB

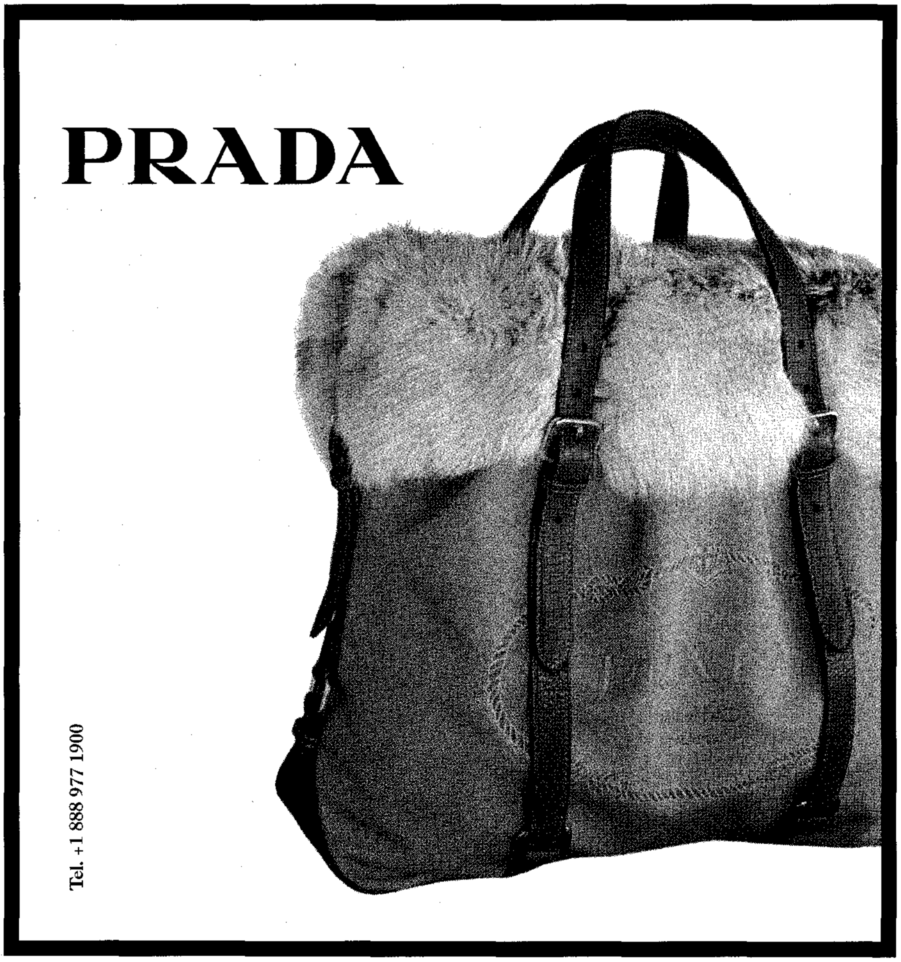
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Sept. 7: The wry outfit **One Ring Zero** celebrates the release of its latest CD, "Wake Them Up." With **Rick Moody,** one of their many literary collaborators, and **Claudia Gonson,** of the Magnetic Fields.

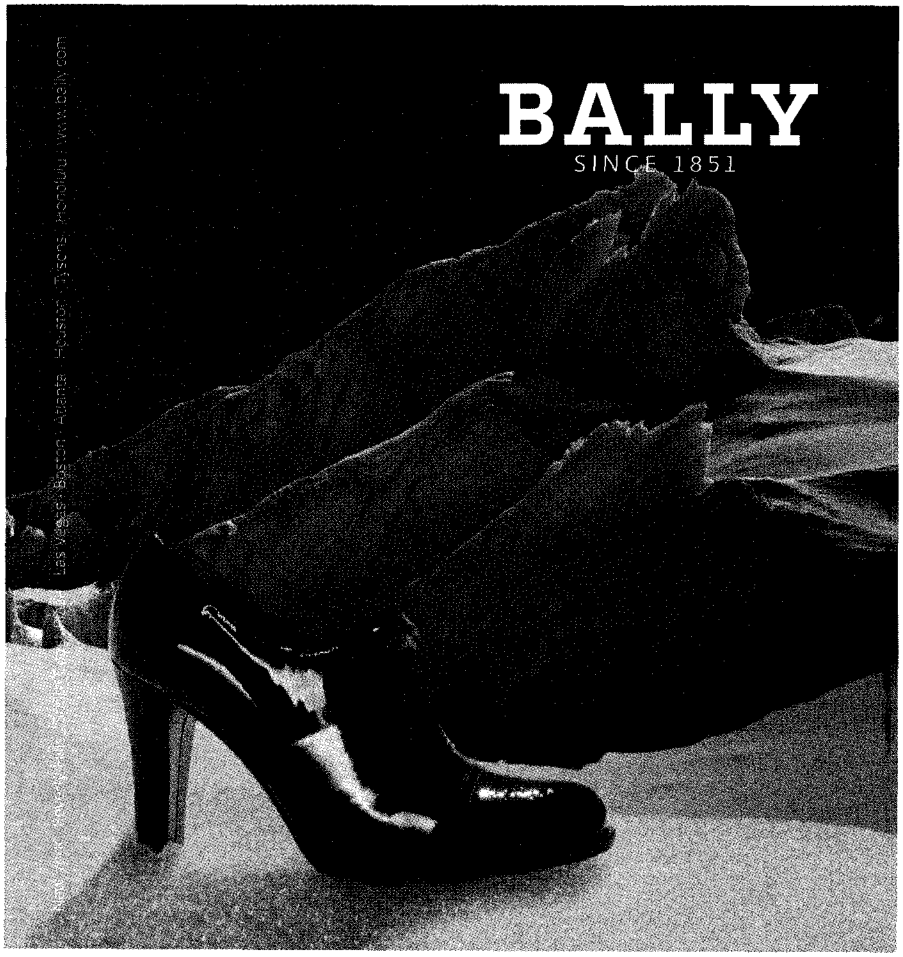
KNITTING FACTORY

74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Sept. 7: **Kaki King,** a local folk rocker known for her unconventional guitar playing, joins **Christine Baze,** a singer-songwriter from Boston and a cervical-cancer survivor, for the start of the "Yellow Umbrella" tour, a multi-city effort to raise awareness about the disease.

"LET'S ZYDECO"

The roving concert series dedicated to the various indigenous musical forms of Louisiana pre-

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sents the Cajun fiddler Michael Doucet and his band **Beausoleil** on Sept. 11. (Connolly's, 121 W. 45th St. For more information, call 212-685-7597 or visit www.letszydeco.com.)

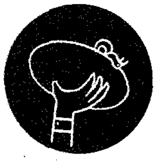
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 12-13: **Roger Waters.** Last month, in Poznan, Poland, the Pink Floyd co-founder premièred his opera about the French Revolution, "Ça Ira." These shows are only slightly less ambitious: he'll be performing the entirety of Floyd's eternal dorm-room classic and onetime chart staple, "Dark Side of the Moon."

MCCARREN PARK POOL
Lorimer St. between Bayard St. and Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (212-307-7171)—Sept. 9: **Gov't Mule,** the bristling Allman Brothers offshoot led by the slide guitarist Warren Haynes.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Sept. 7: The San Francisco quartet **Birdmonster** chimes like the Jam and burns like the Clash. That is, when they're not hitting their own spot-on, slightly off-kilter grooves. They're staunchly independent (they self-released their full-length début album, "No Midnight"), and a corner of the blogosphere has them pegged as this year's do-it-yourself success story, à la Clap Your Hands Say Yeah. With **Catfish Haven,** a trio from Chicago that leavens its indie rock with a dash of Southern soul. The band's name comes from the trailer park in Missouri where the group's front man, George Hunter, grew up. That would be incidental except for the fact that it links them to the other band on the bill, **Someone Still Loves You Boris Yeltsin.** These earnest young rockers with the catchy name actually come from the Show Me state.

THE OY!HOO FESTIVAL
This gathering, also known as the New York Jewish Music and Heritage Festival, was started three years ago by the downtown promoter Michael Dorf, the founder of the eclectic club the Knitting Factory. It gets under way on Sept. 10 with an evening concert by the saxophonist **John Zorn** and his Masada ensembles at the 92nd Street Y (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.). Also on opening day, in the afternoon, the **Klezmatics, Tom Chapin, Beausoleil,** and others convene for the "Harmony on the Hudson" show in Battery Park City. (For more information, visit www.oyhoo.com. Through Sept. 17.)

SOUTHPAW
125 Fifth Ave., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-230-0236)—Sept. 9: The third annual **Brooklyn Country Music Festival,** brought to you by Dock Oscar and Alex Battles, a pair of Kings County country singers, songwriters, and impresarios. The scene takes traditional Nashville and electrified Bakersfield honky-tonk aesthetics as a guide but adds a gritty native pulse, influenced by rumbling subway trains, alternate-side-of-the-street parking, and the presence of a few million close neighbors. Oscar's band Sweet William and Battles's group the Whisky Rebellion join eleven other acts. Come in the afternoon to hear Kara Suzanne and the Gojo Hearts, stay late for the city-billy stylings of the Defibulators, and even later for Greg Garing—considered by Battles to be "the Father of New York Country."



TABLES FOR TWO
THE LITTLE OWL

90 Bedford St., at Grove St. (212-741-4695)—" 'Scuse me, is this the Red Owl?" a woman said to a couple sitting on a bench in front of a snug Village restaurant. It was the Little Owl, the inaugural venture from Joey Campanaro and Gabriel Stulman, but her confusion was understandable: in a neighborhood teeming with beloved holes-in-the-wall—a disproportionate number of them named after animals (Grey Dog, White Horse, Spotted Pig)—it can be hard to stand out. Campanaro (chef, formerly of the Harrison) and Stulman (front man) manage to, mainly by evincing the friendliness of a golden retriever.

Nestled on the ground floor of a picturesque tenement (it served as the B-roll backdrop on "Friends"), theirs is a mellow, slightly on-the-fly operation. Sprays of blue hydrangeas, or whatever seasonal flowers are available, are tucked into the nooks of windows. A Vornado fan attempts to keep the room cool; nobody freaks out if you wander outside with a glass of wine. When Stulman decided that the space needed a pick-me-up, he simply dragged in some ladders and spray-painted the ceiling gold.

The crowd is equally motley: *Times* readers in natural fibers, an interior-decorator type wearing white slacks printed with sprigs of coral. As in a scene from a weird dream, you might spy a friend from college sitting at the bar with Mandy Moore. Everybody loves the ricotta cavatelli, brimming with bacon hunks and fava beans. Beans—butter ones this time—also appear as a side dish, accompanied by escarole and smoked ham. Immersed in tomato sauce, topped with cheese, they're addictive, good enough for a whole meal. The famous twelve-ounce pork chop, mighty but tender, mostly lives up to the hype. But the mystifying strawberry custard, which is really more of a shortcake, is far too bready by any name. Still, the aftertaste is sweet: when a diner returned for her left-behind datebook, even her Bic ballpoint had been put aside and lovingly recapped. (Open daily for dinner, Saturdays and Sundays for brunch. Entrées $17-$26.)

—Lauren Collins

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—Sept. 5-9: The vocalist **Sarah Partridge** opens the fall season in the Oak Room.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—**Barry Harris,** who is seventy-six-years old, is a revered second-generation bebop pianist who proudly adheres to the idiom. Having recorded with everyone from Coleman Hawkins to Lee Morgan, Harris doesn't just know his history—he made history. **Charles Davis,** a winning tenor and baritone saxophonist and his longtime foil, joins his quintet here Sept. 6-9.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Sept. 5-10: The guitarist **John Scofield** reunites with the electric bassist **Steve Swallow,** with whom he shared a trio in the eighties. The drummer **Bill Stewart** completes the triumvirate.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound murals, and, starting Sept. 12, **Elaine Stritch.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Sept. 7-10: Thanks to his custom-built eight-string guitar and a few choice effects, **Charlie Hunter** creates sounds last heard in the mid-sixties on, say, a Big John Patton organ disk. He's here with the Louisiana drummer **Simon Lott** and the pianist **Erik Deutsch,** who has worked with Ron Miles, James (Blood) Ulmer, and others. Sept. 12: **The Frank & Joe Show.** Frank Vignola plays guitar and Joe Ascione plays the drums, and between them they know more swing-era tunes than a busload of retirees.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Sept. 5-17: A jazz supergroup that never panders to its audience, the trio of the drummer **Paul Motian,** the guitarist **Bill Frisell,** and the saxophonist **Joe Lovano** can be flinty, probing, and piercingly lyrical. Their most recent album, "I Have the Room Above Her," which came out last year, continues their triumphant, two-decade recording streak. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

WILLIAMSBURG JAZZ FESTIVAL
Now in its fourth year, this (mostly) Brooklyn-based gathering gets under way Sept. 10 and features nearly two dozen artists, including **Seamus Blake, Jason Lindner, Ralph Alessi, Dave Douglas,** and **Sabir Mateen.** (For more information, visit www.wjazzfestival.com.)

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"Treasures of Sacred Maya Kings."** Through Sept. 10. ♦ **"Cai Guo-Qiang on the Roof: Transparent Monument."** Since April, the roof garden has been home to four sculptural works by the Chinese-born artist. Among them is "Clear Sky Black Cloud," a timed gunpowder explosion that produces a small cloud of smoke over Central Park each day at noon. Through Oct. 29. ♦ **"Rembrandt and His Circle: Drawings and Prints."** Through Oct. 15. ♦ **"The Fabric of Life: Ikat Textiles of Indonesia."** Through Sept. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"Dada,"** a large and illuminating survey of the anti-art movement. Through Sept. 11. ♦ **"Artist's Choice: Herzog & de Meuron, Perception Restrained."** The Swiss architects have built what they call a "perception machine" to view objects culled from the permanent collection. Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"No Limits, Just Edges: Jackson Pollock Paintings on Paper."** Through Sept. 29. ♦ **"Zaha Hadid."** Through Oct. 25. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—Much of **"Full House,"** the Whitney's seventy-fifth-anniversary extravaganza, remains open into the fall, including the Pop art on the third floor (through Oct. 8), the Abstract Expressionism on the second floor (through Oct. 15), the Alexander Calder menagerie on the lobby level (through Sept. 10), and the magnificent fifth-floor display of the works of Edward Hopper, which now includes "Nighthawks" (1942), on loan from the Art Institute of Chicago (through Dec. 3). (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

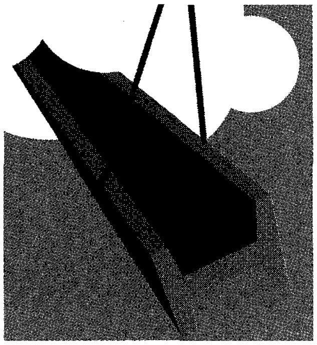
BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Looking Back from Ground Zero: Images from the Brooklyn Museum Collection."** Through Jan. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN
Bronx River Parkway at Fordham Rd., the Bronx (718-817-8700)—With its stately white oaks and ponds of tropical lilies, giant hibiscus, and euphoric euphorbias, the New York Botanical Garden is in fine fettle as summer winds down. A series of extravagant glass sculptures by **Dale Chihuly**—installed among the cacti in the conservatory, floating in the lily pond, or standing alone on a lawn—trace a trea-

LAURIE ROSENWALD

CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
IN MEMORIAM

Perhaps the least inadequate art work, so far, about September 11th is a bone-white, brick-like, frankly clever book, "Absence" (2003), by J. Meejin Yoon, an architect. It appears in "Looking Back from Ground Zero: Images from the Brooklyn Museum Collection," a memorial show that considers the history of lower Manhattan, what befell it five years ago, and artists' responses to the event. A pinhole pierces the first ten thick, wordless pages; two identical die-cut squares command the next hundred and ten. The last page displays the ground plan of the World Trade Center complex. (The pinhole represents the television antenna on Tower One.) To restore the forms of the lost buildings, you close the book. Little else in the show—fine old cityscape photographs by Berenice Abbott, standard news shots of tired firemen and the like, subsequent well-intentioned but feeble art—surprises the heart. One thing that does is the projection of a triumphal documentary film, "Building the World Trade Center" (1983): so much effort and pride, such innocence. You will remember a girder being hoisted out of sight, into clouds.



—Peter Schjeldahl

sure hunt across the rolling two hundred-and-fifty acres. Favoring hot, acidic colors and faux-organic shapes, Chihuly's objects are too aggressively whimsical to blend into the landscape. In another setting, the overgrown baubles would look tacky, but in the garden, they just evoke the sense of a pervasive creative principle pulling out all the stops. Through Oct. 29. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (212-873-3400)—**"Legacies: Contemporary Artists Reflect on Slavery."** The museum's first foray into contemporary art explores an ignoble history. The artists represented include Carrie Mae Weems, Glenn Ligon, Kara Walker, and Fred Wilson. Through Jan. 7. ♦ **"Elegy in the Dust: September 11 and the Chelsea Jeans Memorial."** Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8. The museum will also be open on Monday, Sept. 11, from 10 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—The human body is put through its paces—and beyond—in **"Into Me/Out of Me,"** a conceptual survey of art from the last forty years, by more than a hundred and thirty artists. There's plenty of cutting, exerting, ingesting, and excreting. The usual suspects of late-twentieth-century body art are all in attendance, from Carolee Schneemann, Vito Acconci, Chris Burden, Paul McCarthy, and Marina Abramović to Kiki Smith, Cindy Sherman, Matthew Barney, and Catherine Opie. Only now, instead of the body as a "site"—a favored trope of the nineties—it's more of a conduit or filter for passing into, through, and out of. This is not, by any means, a polite exhibition, but it fulfills in many ways the edicts of the figurative tradition, since even Leonardo, in one of his darker, less humanist moments, described the body as a mere vessel through which things pass. Through Sept. 25. ♦ **"Time Frame."** Through Oct. 2. ♦ **"Ron Gorchov: Double Trouble."** Through Nov. 20. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—The formal pyrotechnics in **"Quid Pro Quo"** are achieved by the simplest of means: Rashawn Griffin's huge grid "painting" is made out of fragile mass-produced cookies; Karyn Olivier's playground slides are joined at the base to create a kind of sculptural Möbius strip; Clifford Owens collaborates with artists like Joan Jonas to remake iconic performance works. The three artists in S.M.H.'s 2005–2006 Artists-in-Residence program don't have much in common, although, for curatorial purposes, the purported theme of the exhibition is a focus on exchange and the gift economy. What they do share is a restless ranging over a variety of media (Olivier's contributions alone look like a group show) and a canniness with materials—everything from wood and steel to lotion and denim—that suggests, among the three of them, they could make art out of just about anything. Through Oct. 22. ♦ **"Nadine Robinson: Alles Grau in Grau Malen."** Through Oct. 22. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

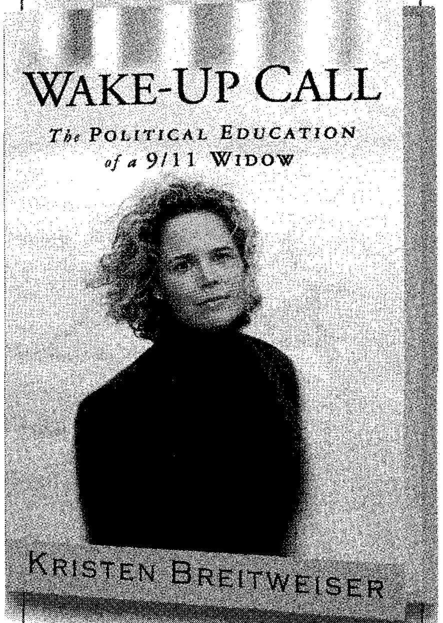
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

ELINOR CARUCCI
Carucci, whose best work delves deep into family and marital intimacy, shows two new series of color photographs, including "Crisis," made during a period of tension with her husband. No melodrama here, but plenty of fraught body language. Opens Sept. 7. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-750-7070.)

MALERIE MARDER
Marder, who made a memorable first impression in this gallery's "Another Girl, Another Planet" roundup in 1999, continues to explore personal territory in

"Bin Laden had murdered 3,000 victims, four of whom were our husbands...."



Now that I am collateral damage, I no longer assume with blind faith that my government is doing everything it can to protect me. I now know better than that."
—Kristen Breitweiser, WAKE-UP CALL

"Her story is an inspiration even to the uninspirable."
—Larry David

"Deeply moving, eye-opening and unflinchingly honest."
—Arianna Huffington

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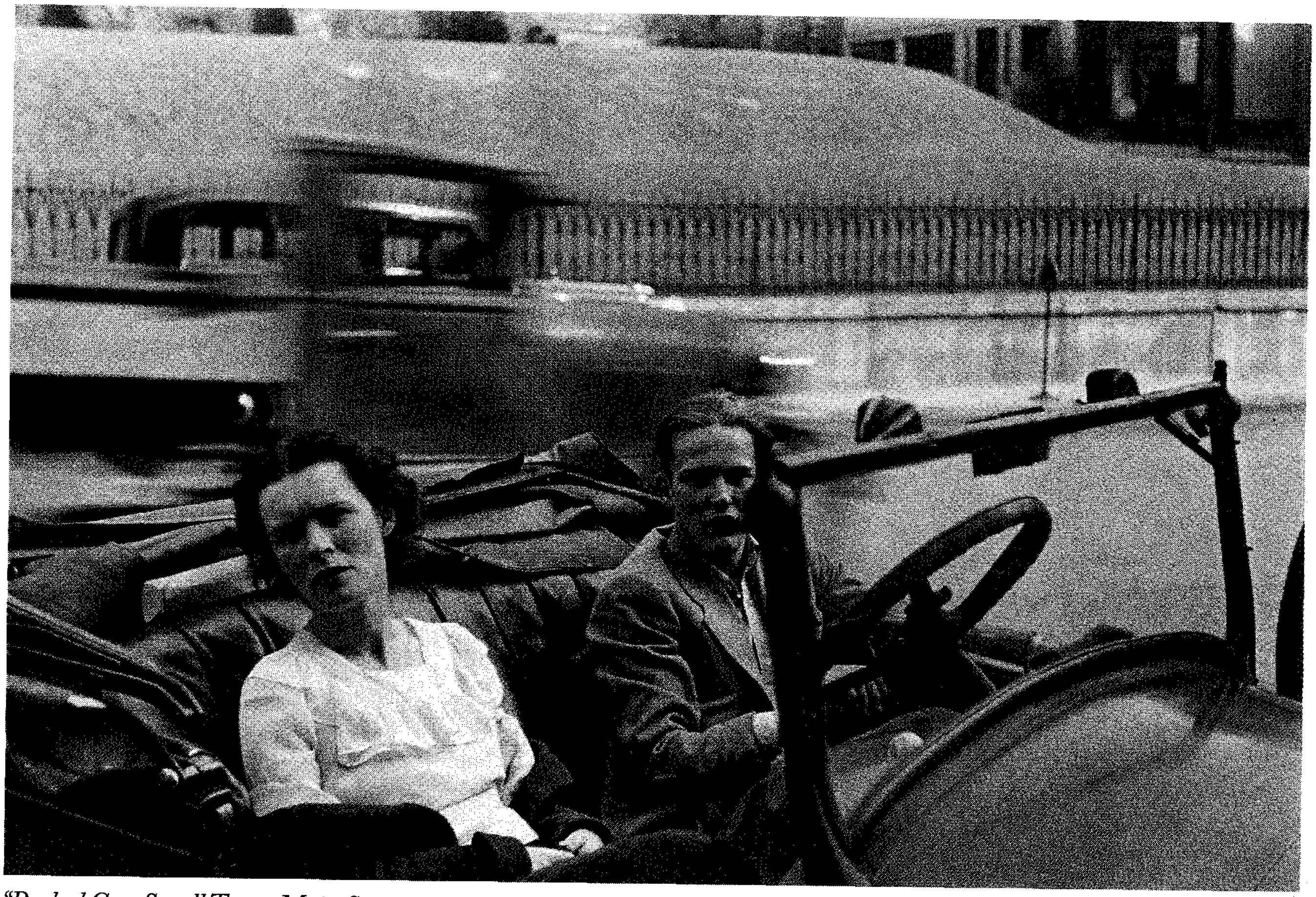


"Parked Car, Small Town Main Street, 1932," from "Walker Evans: Carbon and Silver" at the UBS gallery uptown.

© WALKER EVANS ARCHIVE, THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

"Nine," a series of staged color photographs and nude self-portraits made in the course of her pregnancy. Opens Sept. 6. (Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444.)

ANNETTE MESSAGER / YANG FUDONG
In her first show at Goodman's New York space, Annette Messager presents an accumulation of inflating and deflating forms in painted parachute fabric. In the adjacent gallery, Yang Fudong's elegiac black-and-white film flows across eight screens. Opens Sept. 7. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160.)

ANDY WARHOL
Ever fascinated with money, power, and fame, Warhol made silk-screen portraits of Chairman Mao, cribbed from a propaganda photo, that echo early-seventies interest in China in the wake of Nixon's visit; they also serve as counterpoints to the artist's icons of the capitalist world, such as Marilyn, Jackie, and Elvis. Opens Sept. 7. (L & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. 212-861-0020.)

ALEXI WORTH
Two skin-colored bumps resolve into a bald head leaning on a bare shoulder; the black sun of a lens cap obscures a Titian garden. In Worth's paintings, comic one-liners are always complicated. Opens Sept. 7. (Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-247-2111.)

"EYE OF THE BEHOLDER: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF RICHARD AVEDON"
The images an artist has chosen to live with are always revealing, and this show of photographs from Avedon's New York studio is a trove of affinities, influences, and provocations—pictures that inspired or bedevilled him, and spurred him on. Arbus, Atget, Lartigue, Sander, Beaton, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson are here, but so is Peter Hujar, a photographer's photographer whose portraits compete with Avedon's in both elegance and intensity. Even more challenging: a dozen of Irving Penn's sublime closeups of cigarette butts, each a fresh revelation of the power of a visionary eye. Through Sept. 16. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999.)

Short List

WALKER EVANS: UBS, 1285 Ave. of the Americas, at 51st St. 212-713-2885. Through Nov. 17. **"LANDSCAPE IN YOUR MIND":** Austrian Cultural Forum, 11 E. 52nd St. 212-319-5300. Through Oct. 28.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

LOLA ALVAREZ BRAVO
A major retrospective of engaged, eloquent vintage photographs by Alvarez Bravo (1903-93), a key figure (along with Tina Modotti, Frida Kahlo, Diego Rivera, and her husband, Manuel) in Mexico's post-revolution renaissance. Opens Sept. 7. (Aperture, 547 W. 27th St. 212-505-5555.)

RON GALELLA
The paparazzi legend shows vintage prints from the disco years, when too much was never enough. Expect flash, flesh, and shots of Andy, Liza, Halston, Bianca, and Liz crowded into the satin banquettes at Studio 54. Opens Sept. 6. (Kasmin, 511 W. 27th St. 212-563-4474.)

JESPER JUST
For his second show at Rubenstein, the young Danish film- and video-maker offers a suite of three 35-mm. films that borrow heavily from film noir and showcase performing oddities like the Finnish Screaming Men's Choir. Opens Sept. 8. (Rubenstein, 527 W. 23rd St. 212-627-8000.)

REINER LEIST
"Eleven Septembers" is an installation selected from the thousands of black-and-white photographs Leist has taken daily since 1995 from the window of his New York apartment. His view: the skyline of lower Manhattan, including the World Trade Center, whose destruction is the show's turning point. Opens Sept. 5. (Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-627-2410.)

NICOLA LÓPEZ
Out of school just two years, López has already been exhibited at MOMA. Her second solo show will report on her progress with fantastical installations and works on paper that push architectural and industrial details into vertiginous perspectives. Opens Sept. 7. (Golden, 539 W. 23rd St. 212-727-8304.)

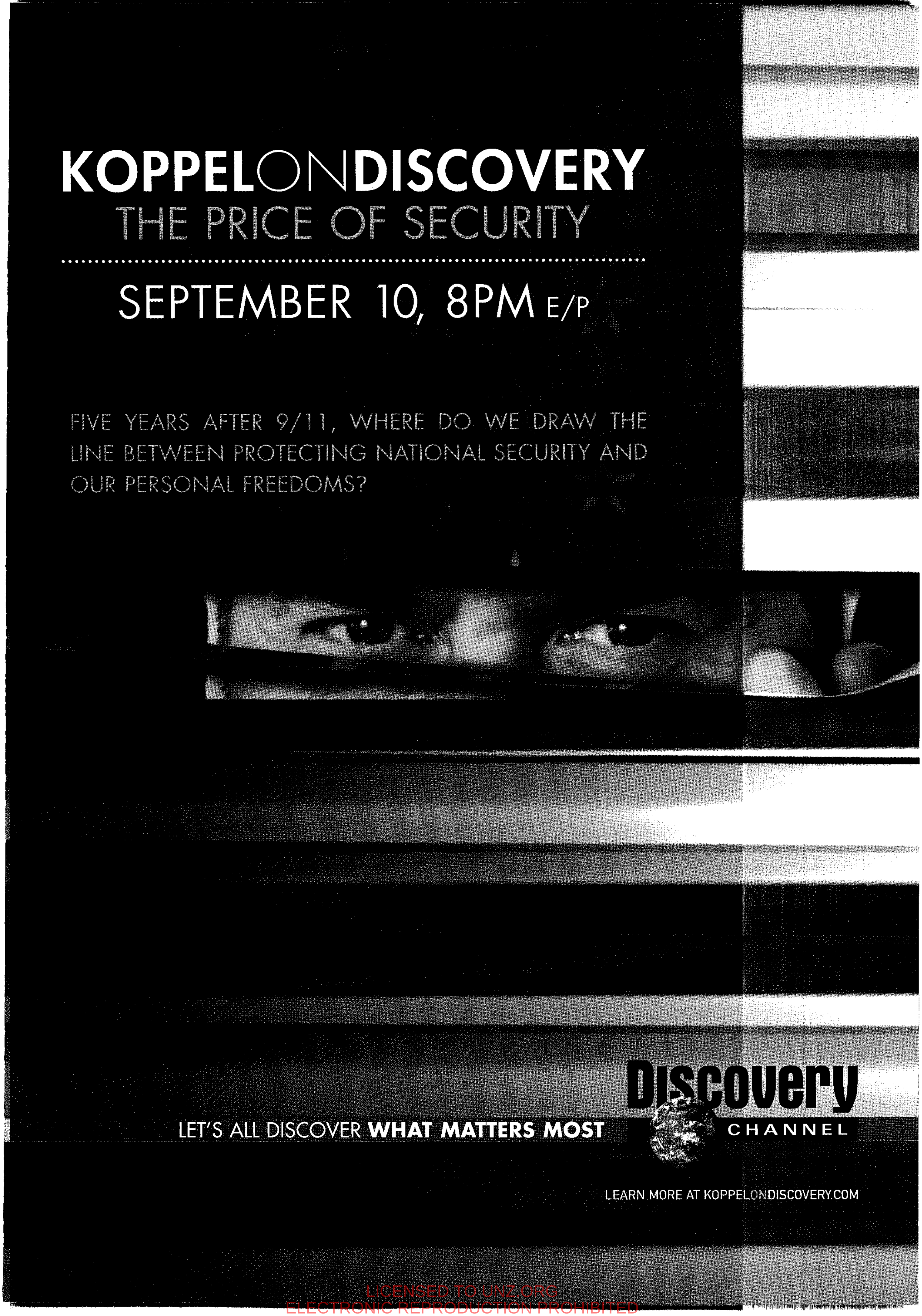
JOHN MCCRACKEN / JOCKUM NORDSTRÖM
New work by two artists who have little in common on first consideration. McCracken is the Californian minimalist best known for his polished leaning plank pieces; Nordström is a Swede whose airy compositions trace inscrutable narratives. The sculptures and the works on paper share an ascetic stringency that could make for a harmonious pairing. Opens Sept. 8. (Zwirner, 525 W. 19th St. 212-727-2070.)

ADAM MCEWEN
The former obituary writer who grabbed attention at the last Whitney Biennial with photo-conceptual works that prematurely memorialized the undead (Jeff Koons, Nicole Kidman, Bill Clinton) returns with a bipartite show of photographs of New York's sprawling Lefrak City housing complex and paintings studded with globs of chewing gum. Opens Sept. 7. (Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. 212-243-3335.)

VIK MUNIZ
Muniz, a genius at re-creating icons of art and pop history from unlikely materials, mines the junk heap for his latest large-scale photographs. Working with an aerial camera, he gathers rubble into images of mythological subjects by Cranach, Bouguereau, and others. Opens Sept. 9. (Sikkema Jenkins, 530 W. 22nd St. 212-929-2262.)

AMY MYERS
The daughter of a physicist, Myers turns a background in science to artistic ends in large-scale works on paper that suggest elaborate and poetic diagrams of the workings of the universe. Opens Sept. 7. (Weiss, 520 W. 24th St. 212-691-6899.)

CATHERINE OPIE
Opie, who last exhibited photographs of California surfers, shows eerily depopulated, strangely compelling black-and-white landscapes made over the past decade in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis, and Minneapolis. Opens Sept. 9. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 212-206-9300.)

KOPPELONDISCOVERY
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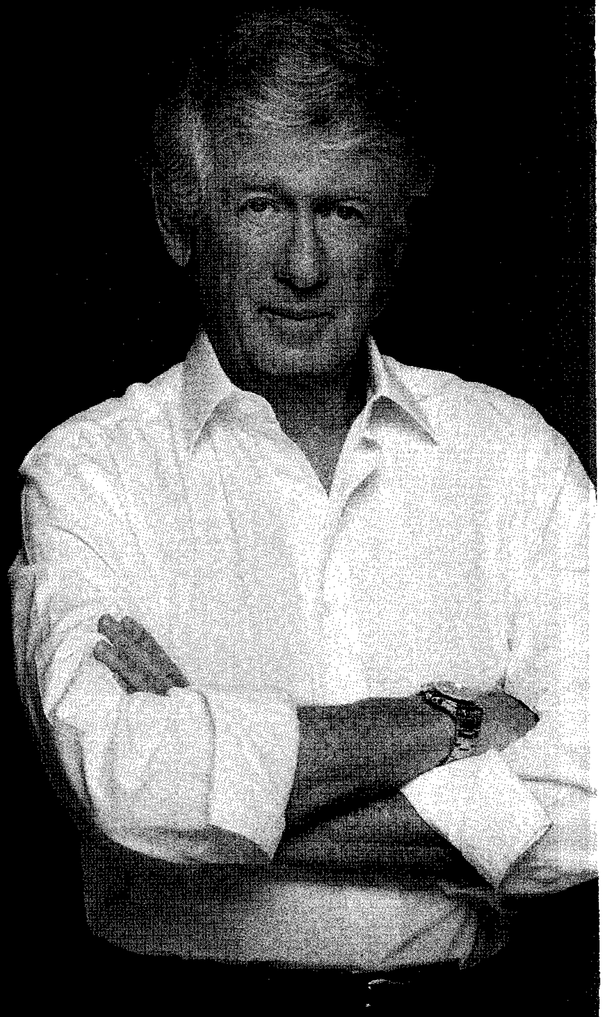
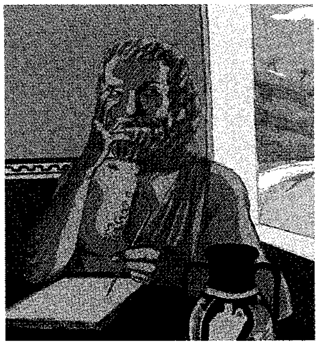


CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
RELIVING TRAGEDY

In "Grief Lessons," the contemporary poet and classicist Anne Carson's spare and beautiful new translation of four of Euripides' lesser-known tragedies, we have a kind of primer on the intrinsic dangers of blind devotion to ideology. In the plays, many of which were produced during the Peloponnesian War, Euripides sought to explore—most touchingly—what conquest meant to the women and children who were left behind to suffer, steal, beg, and lie in order to survive, and fathers and sons who brought calamity home while seeking rule elsewhere. Dismantling the "towers of words" that one character speaks of in "Herakles" in favor of simpler language, Carson offers us a familiar portrait: Herakles is a man whose hubris, political and otherwise, brings his nobility to a crashing close. Carson focusses on Herakles' "berserker furor," offering an apt description of an imperialist, ancient or modern, who fails to provide for his people's safety or who sends young soldiers to fight wars that rob them and their country of the promise inherent in tomorrow.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—*Hilton Als*

ALESSANDRA SANGUINETTI
The terrific color photographs in "On the Sixth Day" were made in the Argentinean countryside, where farmers and their animals are united in a cycle of life and death. Without sentiment, but with total empathy, Sanguinetti helps us understand the situation from both sides. Opens Sept. 7. (Milo, 525 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370.)

JESSICA STOCKHOLDER
The Dada edict that art can be made from virtually anything is taken seriously by Stockholder, who fashions surprisingly rigorous formalist sculptures out of shockingly banal objects such as cheap furniture and painfully bright, gaudy fabric. Opens Sept. 9. (Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 W. 26th St. 212-744-7400.)

Short List

MICHAEL HEIZER: PaceWildenstein, 545 W. 22nd St. 212-989-4258. Through Sept. 23. **HANS RICHTER:** Stendhal, 545 W. 20th St. 212-366-1549. Through Sept. 16. **RICHARD SERRA:** Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111. Through Sept. 23. **"SOUTINE AND MODERN ART":** Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. 212-242-7727. Through Sept. 8.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

ELE D'ARTAGNAN
The eccentric Italian actor and self-taught artist (1911-87) spent his later years homeless in Rome, where a stash of his watercolors and drawings was found in a steamer trunk in a wine cave several years ago; the colorful and erotic works in this show come from that trunk, and were made in the seventies. Opens Sept. 6. (KS Art, 73 Leonard St. 212-219-9918.)

THE ART PARADE
Deitch Projects sponsors the second annual spectacle of nutty and exuberant roving art projects. More than seventy-five artists and groups—including E. V. Day, Fischerspooner with Gareth Pugh, Michael Bevilacqua, Michael Portnoy, the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black, and Three as Four—will contribute floats, performances, sculptures, kites, and so forth. On Sept. 9, the parade will wend its merry way along West Broadway, from Houston to Grand Streets, starting at 4. (212-343-7300.)

DANCE

DANCENOW/NYC—THE FESTIVAL
In its twelfth consecutive year, the annual festival offers brief performances by more than eighty-five artists in nine events at two venues (Dance Theatre Workshop this week, Joe's Pub next week). All but one (the coed, D.C.-based stepping group Step Afrika!) hail from New York. At Wednesday's "40Up" program, which showcases artists over forty, the Bang Group's Jeffrey Kazin performs one of David Parker's early male pointe pieces, "Hind Legs," while Roxane D'Orléans Juste, of Limón, dances an excerpt from "Touching Stone" and Vicky Shick reprises her Saint Agnes solo from Christopher Williams's "Ursula and the 11,000 Virgins." "Base Camp" programs on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday include the rising choreographer Jimena Paz (formerly of Stephen Petronio), Keely Garfield dancing a solo from her work in progress "Line and Sink Her," new solos by Jennifer Nugent and Paul Matteson, a new duet by Julian Barnett, and the signature Chris Elam duet "Breakfast with You." One of two Saturday matinées features the Dance Omi International Dance Collective, a group of ten artists hailing from places as different as Benin, Lithuania, and Utah, who will show the fruits of their collaboration at a recent arts-colony residency upstate. (219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Sept. 6-8 at 7:30 and Sept. 9 at 2, 5, and 7:30. Through Sept. 16. For complete schedule, see www.dancenownyc.org.)

"EVENING STARS"
This year's installment of the popular free alfresco dance series starts out with the Kansas City Ballet, returning after its 2005 début with a full evening's worth of repertory. The second program is a modern-dance smorgasbord featuring Pilobolus, Battleworks, Philadanco, and Cedar Lake. Then, on Friday, *x*-begat-*y* programming juxtaposes Trisha Brown's company with those of Stephen Petronio, who earned his stripes in Brown's troupe, and Ashleigh Leite, who earned hers in Petronio's. On Sunday, the winner of an afternoon salsa contest joins an evening showcase of pros, choreographed by the esteemed teacher Maria Torres. The New Swing Sextet and the New York Latin Quartet are providing the music, and will keep providing it after the show so the public can join the party. (Battery Park. Sept. 6-8 at 7:30 and Sept. 10 at 4 and 7:30. For complete schedule, visit www.rivertorivernyc.com.)

DAGMAR SPAIN AND DANCERS
"Sundays @ Three," the 92nd Street Y's series of informal previews, opens with *Tanztheater*-inspired solos, a duet, and a trio by Spain, Tomomi Imai, and Maxine Steinman, organized around the theme of life stages and augmented with video. Elisabeth Lohninger, who applies a Mitteleuropa sensibility to jazz vocals, sings Spain's poetry, and the pianist Bill Sardo plays his own compositions. (1395 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. Sept. 10 at 3.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
CONCERTS IN TOWN

ANDREA BOCELLI AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
The orchestra slips into town a week before its official opening night to back up the Italian pop singer, who has made numerous forays into the classical repertory. The program, which will include songs and arias by Verdi, Bellini, Denza, and Donaudy, will be led by Asher Fisch, the conductor of the Israeli Opera. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-721-6500. Sept. 6-7 at 7:30 and Sept. 8-9 at 8.)

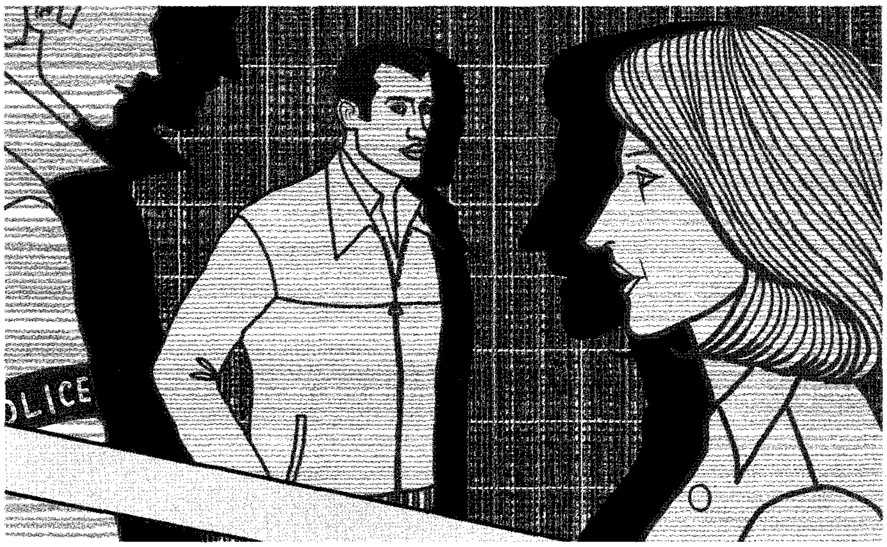
"MIDTOWN CONCERTS": JOHANNES BOGNER
The Austrian harpsichordist—once a student of Nikolaus Harnoncourt, now a professor at the University of Music in Vienna—offers a half-hour recital in this free lunchtime series, long held at the Church of St. Francis of Assisi; the program features solo works by Frescobaldi, Byrd, and Couperin. (135 W. 31st St. Sept. 6 at 1:15. No tickets required.)

BARGEMUSIC
Sept. 7-8 at 7:30: Two superlative New York pianists—Ursula Oppens and Jerome Lowenthal—offer an unusually festive concert of music for piano four-hands that reminds us of the genre's domestic origins; it includes Mozart's Fantasy in F Minor, K. 608, and Wagnerian parodies by Chabrier and Fauré. Solo works by Mozart and Liszt are also featured. ♦ Sept. 9 at 7:30 and Sept. 10 at 4: The Shanghai String Quartet, a potent young group with a big, crisp sound, performs quartets by Turina, Barber, Ravel, and Zhou Long. ♦ Sept. 11 at 7:30: The floating chamber-music series offers a free concert in commemoration of 9/11, in which such musicians as the violinist Mark Peskanov and the pianist Rita Sloan will perform works by Scriabin, Chopin, Miaskovsky, and Mendelssohn (the Piano Trio No. 1 in D Minor). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

AUSTRIAN CULTURAL FORUM
The Forum, through its "Mostly Modern" concert series, has made its sleek little concert hall into a dependable place to hear intriguing works from the turns of the last two centuries. The season begins with a recital by the mezzo-soprano Hermine Haselböck, who (with the pianist István Bonyhadi) sings late-Romantic lieder by Berg (the "Seven Early Songs"), Schreker, Schoenberg, and Zemlinsky. (11 E. 52nd St. Sept. 7-8 at 8. For free tickets, which are required, call 212-319-5300, ex. 222.)

AVIAN MUSIC: "SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION"
Blair McMillen, one of the more exciting pianists on New York's contemporary scene, is the special guest of the freewheeling downtown music collective for a concert honoring the spirit of improvisation, heard in music by Ives, Scelsi, Feldman, Peter Flint, Annie Gosfield, Kyle Gann, King Crimson, and C. P. E. Bach. (Tenri Cultural Institute, 43A W. 13th St. Sept. 8 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

ISSUE PROJECT ROOM: RHYS CHATHAM
The icon of experimental rock holds forth at Suzanne Fiol's new-music center on the Gowanus Canal, in a concert featuring such major works of the nineteen-seventies as the notoriously loud "Guitar Trio" (with the original projections by the artist Robert Longo, not seen since the 1977 première). (400 Carroll St., between Bond and Nevins Sts., Brooklyn. 718-330-0313. Sept. 11 at 8.)



Jalil Lespert and Nathalie Baye in "Le Petit Lieutenant," a film by Xavier Beauvois.

CONCERTANTE
The vibrant young string sextet embarks on a series of commissioned works this season, each designed as a concerto to show off one member of the group against the others. First out of the gate is Lowell Liebermann's Second Chamber Concerto, highlighting the violinist Xiao-Dong Wang, sharing the program with music by Boccherini and Elgar (the commanding Piano Quintet, with Anton Nel). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 10 at 3.)

"BARBÈS CLASSICAL"
Concert Artists Guild has teamed up with the hip Park Slope bar and performance space to present a range of superb young artists in a relaxed setting. The first concert is offered by the cellist Soo Bae, playing solo works by Bach, Hindemith, and Huang Ruo (a commission). (376 9th St., Brooklyn. Sept. 10 at 7. A contribution is suggested.)

JUILLIARD CHORAL UNION 9/11 CONCERT
No setting of the Requiem Mass balances the pain of loss with the consoling verities of classical structure the way Mozart's does; the immeasurably lofty yet oddly accessible work never loses its capacity to quicken the heart. It will be offered as a community "sing-in" concert hosted by the chorus, along with the Juilliard Orchestra; Judith Clurman conducts. (Carnegie Hall. Sept. 11 at 12:30. Free tickets, limited to two per customer, will be offered on a first-come, first-served basis at the box office beginning at 11 A.M.; scores will be provided free of charge to audience members.)

MUSICIANS FOR HARMONY
This valuable organization, formed in the wake of 9/11, brings a diverse group of musicians to the stage of Merkin Concert Hall for some unexpected collaborations: the fiddler Mark O'Connor performs the world première of his classical work "Harmony" with the young chamber orchestra the Knights, while the banjo player Tony Trischka joins the world-music group Musique sans Frontières for a celebration of American roots music. Lovers of tradition will be comforted by the presence of the pianist Leon Fleisher and members of the Guarneri and Orion String Quartets, who will offer works by Brahms and Mozart (the Viola Quintet in G Minor). (129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 11 at 7:30.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANNERY POND CONCERTS
This exclusive summer series draws its cachet from both its glamorous director—Christian Steiner, the famed classical-music photographer—and its resonant concert space, a former Shaker tannery. The last concert of the season is an opportunity to hear some excellent chamber-music players (including the violinist Scott Yoo, the cellist Michael Mermagen, and the pianist John Novacek) perform works by Mozart, Prokofiev (the searing Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Piano), and Brahms (the lyrical Piano Quartet in A Major). (New Lebanon, N.Y. 888-820-1696. Sept. 9 at 8.)

SOUTH MOUNTAIN CONCERTS
After most of the Northeast's classical-music festivals close down, this longtime series (founded by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, better known for her work at the Library of Congress) begins. Next comes a duo concert given by two fine ensembles, the long-established Orion String Quartet and the ebullient Miami String Quartet, which will combine to perform Brahms's Sextet No. 2 in G Major, Mozart's String Quintet in C Minor, and Mendelssohn's Octet. (Route 7, Pittsfield, Mass. Sept. 10 at 3. Remaining tickets at the door. For more information, see www.southmountainconcerts.org.)

MOVIES OPENING

THE COVENANT
In this horror movie directed by Renny Harlin, four men must fight against supernatural forces that they themselves have unleashed. Opening Sept. 8. (In wide release.)

HOLLYWOODLAND
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 8. (In wide release.)

IRAQ FOR SALE: THE WAR PROFITEERS
Robert Greenwald directed this documentary, about American contractors and their employees in Iraq. Opening Sept. 8. (Quad Cinema.)

MAN PUSH CART
A drama, directed by Ramin Bahrani, about a Pakistani pop star now working as a pushcart vender in New York. In English and Urdu. Opening Sept. 8. (Angelika Film Center.)

PAPER DOLLS
Tomer Heymann directed this documentary, about Filipino transvestites in Israel who work as caregivers for the elderly and perform in cabarets. In Hebrew, English, and Tagalog. Opening Sept. 6. (Film Forum.)

LE PETIT LIEUTENANT
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Sept. 8. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE PROTECTOR
An action film from Thailand, directed by Prachya Pinkaew, starring Tony Jaa as a man who pursues the thieves who stole his family's elephants. In Thai, English, Mandarin, and Vietnamese. Opening Sept. 8. (In wide release.)

RED DOORS
A comic drama, directed by Georgia Lee, about the Americanized daughters of a Chinese immigrant family. Opening Sept. 8. (Angelika Film Center and ImaginAsian Theatre.)

SAINT OF 9/11
Father Mychal Judge, a New York Fire Department chaplain who died in the attacks on the World Trade Center, is the subject of this documentary by Glenn Holsten. Opening Sept. 6. (IFC Center.)

SHERRYBABY
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Sept. 8. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

NOW PLAYING

THE DISORDERLY ORDERLY
It may be hard to believe, but Frank Tashlin's antic and raucous 1964 comedy, starring Jerry Lewis, is also a deeply personal take on Alfred Hitchcock's cinematic universe. As Jerome Littlefield, an aspiring doctor who is reduced to menial tasks at a sanatorium by a debilitating sympathetic hypochondria, Lewis is both a flustered klutz who tries too hard and a soft-spoken, painfully sincere Everymensch. From the prominent use of the song "Que Será, Será" to the styles, colors, camera angles, and moods, Tashlin's film is a riotous toy chest of Hitchcockian curios. The strangest is an icy Tippi Hedren look-alike brought to the clinic after a failed suicide—the lost love of Jerome's dreadful high-school years, whose presence gives rise to a scene of romantic obsession as lurid as any in "Vertigo" and also an ineffably sad, though ultimately goofball, reunion. This wacky world is as gloomily psychoanalytical as "Psycho," but Lewis seems even more of a menace than Norman Bates—and the concluding madcap chase, for all its astoundingly death-defying precision, is frighteningly destructive.—*Richard Brody* (Film Forum; Sept. 7.)

FACTOTUM
A fine, unflustered attempt by the Norwegian director Bent Hamer—previously responsible for the trance-inducing "Kitchen Stories"—to make visual sense of the world according to Charles Bukowski. The movie, scripted by Hamer and Jim Stark, is adapted from Bukowski's semiautobiographical "Factotum" and other writings, and it maintains his uneasy balance between fury and indolence; we can never be sure, from one scene to the next, whether Henry Chinaski (Matt Dillon) is going to lie around or lash out. The story is too steeped in alcohol to support a sober plot: Chinaski weaves from one job to the next, and from the ravenous Jan (Lili Taylor) to the more languorous Laura (Marisa Tomei), both as boozed up as himself. Without Dillon, the film would slip down too easily; he lends it both mellowness and bite, and the underwater slowness of his movements, like the deep murmur of his voice-overs, convincingly renders a soul who, while often laughable, refuses to be utterly lost.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/28/06.) (IFC Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HALF NELSON
The young Canadian actor Ryan Gosling is quietly charismatic as Dan Dunne, a schoolteacher in a

HIROSHI TANABE

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tough section of Brooklyn who knows how to teach history to his thirteen- and fourteen-year-old African-American students. Dunne is smart and dedicated, but he's also freebasing cocaine. When a girl in his class, Drey (Shareeka Epps), catches him in the act, a bond develops between them. The movie, made with a handheld camera by the team of Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden, is alert to the tensions in the two characters' lives and the raffish neighborhood milieu, but one comes away from it thinking that the filmmakers have coddled their hero. He is, after all, failing not only himself but the students who depend on him. The sources of Dunne's addiction are obscure, but "Half Nelson" nevertheless builds his problems into a parable of the misfortunes of liberalism.—*David Denby* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HUSBANDS

In the 1970 drama that John Cassavetes calls, in the credits, "a comedy about life, death, and freedom," the suburban family men of the title (Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) go on a bender after the funeral of their fourth buddy. The next morning, still drunk, reeling with grief, and dreading their own straight and narrow road to death, they take off for London in search of amorous adventure. The intricately written scenes play out, in bars and streets and beds and bathroom floors, at the measured pace of a tightrope walker over the abyss, and the three actors lurch and shamble with the vestigial grace of the athletes these commuters had once longed to be. Despite Cassavetes's obsessive attention to faces, with his signature soul-wrenching closeups, here he reveals himself to be a poet of inhabited space—even the open air seems to be closing in on these three conflicted swingers. Few films capture with the same life-affirming wonder the despair, hatred, and incomprehension that drives the sexes together and apart.—*R.B.* (BAM Rose Cinemas; Sept. 6.)

IDLEWILD

André Benjamin and Antwan A. Patton, a.k.a. André 3000 and Big Boi of the hip-hop duo OutKast, star in this musical set in Prohibition-era rural Georgia. Rooster (Patton), a bootlegger's son with a talent for dance and a head for numbers, and Percival (Benjamin), a cerebral pianist being groomed to follow in his father's footsteps as an undertaker, join forces in a band, but Rooster gets caught up in gangster business, and Percival needs to find a way to bring his music to the world. Benjamin is a true star who brings understated and thoughtful sincerity to every line he speaks, but Bryan Barber directs with a music-video indiscipline, making shots with a casual profligacy. OutKast's joyful, invigorating music takes the place of jazz, but the film's incoherence is capped by the bewildering banishment of the big production number and the best song to the end credits.—*R.B.* (In wide release.)

THE ILLUSIONIST

Edward Norton as a master magician of plebeian origin in late-nineteenth-century imperial Austria, Jessica Biel as the young duchess he's in love with, Rufus Sewell as the intelligent but sadistic crown prince who wants to marry the duchess and take over the empire, and Paul Giamatti as the police inspector who is loyal to the prince but fascinated by the magician. Unconvincing controversy over whether the magician's playing with the relation of reality to illusion constitutes a political threat to the empire or just a threat to the prince's romantic ambitions; intelligent, beautifully photographed production in rather dry, very delicate color (Dick Pope is the cinematographer), but, all in all, a great deal of craftsmanship wasted over nothing. Directed by Neil Burger; based (sort of) on a story by Steven Millhauser.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE

A charming, independently made family comedy about a winner-take-all society—America—that is driving its citizens crazy. Its hero and victim, Richard Hoover (Greg Kinnear), is a motivational speaker who has invented a nine-step program for success. His seven-year-old daughter, Olive (Abigail Breslin), is entering a Little Miss Sunshine contest; his stepson, Dwayne (Paul Dano), has a private dream in which he is a Nietzschean Übermensch; his wife's brother (Steve Carell), whom the family has taken in, is the No. 1 Proust scholar in the country but has made a fool of himself over a male graduate student who has leaped into the bed of the No. 2 Proust scholar. Is winning everything? The writer, Michael Arndt, and the husband-and-wife directing team, Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris, narrowly avoid the family-comedy pitfalls of whimsy and mush, but Arndt has a good ear for domestic irritations and the acting is just tough enough to keep us off balance. With Alan Arkin and Toni Collette as the family's realists.—*D.D.* (7/31/06) (In wide release.)

NINE QUEENS

Set mostly in the Buenos Aires Hilton, this con-man caper film amuses viewers as the scam unfolds, and satisfies them when it reveals its secrets. The hero, Juan (Gastón Pauls), joins up with a veteran street hustler (Ricardo Darín) in a scheme involving some rare old German postage stamps known as the "Nine Queens." The offhand style of the director, Fabián Bielinsky, is one key to the movie's appeal. Another is Bielinsky's ensemble. Darín performs with a ruthless efficiency that could be mistaken for suavity, and Pauls, like Edward Norton in his best trick roles, makes an audience study his somewhat nondescript features for signs of burgeoning strength—or duplicity. Bielinsky surrounds these two with six or seven gleeful or desperate scene-stealers, including Leticia Brédice as Darín's sister, a concierge at the Hilton. The movie may be called "Nine Queens," but it sizzles because of its jokers. In Spanish. Released in 2000.—*Michael Sragow* (Walter Reade Theatre; Sept. 8-9 and Sept. 12.)

LE PETIT LIEUTENANT

From France, a cop movie, but one that takes a few surprising chances. The director, Xavier Beauvois, casts himself as a loudmouthed rightist who gives his colleagues on the Paris police force an earful. One of them, the title character, Antoine (Jalil Lespert), newly arrived from the police academy, is trying to fit in and make the grade under the command of Caroline Vaudieu (Nathalie Baye). A recovering alcoholic in permanent mourning for a lost child and lost loves, she is the film's anchor, and Baye's performance is unvarnished, un-star-like, and seared by life. Though the script is rife with clichés and the perspective is narrow, the film is nonetheless energized by Beauvois's blunt view of the profession's physical and moral dangers. In French.—*R.B.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

SHERRYBABY

Maggie Gyllenhaal gives an intelligent, brave performance in Laurie Collyer's film, which is based on the true story of Sherry Swanson, a recovering heroin addict. Just out of prison, Sherry returns to her home town, in New Jersey, where she finds her five-year-old daughter, Alexis, living comfortably with her brother and sister-in-law. Gyllenhaal nails the anger, the neediness, and the mercurial mood swings of an addict, proficiently rising above the otherwise bland filmmaking in this Sundance-endorsed indie. There are smart moments, such as a sex scene immediately upon Sherry's arrival at a halfway house, and telling interactions with her bemused but adaptable daughter. But the relentlessness of the cycle of abuse and the suggestion that every male in her orbit is after only one thing become wearying, and lack the ring of truth that Gyllenhaal so meticulously achieves with her persuasive performance.—*Shauna Lyon* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

SNAKES ON A PLANE

They bite the passengers on the neck, the chest, the eyes, and even more vulnerable places; they slither into the cockpit, wrap themselves around oxygen masks, and investigate the underclothes of a middle-aged woman. A nonpoisonous snake—a boa constrictor—eats a dog and an Englishman. Last fall, when the title was announced, it was obvious that the movie was nothing more than a marketing concept. Quickly, a giddy atmosphere developed on the Internet; the movie became the subject of songs, mock trailers, merchandising contests, and Pennsylvania Dutch quilting bees. The audience decided to sell "Snakes" to itself, and that became the event. In all other ways, the movie is a routine exploitation movie, with rather alarmingly high-tech production values. Since the story doesn't make any sense, the moviegoer is reduced to the sordid task of admiring the smooth way a digital snake crawls out of a dead person's mouth. With Samuel L. Jackson, who is so angry and clenched that he falls to the level of the material. Directed by David R. Ellis.—*D.D.* (9/4/06) (In wide release.)

DVD NOTES
HILL ON THE PLAINS

In the making-of documentary attached to the Western epic **"Broken Trail"** (Sony), Walter Hill, the co-producer and director of this three-hour 2006 AMC miniseries, defines the genre in terms of men working things out for themselves without recourse to civilization. That fits the expansive, lyrical "Broken Trail" as well as Hill's brilliantly claustrophobic pilot episode of **"Deadwood"** (2004), which won him an Emmy (and is available in the first-season boxed set from HBO). In "Broken Trail," set in the late eighteen-hundreds, Robert Duvall plays Print Ritter, an old rancher who enlists his nephew, Tom Harte (Thomas Haden Church), in a five-hundred-head horse drive. En route from Oregon to Wyoming, they become the guardians of five young Chinese beauties about to be delivered into whoredom. Tom and Print bring Old Testament justice as well as charity to their mission, and Hill imbues every killing of an animal or a human with its full weight and shock. The romance of the genre emerges partly from the exhilaration of pioneers moving through a verdant, open landscape, coaxing tons of horseflesh to do their bidding. But it also comes from the purity of the emotion that builds among Print and Tom and the girls. Duvall, the creative catalyst for the miniseries as a whole, anchors the action solidly. But from the moment Church doffs his hat and reveals his hatcheted haircut, he composes a performance with minimalist gestures that create a monument to "manly" heroism.

"Deadwood" delivers the tarnished, oxidized side of the same coin. Its creator, David Milch, envisions Deadwood, set in the Dakota Territory in the same era as "Broken Trail," as a town with no law save the almighty dollar, and Hill's opening episode conjures chaos in makeshift businesses and mud. The pilot has some odd moments of genuine community, especially when ex-sheriff Seth Bullock (Timothy Olyphant) and Wild Bill Hickok (Keith Carradine), both newly arrived in town, strike up a swift partnership to enact rough justice. Their bond exemplifies the unstressed yet utterly persuasive way Hill has with men who instinctively understand each other. But the town takes metaphoric shape as a lab for exploring humanity's dark side: even the road into Deadwood is clogged, and once you get in there seems to be no exit.

—*Michael Sragow*

THIS FILM IS NOT YET RATED
Kirby Dick's new documentary takes on the Motion Picture Association of America, and, in particular, the power of its ratings board to tell us which words, activities, and body parts we should or should not, as moviegoers, be allowed to consume. This is a tempting subject, and the punches launched by Dick and some of his contributors, including John Waters, Kimberly Peirce, and Kevin Smith, hit home. At times, however, the movie starts to flail; brief glances at the Hollywood blacklist and the photographic evidence from Abu Ghraib tend to confuse rather than propel the argument. The neatest gambit is Dick's hiring of a private investigator to trace and name the members of both the ratings board and the subsequent appeals tribunal, all of whom have until now retained their anonymity. Much of the film may be a wasted opportunity, but few will question Dick's demand for transparency from those who sit and frown in judgment on what we watch.—*A.L.* (8/28/06) (IFC Center.)

WORLD TRADE CENTER
Rushing downtown on the morning of September 11, 2001, a group of Port Authority cops, including Sergeant John McLoughlin (Nicolas Cage) and the rookie Will Jimeno (Michael Peña), encounter a hallucinatory storm of paper drifting down from the Twin Towers. Later, trapped in the rubble of the collapsing buildings, McLoughlin and Jimeno provide each other with whatever support and consolation they are capable of, while, at home, their families respond to the catastrophe and their uncertainty about the men with convincing degrees of fear, bravado, panic, and rage. Oliver Stone's aesthetically conservative 9/11 movie is a work of considerable power that captures the oppressive physical strangeness and exhausting emotional demands of that day. With Maria Bello as McLoughlin's wife, the coolheaded Donna, and Maggie Gyllenhaal as Jimeno's wife, the volatile, more demanding Allison. The movie was conceived by the late producer Debra Hill and written by Andrea Berloff.—*D.D.* (8/21/06) (In wide release.)

Also Playing

CRANK: In wide release. **IDIOCRACY:** In wide release. **INVINCIBLE:** In wide release. **THE WICKER MAN:** In wide release.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"Essential Cinema." Sept. 8 at 7:30: Short films by Marie Menken (1961-68). ♦ Sept. 9 at 5:30: Short films by Sidney Peterson (1946-49). ♦ Sept. 9 at 7:30: Short films by Ron Rice, Hans Richter, and Paul Sharits. ♦ Sept. 10 at 5: "Triumph of the Will" (1935, Leni Riefenstahl; in German). ♦ Sept. 10 at 7:30: Short films by Paul Sharits, including "3rd Degree" (1982).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—In revival. Sept. 6 at 6 and 9: "Husbands" (†). ♦ "Brooklyn Close-Up." Sept. 7 at 4:30 and 7: "Through the Fire" (2005, Jonathan Hock). The 7 P.M. show will be followed by a Q. & A. with the director. ♦ "The Best of NewFest." Sept. 8 at 6:50: "Cruel & Unusual" (2006, Janet Baus, Dan Hunt, and Reid Williams). ♦ Sept. 8 at 9:15: "For the Love of Dolly" (2006, Tai Uhlmann). ♦ Sept. 9 at 4:30: "Camp Out" (2006, Larry Grimaldi and Kirk Marcolina). ♦ Sept. 9 at 6:50: "Rag Tag" (2006, Adaora Nwandu). ♦ Sept. 9 at 9:15: "Boy I Am" (2006, Samantha Feder and Julie Hollar). ♦ Sept. 10 at 4:30: "White Shadows" (2006, Mialyn Hanna). ♦ "BAMcinématek Favorites." Sept. 11 at 6 and 9: "The 25th Hour" (2002, Spike Lee).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—The films of Frank Tashlin. Sept. 6 at 1, 5:10, and 9:20: "Artists and Models" (1955). ♦ Sept. 6 at 3:10 and 7:20: "Looney Tunes" cartoons directed by Tashlin. ♦ Sept. 7 at 1:30, 5:05, and 8:40: "It'$ Only Money" (1962). ♦ Sept. 7 at 3:15, 6:50, and 10:25: "The Disorderly Orderly" (†). ♦ Through Sept. 21: The films of Kenji Mizoguchi. Sept. 8-12 at 1:15, 3:10, 5:05, 7, and 9: "Ugetsu" (1953; in Japanese). ♦ Through Sept. 25: The films of Buster Keaton. All films are silent. Sept. 11 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "Sherlock Jr." (1924). ♦ Sept. 11 at 3:05, 5:35, 8:05, and 10:30: "The Paleface" (1921), "The Blacksmith" (1922), and "The Balloonatic" (1923).

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Oct. 31: French comedies. Sept. 12 at 12:30, 4, and 7: "Les Bronzés" (1978, Patrice Leconte; in French).

IFC CENTER
323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—Special screenings. Sept. 7 at 8: "Four Eyed Monsters" (2006, Arin Crumley and Susan Buice). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." Sept. 8-9: "The Rocky Horror Picture Show" (1975, Jim Sharman).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS
Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280)—The films of Pedro Almodóvar. Call for show times. Sept. 6-7: "Talk to Her" (2002; in Spanish). ♦ Sept. 8-12: "The Flower of My Secret" (1995; in Spanish).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)— Through Sept. 22: "The Huston Family: 75 Years on Film." ♦ Sept. 6 at 6: "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950, John Huston). ♦ Sept. 6 at 8:30 and Sept. 9 at 7: "The Misfits" (1961, John Huston) and behind-the-scenes footage shot by Huston. ♦ Sept. 7 at 6:30: "Rain" (1932, Lewis Milestone). ♦ Sept. 7 at 8:30: "And Then There Were None" (1945, René Clair). ♦ Sept. 8 at 6: "Freud" (1962, John Huston). ♦ Sept. 8 at 8:45: "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967, John Huston). ♦ Sept. 9 at 5:30: "A House Divided" (1931, William Wyler). ♦ Sept. 10 at 1:30: "The Cardinal" (1963, Otto Preminger). ♦ Sept. 10 at 5: "Wise Blood" (1979, John Huston). ♦ Sept. 11 at 8:30: "The Kremlin Letter" (1970, John Huston). ♦ "Another Wave: Global Queer Cinema, Part Two." Sept. 7 at 6 and Sept. 9 at 2: "A Thousand Peace Clouds Encircle the Sky" (2003, Julián Hernández; in Spanish). ♦ Sept. 8 at 6 and Sept. 10 at 3:30: "Venus of Mars" (2003, Emily Goldberg). ♦ Sept. 9 at 4 and Sept. 10 at 1:30: "Zero Degrees of Separation" (2005, Elle Flanders). ♦ Sept. 11 at 8:30: Short films about AIDS.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Oct. 8: The films of Josef von Sternberg. Sept. 8 at 7:30, Sept. 9 at 6:30, and Sept. 10 at 4: "Shanghai Express" (1932). ♦ Sept. 9 at 2 and Sept. 10 at 6: "The Blue Angel" (1930). ♦ Sept. 9 at 4:30: "Thunderbolt" (1929).

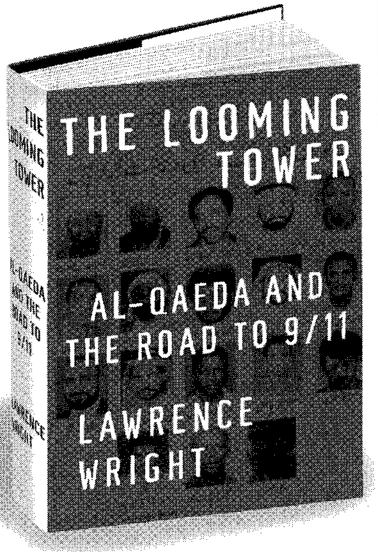
PIONEER THEATRE
155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—In revival. Sept. 6 at 7:15: "Pickpocket" (1959, Robert Bresson; in French). ♦ Sept. 9 at 11: "Easy Rider" (1969, Dennis Hopper). ♦ In première. Sept. 6-7, Sept. 9, and Sept. 11-12 at 9 and Sept. 10 at 1 and 9: "A Cantor's Tale" (2005, Erik Greenberg Anjou).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—"Sunshine@Midnight." Sept. 8-9: "Evil Aliens" (2005, Jake West).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—"The Supporting Cast." Sept. 10 and Sept. 12 at 5: "Leave Her to Heaven" (1945, John M. Stahl). ♦ Sept. 10 and Sept. 12 at 7: "Written on the Wind" (1956, Douglas Sirk).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Films from Lebanon. Sept. 6 at 2:30 and 6:15 and Sept. 7 at 6: "The Tornado" (1992, Samir Habchi; in Arabic). ♦ Sept. 6 at 4:15 and 8:15: "West Beirut" (1998, Zaid Doueri; in Arabic and French). ♦ Special screening. Sept. 8 at 8: "The U.S. vs. John Lennon" (2006, David Leaf and John Scheinfeld). ♦ Through Sept. 24: "Latin Beat." Except where noted, all films are in Spanish. Sept. 8 at 1 and Sept. 10 at 6:15: "The Aura" (2005, Fabián Bielinsky). ♦ Sept. 8 at 3:45 and Sept. 9 at 2: "Say Good Morning to Dad" (2004, Fernando Var-

NEW NATIONWIDE BESTSELLER



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–Daniel Kurtz-Phelan, LA TIMES

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gas Villazón). ♦ Sept. 8 at 9, Sept. 9 at 4:10, and Sept. 12 at 1: "Nine Queens" (†). ♦ Sept. 9 at 6:45, Sept. 10 at 1:30, and Sept. 11 at 5:15: "Family Law" (2006, Daniel Burman). ♦ Sept. 9 at 9, Sept. 10 at 3:45, and Sept. 11 at 1: "On Probation" (2006, Damián Szifron). ♦ Sept. 10 at 9 and Sept. 11 at 3:15: "In the Pit" (2005, Juan Carlos Rulfo). ♦ Sept. 11 at 7:15: "Mi Mambo!" (2006, Pat Jaffe and Molly McBride; in English and Spanish), followed by a Q. & A. with the directors.

READINGS AND TALKS

DAVID HARE
Following a staged reading of Hare's drama about the Iraq war, "Stuff Happens," featuring cast members from the recent Public Theatre production, the author talks with Oskar Eustis, the Public's artistic director. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 212-539-8750. Sept. 6 at 8.)

KGB BAR
The East Village watering hole's fiction-reading series gets under way for the fall with Elisa Albert, who will read from her short-story collection, "How This Night Is Different," and Binnie Kirschenbaum, who will read from a novel in progress. (85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary. Sept. 10 at 7.)

"LIVE FROM THE NYPL"
Joel Meyerowitz photographed the recovery effort at the World Trade Center following the terrorist attacks five years ago. On Sept. 11 at 7, he talks about his experience. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For more information, call 212-868-4444.)

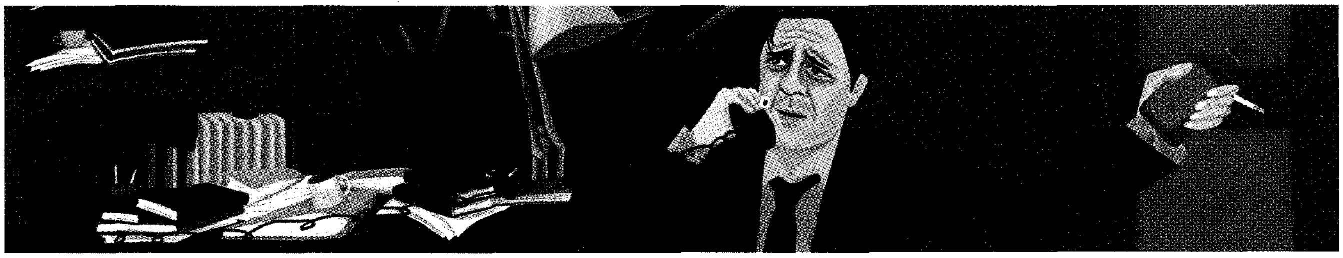
THE NEW SCHOOL
Bob Kerrey, Robert Polito, Jay McInerney, Sid Jacobson, and Ernie Colon gather for "September 11, 2001: Five Years Later," an evening of readings from and discussions of "The 9/11 Commission Report," "102 Minutes: The Untold Story of the Fight to Survive Inside the Twin Towers," and "The 9/11 Report: A Graphic Adaptation." (66 W. 12th St. 212-229-5488. Sept. 11 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"ARTS ON THE HORIZON"
The Joyce Theatre, the Signature Theatre Company, and the Drawing Center—three cultural institutions scheduled to move to lower Manhattan as part of the post-9/11 rebuilding—offer five days of free events near their future homes. Dance performances are scheduled for Battery Park; a concert with James (Blood) Ulmer, Vernon Reid, and others highlighting the influence of the blues on the playwright August Wilson is set for Castle Clinton; and a daylong participatory drawing event dubbed "The Big Draw," featuring free sketchbooks and artist-led tours, takes place at the South Street Seaport, the National Museum of the American Indian, and other nearby spots. (For complete schedule, visit www.rivertorivernyc.org. Sept. 6-10.)

"THE SEPTEMBER CONCERT"
One year to the day after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center, hundreds of musicians of all stripes took to parks, schools, cafés, churches, and other spaces throughout New York City, as a way of remembering the victims and offering hope for the future. Since then, annual concerts commemorating 9/11 have spread to cities around the globe. More than five hundred performers are expected in some eighty locations around the city this September 11, and a 2 P.M. statewide sing-along of "All You Need Is Love" is also in the works. (For more information, visit www.septemberconcerts.org.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
Those afflicted with the tristesse of closing up the summer rental can console themselves by enjoying the little shiver of energy that comes with the opening of the fall auction season. **Christie's** starts things sensibly with a House Sale of moderately priced furniture and decorations (Sept. 6-7), then puts on the glitz with an auction of the "Hollywood Moderne"-style furnishings of the late L.A. bon vivants (and Reagan friends) Armand and Harriet Deutsch (Sept. 7); many pieces were designed by the silent-screen actor turned decorator William Haines. A sale of twentieth-century decorative art on Sept. 8 alternates between the sumptuous (Lalique vases and chandeliers) and the stark (an aluminum shower door by Le Corbusier); later the same day, photographs by Frederick H. Evans, Mapplethorpe, and others go up for sale without reserve. American paintings, drawings, and sculpture follow on Sept. 12. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ **Sotheby's** begins with a sale of Impressionist and modern art (Sept. 12), which includes twelve drawings of costumes from the Fokine ballet "Schéhérazade" by the illustrator André Dunoyer de Segonzac. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ Down in the meatpacking district, **Phillips** holds its second "Under the Influence" sale of contemporary art (Sept. 12), featuring works by new Chinese and Korean artists. (450 W. 15th St. 212-940-1200.)



DIVYA SRINIVASAN

ON THE HORIZON

MOVIES
AUTUMN HARVEST
Sept. 29–Oct. 15

Every fall, the New York Film Festival brings a diverse array of premières to Lincoln Center. Among this year's offerings are the nonagenarian Manoel de Oliveira's "Belle Toujours," Sofia Coppola's punk-tinged "Marie Antoinette," the South Korean director Hong Sang-soo's "Woman on the Beach," and David Lynch's "Inland Empire." (Tickets go on sale Sept. 10 at the Alice Tully Hall box office and on www.filmlinc.com.)

ART
RARE REUNION
Oct. 3–Dec. 23

The Florentine artist who is believed to have taught Roman fresco methods to Giotto is honored with "Cimabue and Early Italian Devotional Painting," a show at the Frick that reunites a pair of diminutive scenes from the life of Christ. (212-288-0700.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
CARNEGIE CLASSIC
Oct. 4

Few ensembles are as welcome at Carnegie Hall as the Cleveland Orchestra, which begins the season with a concert featuring the baritone Thomas Quasthoff and the pianist Leif Ove Andsnes, performing music by Mahler and Mozart, respectively; Franz Welser-Möst conducts. (212-247-7800.)

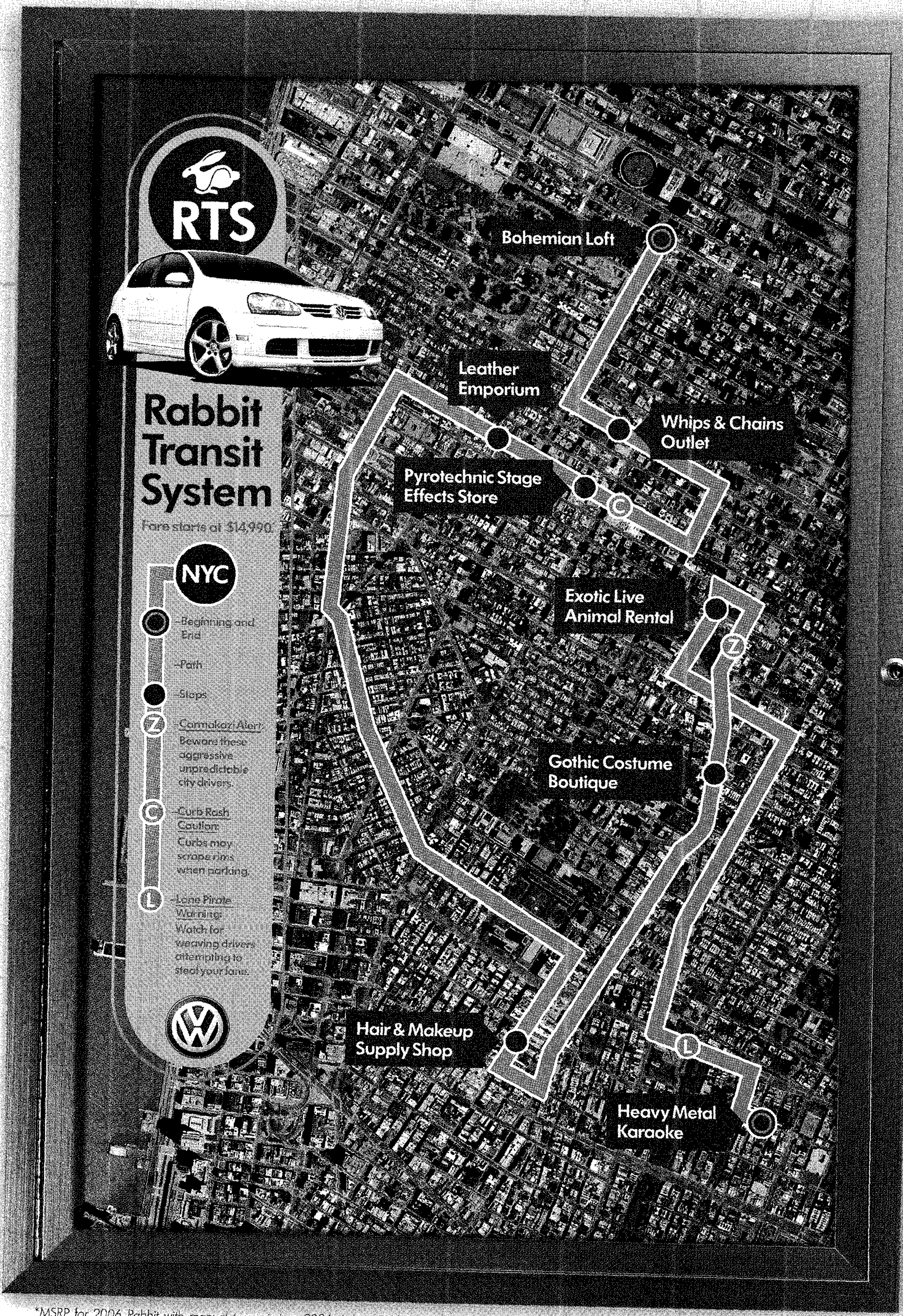
THE THEATRE
PROFESSOR LANE
Oct. 5

Alan Bates won a Tony Award for his performance in Simon Gray's dark comedy "Butley" in a Broadway production directed by Harold Pinter in 1972. In a revival opening at the Booth Theatre this fall, Nathan Lane stars as the literature professor in the twilight of his career. Nicholas Martin directs. (212-239-6200.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND
COME ON IN
Oct. 7–8

"Open House New York" is a weekend of behind-the-scenes access to some of the city's most interesting architectural spots, including the Brooklyn Army Terminal, the United Nations, and the buildings on the south side of Ellis Island. (www.openhousenewyork.org.)

Nathan Lane in Simon Gray's dark comedy "Butley."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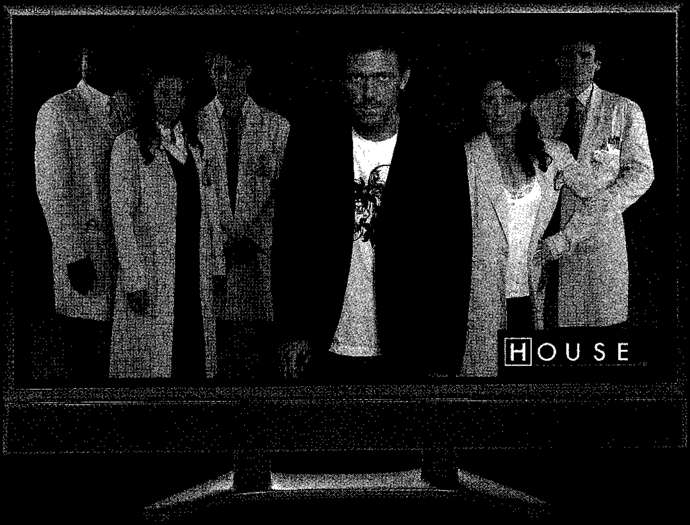
BEHIND THE SCENES



IT'S ALL IN THE DETAILS. Experience the vivid, visceral world of "House" on an AQUOS. The high-quality picture of a full HD 1080p AQUOS Liquid Crystal Television brings everything from the show's smallest medical clues to its biggest dramatic scenes into sharp focus.

The doctor—Gregory House, M.D.—is in. But he doesn't want to see you. House, played by the brilliant Hugh Laurie, likes patients as much as patients like colonoscopies. His specialties are identifying rare diseases, alienating just about everyone in the Princeton, N.J. hospital where the show is set, and drawing an ever-increasing audience to this Emmy Award-winning Fox-TV drama Tuesdays at 9 P.M. **Executive Producer Katie Jacobs** provides an inside perspective on the highly infectious series.

< Katie Jacobs

How do you describe "House" to someone who hasn't seen it yet?

JACOBS: It's a medical show, a mystery with a main character who's irreverent and unpredictable, like Mick Jagger with a stethoscope. Greg House is fresh, funny, and miserable. He says what's on his mind, unconcerned about repercussions. And you can't take your eyes off him.

Does "House" have a visual signature?

JACOBS: In our teaser opening, someone is going to fall ill. The audience is now hip to that. So we try to engage them on a visual, impressionistic level. We approach the teaser like a small movie and don't feel we have to stick to the style of the hospital shots. Each teaser is unique and contextual: We use different film techniques to match the particular situation. In one episode where insomnia was the first symptom, we exaggerated the sights and sounds, all the little disturbances in an apartment that keep a person awake.

Every episode of "House" features a few extreme medical close-ups that seem to bring the camera inside the body. Why is that critical?

JACOBS: We try to get the audience as close to the experience as possible. It's one thing to see a character choking, it's another thing to watch their throat close up. The doctors don't know what's going on inside the body at that point, and we try to swoop you in and contribute to that visceral intimacy. Being broadcast in HTDV, the show lets viewers get inside the experience. It's terrifying—in a good way.

How does the medical verisimilitude play in HDTV?

JACOBS: We have an amazing team and a visual effects supervisor who makes everything look real. Viewing the show in HDTV brings out the full details of the effects. It's almost as if viewers are standing beside the patient or in conference with the doctors.

What surprises can we look forward to in the new season?

JACOBS: The fun of being in the third season is that you can spend more time learning about the characters, going deeper into who they are and their relationships. What does it mean if House can walk pain free? Who is he without his illness? Plus the attraction with Cameron is still simmering, and Cuddy has a secret only House knows.

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THE NEW YORKER TOWN HALL MEETING ON ISLAM AND THE WEST

With **Abdullahi Ahmed An-Na'im**, **Omar Ahmad**, **Mahmood Mamdani**, **Azar Nafisi**, and **Lawrence Wright**. **George Packer**, moderator.

Abdullahi Ahmed An-Na'im is the author of a new book, "African Constitutionalism and the Role of Islam," and is currently at work on a book about the future of sharia and secularism from an Islamic perspective.

……

Omar Ahmad is the founder and chairman emeritus of the Council on American-Islamic Relations, the largest Muslim civil-liberties group in North America.

……

Mahmood Mamdani is the author of "Good Muslim, Bad Muslim," among other books, and is a chief adviser to the United Nations High Level Panel on Alliance of Civilizations for 2005-06.

……

Azar Nafisi is the author of the memoir "Reading Lolita in Tehran," and is at work on two books: "The Republic of the Imagination" and "Things I Have Been Silent About."

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Lawrence Wright is a *New Yorker* staff writer and the author of a new book, "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11."

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George Packer is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the author of "The Assassins' Gate: America in Iraq" and "Blood of the Liberals."

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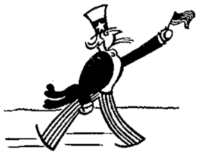
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

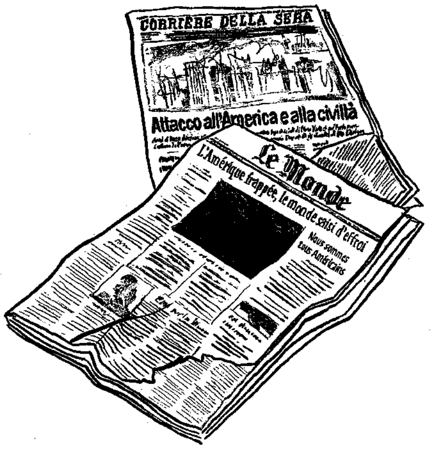
COMMENT
LOST LOVE



After the calamity that glided down upon us out of a clear blue sky on the morning of Tuesday, September 11, 2001—five short years ago, five long years ago—a single source of solace emerged amid the dread and grief: a great upwelling of simple solidarity. Here in New York, and in similarly bereaved Washington, that solidarity took homely forms. Strangers connected as friends; volunteers appeared from everywhere; political and civic leaders of all parties and persuasions stood together, united in sorrow and defiance. In certain regions of the country, New York had been regarded (and resented) as somehow not quite part of America; that conceit, not shared by the terrorists, vanished in the fire and dust of the Twin Towers. The reconciliation was mutual. In SoHo and the Upper West Side, in the Village and the Bronx, sidewalk crowds cheered every flag-bedecked fire engine, and the Stars and Stripes sprouted from apartment windows all over town. New York, always suspect as the nation's polyglot-plutocratic portal, was now its battered, bloody shield.

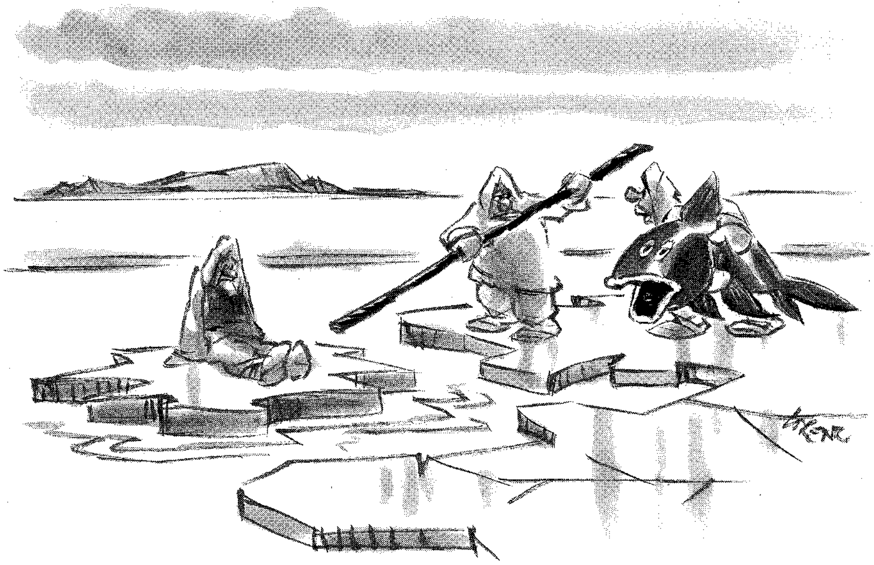
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

The wider counterpart to our traumatized togetherness at home was an astonishing burst abroad of what can only be called pro-Americanism. Messages of solidarity and indignation came from Libya and Syria as well as from Germany and Israel; flowers and funeral wreaths piled up in front of American Embassies from London to Beijing; flags flew at half-staff across Europe; in Iran, a candlelight vigil expressed sympathy. "Any remnants of neutrality thinking, of our traditional balancing act, have gone out of the window now," a Swedish political scientist told Reuters. "There has not been the faintest shadow of doubt, not a trace of hesitation of where we stand, nowhere in Sweden." *Le Monde's* front-page editorial was headlined NOUS SOMMES TOUS AMÉRICAINS, and Italy's *Corriere della Sera* echoed, "We are all Americans. The distance from the United States no longer exists because we, our values, are also in the crosshairs of evil minds." In Brussels, the ambassadors of the nineteen members of NATO invoked, for the first time in the alliance's fifty-two-year history, Article 5 of the North Atlantic Treaty, affirming that "an armed attack against one or more of them in Europe or North America shall be considered an attack against them all" and pledging action, "including the use of armed force."


CORRIERE DELLA SERA
Attacco all'America e alla civiltà
Le Monde
L'Amérique frappée, le monde saisi d'effroi
Nous sommes tous Américains

No one realistically expected that the mood of fellow-feeling and coöperation would long persist in the extraordinarily powerful form it took in the immediate wake of September 11th. The normal divisions of American politics and society were bound to make themselves felt again, and whatever the United States did in response to the attacks would provoke the tensions and misunderstandings that inevitably accompany the actions of a superpower in distress, no matter how deft its diplomacy or thorough its consultations. But it was natural to hope that domestic divisions would prove less rancorous in the face of the common danger, and that international frictions could be minimized in a struggle against what almost every responsible leader in the world recognized, or claimed to recognize, as an assault on civilization itself.

What few expected was how comprehensively that initial spirit would be ruined by the policies and the behavior of our government, culminating in, though hardly limited to, the disastrous occupation of Iraq. This shouldn't have been so surprising. George W. Bush campaigned in 2000 as a "compassion-



"Hold it—we almost forgot his benefits package."

• •

ate conservative," one who recognized that government was not the enemy, praised bipartisanship, proclaimed his intention to "change the tone in Washington," and advocated a foreign policy of humility and respect. None of that happened. Nine months into his Presidency, an economic policy of transferring the budget surplus to the wealthy, a social policy hewing to the demands of the Christianist far right, and a foreign policy marked by contempt for international instruments (the Kyoto protocol, the anti-ballistic-missile treaty) and the abandonment of diplomatic responsibilities (the negotiations over North Korea's nuclear activities, the Israeli-Palestinian stalemate) had pushed Bush's job ratings lower than those of any of his predecessors at a like point in their tenures. September 11th offered him a chance for a new beginning, and at first he seemed willing to seize it. Although the war against Al Qaeda and the Taliban in Afghanistan was not as widely backed at first as is often assumed (particularly among many on the European left and some on the American), it is now almost universally supported in the Western world, with some forty countries involved and NATO troops carrying an increasing share of the military burden. But then came a reversion to form, and Iraq.

In "America Against the World: How We Are Different and Why We Are Disliked," based on ninety-one thousand interviews conducted in fifty nations from 2002 to 2005 by the Pew Research Center, Andrew Kohut and Bruce Stokes write that while "the first hints that the world was becoming troubled by America came soon after the election of George W. Bush," and that "whatever global goodwill the United States had in the wake of the September 11 attacks appears to have quickly dissipated," after the Iraq invasion "favorable opinions had more than slipped. They had plummeted." It's grown worse since May, when the book was published. The most recent Pew findings show that "favorable opinions of the U.S." have gone from eighty-three per cent in 2000 to fifty-six per cent in 2006 in Britain, seventy-eight to thirty-seven in Germany, and sixty-two to thirty-nine in France. The majorities saying that the Iraq war has made the world more dangerous are equally impressive: sixty per cent in Britain, sixty-six in Germany, and seventy-six in France. On this point, the United States is catching up. The most recent CNN poll, taken in late August, found fifty-five per cent of Americans saying that the Iraq war has made them less safe from terrorism.

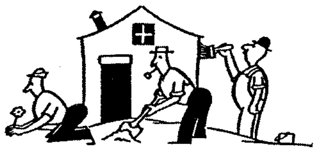
Last week, the Administration launched a new public-relations campaign aimed at marketing the war in Iraq as the indispensable key to the struggle against terrorism. The Vice-President and the Secretary of Defense gave speeches attacking the war's opponents (a category that includes, if that same CNN poll is to be believed, sixty-one per cent of the American public) as the contemporary counterparts of the appeasers of Nazism. President Bush, as one of his contributions to the P.R. campaign, granted an interview to Brian Williams, of NBC. As the two men, shirtsleeved in the sun, strolled together down a bleak New Orleans street, Williams wondered if the President shouldn't "have asked for some sort of sacrifice after 9/11." Bush's reply:

> Americans are sacrificing. I mean, we are. You know, we pay a lot of taxes. America sacrificed when they, you know, when the economy went into the tank. Americans sacrificed when, you know, air travel was disrupted. American taxpayers have paid a lot to help this nation recover. I think Americans have sacrificed.

And so we have. Not by paying "a lot of taxes," of course; we pay less of those than we did before, and the very, very richest among us pay much, much less. But we have sacrificed, God knows. "The military occupation in Iraq is consuming practically the entire defense budget and stretching the Army to its operational limits," John Lehman, Secretary of the Navy in the Reagan Administration and a member of the 9/11 Commission, wrote in the Washington *Post* a couple of days after Bush's interview. "This is understood quite clearly by both our friends and our enemies, and as a result, our ability to deter enemies around the world is disintegrating." That's a sacrifice. And here's another: our country's reputation.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

PITCHING IN
222



It took hundred-and-twenty-five-mile-an-hour winds and a thirty-four-foot storm surge eight hours, last year, to destroy Dot Phillips's house. But putting it back together again is taking computer models, thousand-mile plane trips, and a team of New York City interior-design students. Phillips, a grandmother of two, had lived at 222 North Beach Boulevard in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, for fifty-one years. Her late husband, Bud, bought the place from his great-aunt, Tante Kit. "Bud's Uncle Lucien lived next door," Phillips was saying the other day. "He said to Bud, 'Go to the bank and borrow the money and buy the house. I don't want anybody but family as neighbors!' "

The Phillips House, which is now being restored by the World Monuments Fund, with help from a class at Manhattan's School of Visual Arts, is a raised, center-hall structure with a gallery porch, heart-of-pine floors, and its original plaster walls, made from burned seashells mixed with horsehair and sand. Built around 1840, it is an epitome of the American Cottage, a signature architectural style of the Gulf Coast. Having survived a lifetime of storms without incident, Phillips decided to ride out Katrina at home. "Camille didn't blow this house down," she told anyone who worried. Katrina, however, succeeded in ripping off the porch, much of a second-story addition, and part of the roof. Phillips saw whitecaps in her driveway, "just as if it was in the Gulf," and the house's twenty-two cypress doors, which had slammed open and shut all night long during Camille, were blown off their hinges.

Two months after the hurricane, Phillips's daughter Noel Fell and her husband were sorting through debris (it included a bunch of giant sequinned frog heads, from Mardi Gras, which the winds had strewn across the yard) when they looked down the beach and saw three strangers coming toward No. 222. One of them was Marty Hylton, from the W.M.F. "Noel was all skeptical, like we were from FEMA or something," Hylton said. But when Hylton said he thought that the house could be saved the Fells—who had been told twice that very day that their only option was to bulldoze—came around. "They laughed and talked and cried right there on the beach, filthy dirty," Phillips said later.

Back in New York, Hylton, who teaches at S.V.A., enlisted eight students in his third-year interior-design studio to travel to New Orleans and Bay St. Louis. On site, the class made note not only of the house's historic baseboards and millwork but also of what might be called its emotional blueprint: the spot on the porch where the family liked to sit and play gin rummy; the spool bed that Noel had slept in as a girl; the Mississippi Room, where everybody gathered; the two-seater "tête-à-tête," or "chaperone" chair, inherited from Bud's mother, whose S-curve design was supposed to discourage young couples from getting frisky.

Recently, Phillips, along with the Fells, flew to New York to see the students present their end-of-term projects, carte-blanche redesigns of her residence. The family arrived at the W.M.F.'s offices, on Madison Avenue. "Y'all have been working like Trojans!" Phillips said as she watched the students trundle in with their fabric swatches and mockups.

Adam Greco, a junior wearing a white leather belt and matching loafers, was first up. Using a PowerPoint slide show, he suggested a kaleidoscopic Clarence House wallpaper ("The swirl kind of really evokes the weather and what you've been through") for the center hall, along with six light fixtures ("Seaglass nods to the beauty of nature's reclamation") and, in every room, hurricane lamps. "Your dressing room will be more of a boudoir, where you and your friends can get ready for Mardi Gras," he said. "I put Grand-mère's rocking chair in the bedroom, along with a French Empire chair with a blue gingham cushion on it, because your name is Dorothy." He finished by proposing to install an outdoor shower, inspired by the French pigeon cages he'd read about in books on New Orleans.

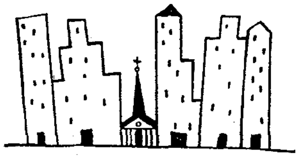
"That old house won't recognize itself, will it?" Phillips said, with a warm hooting laugh.

Stephen Honeywell, who in normal circumstances considers himself more of a "high-end residential person" than a preservationist, went next. He apologized for having junked the tête-à-tête chair, but he did suggest that Phillips might want to paint the kitchen seafoam green and install a stainless-steel refrigerator with a built-in TV. "I didn't even know they had that," Phillips said.

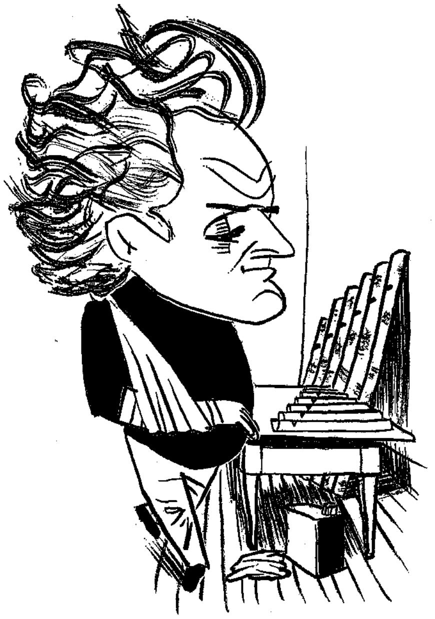
After the presentations, Phillips said that she was grateful for the students' work. "I didn't give them anything but a tuna-fish sandwich and a Coke," she said. "I think they deserve an A-plus." And, while she's considering incorporating several elements of their floor plans, some of the more imaginative schemes will have to wait. "I like that old house the way it was," she said, "even though it's almost gone."

—*Lauren Collins*

AFTERMATH DEPT.
PIPE CLEANER



On a recent Friday afternoon, Anthony Meloni was in his sun-filled workshop in Port Chester, New York, forty-five minutes north of Manhattan, cleaning a pipe organ. More precisely, he was supervising the cleaning. He had recently broken his right arm—the result of an unfortunate incident involving a wet roof, a late-night drink, and a flight of stairs ("It wasn't a pretty picture," he said with a sigh)—so he mostly paced around the room, smoking cigarettes and looking over the shoulders of his three apprentices.



Anthony Meloni

The instrument was one he knew well. He used to spend several hours tuning it every Friday. That was before September 11, 2001. The organ, which belongs to Trinity Church on lower Broadway, had been damaged during the destruction of the World Trade Center.

When the first tower collapsed, the sanctuary filled with the dark smoke and dust that covered much of downtown Manhattan. Fine particles filtered into the organ, clogging its nine thousand pipes and corroding its leather parts (gussets and valves). In late 2002, after months of haggling with insurance companies, Trinity disassembled the organ and deposited it in the church's basement. It seemed to Meloni that he might never work on the instrument again.

Owen Burdick, Trinity's organist and director of music, thinks the church may have found something better: an all-digital organ, installed in 2003 as an "interim" solution, which has been a surprise hit. (It has standard consoles for playing, but no pipes; its software runs on the Linux operating system.) In July, Burdick demonstrated it at the American Guild of Organists convention in Chicago, where it received a standing ovation. "It can do a lot of things a pipe organ can't," Burdick says.

Meloni isn't persuaded. "It's the best electronic organ I've ever heard," he said. "But Trinity deserves better." So he was pleased when someone from the church called and asked him to prepare an exhibit of the organ's parts—some cleaned and restored, others left in their post-September 11th state—in honor of that day's fifth anniversary. Early last month, Meloni parked a rented truck outside Trinity, threw a handful of organ parts—a swell engine, a section of the stop-action, a couple of pipe racks, two hundred and fifty pipes—into the back, and hauled them up to Port Chester.

Meloni, who is fifty-three years old, has ragged, Beethoven-style hair and an abundance of manic energy. In his cluttered studio, a row of pipes made of a tin-and-lead alloy that has the visual effect of cheetah's fur leaned against one wall. A zinc set from the nineteen-fifties covered a table, lined up like ammunition.

Pipes can be fabricated to mimic a variety of musical sounds, Meloni explained. "There's the clarinet, the krummhorn, Renaissance instruments, orchestral instruments. Some guy in the nineteenth century invented a saxophone pipe." Crafting these pipes is a delicate process, and cleaning can require creativity. "Some pipes have reeds with a vibrating tongue inside them," he said. "There are tricks to getting a piece of debris out: you blow on it, or you take a dollar bill and stick it between the reed tongue and the shallot."

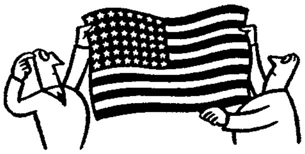
When Meloni first tried to clean dust off the Trinity organ, four years ago, before it was dismantled, the filth proved particularly resistant. "It's not typical dust from sitting around thirty years," he said. "It's whitish, greasy. It was impossible to vacuum." The grime was also heavy with jet fuel, biological matter, and, especially, corrosive building materials. The church hired an expert—a "doctor of dust" named Harley Piltingsrud—to evaluate the organ for insurance purposes. Piltingsrud found that the dust was unusually alkaline. (Other reports had compared the debris to Drano.)

Five years on, Meloni's team doesn't seem the least bit squeamish. A pile of green latex gloves sat unused on a table, and no one wore a face mask. Toward the back of the room, Craig Van Orsdale, one of Meloni's employees, was polishing a set of small pipes, the thinnest of which was about the width of a pencil. The night before, the pipes had soaked in a solution of warm water and Cascade. Meloni picked up one of the pipes. He put his lips to it and blew. It sounded a little like a flute.

—*Joshua Hersh*

REFLECTIONS

OLD COUNTRY



There's no knowing what place September 11th will occupy in our minds in another five or ten years, but the surprise just now is that so many of its persistent, recircling images are about age. How could it be, one still asks, that no Pentagon strategist or op-ed cogitator, at home with the kids on a weekend in the nineteen-nineties, ever noticed that tall, million-windowed downtown office buildings and a sky stuffed with tipping, X-winged planes are an endlessly inviting subject for a seven-year-old Crayola master, and that if the two themes accidentally overlapped somewhere on the page the kid needed only to add some orange, then purple and black and gray, to achieve a disaster? How is it that, in memory, those booted, hose-burdened firemen glancing back as they hurry toward their fatal tasks in the South Tower are always in their mid-twenties, while the terrified bystanders and survivors running toward us, minutes later, from out of a monstrous cloud wear the white makeup and ashen garments of a ghostly Kabuki ancestor? We already knew that history could age you and shake you up sometimes, but not this way: not like a pinscher with a rat.

Those of us in our eighties or late seventies can still remember when this was called a young country (it was said all the time in school) and, if we lived in New York, retain the vision of earlier iconic towers—the Empire State, the Chanin Building, the George Washington Bridge—going up, week by week, to prove the point. The Depression and Pearl Harbor and Guadalcanal and Dachau and Hiroshima aged and toughened us, to be sure, but perhaps not as much as the History Channel would have it. In the early sixties—in our forties, that is—we suddenly cheered up when some historian noticed that the late, Massachusetts-born, white-mustachioed Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., who had served on the bench into the nineteen-thirties, had in his long lifetime shaken hands with John Quincy Adams and also our new incumbent, John F. Kennedy. How young we were, after all!

None of us, no one in the world, holds such a notion today. Our United States feels as old as Tyre. Also anxious and bloodied; also short of sleep. What's a shock, as this special September comes along, is that 9/11 is only five years back. Boys and girls born that spring and summer are entering kindergarten this year, and before they leave elementary school will have learned and tucked away the date in about the same place as Antietam and the typewriter and the Great Plague—that is, if they're paying any attention at all. We worry about them, as elders do, but what we know about them that they don't is that they are the older generation. Even while this ancient, inescapable irony dawns, we think back more often to a deceased parent or to a friend gone too early, to a favorite teacher or poet or departed doubles partner—anyone who died before September 11th—and wish ourselves that free again, and that young.

—*Roger Angell*

THE FINANCIAL PAGE

OSAMA’S BANK ACCOUNT

In the federal courthouse in Manhattan, on Foley Square, a pyre of legal briefs is accumulating in the chambers of Judge Richard Casey, who has been assigned to make sense of a large number of lawsuits consolidated as “In re Terrorist Attacks on September 11, 2001.” Family members of those killed have sued individuals, banks, and corporations that allegedly provided support to Al Qaeda as it grew, thus entering the foggy precincts of terrorist finance, where facts are elusive and every accused has a story of extenuating circumstance. Not long ago, there arrived at the courthouse, as an exhibit, an unusually complete set of bank records—the records for Account No. CO-565,167.0, at the former Swiss Bank Corporation, now UBS, which describes itself as the world’s largest wealth manager.

Yeslam and Omar bin Laden submitted the records in an effort to prove that they have no legally culpable ties to their notorious half brother Osama; their arguments are pending before Judge Casey. It is perhaps notable, given the exaggerated claims made by the Bush Administration about collaboration between Osama bin Laden and Saddam Hussein, that the account was created because of the bin Laden family’s concern about Iraq’s invasion of Kuwait, on August 2, 1990. Many Saudis worried that Saddam might take over the kingdom’s oil fields and depose the royal family. The bin Laden fortune originated with Mohammed bin Laden, a government-connected contractor, who died in 1967. After the invasion, Mohammed’s sons liquidated one of the family’s foundations and set up Swiss bank accounts to benefit his fifty-three surviving children. Osama was living in Saudi Arabia at the time, having spent much of the nineteen-eighties involved in the war in Afghanistan. He was then a shareholder in two family firms; when the Swiss-bank-account plan was conceived, it was natural for him to be included.

On August 17, 1990, in Geneva, Omar and another of Osama’s half brothers, Haider bin Laden, signed documents to open Account No. CO-565,167.0. They declared, in writing, “as holder of the account” that “the beneficial owner of the assets to be deposited with the bank is Mr. Osama M. Binladin.” No other owner was named. They also signed a document to provide power of attorney to Yeslam and “Sheikh Osama Mohamed Binladin.” This included the power to “lodge or withdraw funds in any manner whatsoever.” On August 20th, the account received a deposit of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

During the next fourteen months, the money sat still, earning more than thirty thousand dollars in interest. Back in Saudi Arabia, however, Osama’s life was in some turmoil. He proposed to the Saudi royal family that he lead his followers from the Afghan war on a jihad against Saddam Hussein’s troops, arguing that this would make reliance upon Christian and Jewish crusaders from America unnecessary. The Saudi royal family turned him down, and in the spring of 1991 Osama left the country; he settled in Sudan, where he set up a new base of operations for Al Qaeda.

On October 28, 1991, someone—it is not clear who—ordered the transfer of four hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars from the Swiss account to an account in Saudi Arabia held by Haider bin Laden. The records do not make clear what happened to this money. At around that time, Osama invested in Sudan, particularly in real estate, but he had multiple sources of funds. (The Swiss account remained open until 1997, but its balance never again exceeded a thousand dollars.)

The legal and public-relations challenges arising from having once held money for Osama bin Laden’s benefit can be readily imagined. On March 29th of this year, Michael Herde, a UBS managing director based in New York, appeared before an investigative panel of the House International Relations Committee, and, at one point, Representative Dana Rohrabacher, a Republican from California, asked, “What about bin Laden? Did he have an account at your bank?”

“I do not believe so,” Herde replied. On April 21st, Herde sent a letter to Rohrabacher saying, “UBS does not now hold, nor has it ever held, an account for Osama bin Laden.” The letter went on, “As has previously been stated publicly, UBS did maintain a relationship between 1990 and 1991 with members of the bin Laden family. . . . Osama bin Laden never received any asset distribution when the assets were distributed among his family members in 1991.”

More recently, a UBS managing director and spokesman, Mark Arena, told me that he had reviewed this letter before it was sent to Congress. He said that it was accurate, because Osama was not the account holder, a designation that belonged to Omar and Haider bin Laden. “There was absolutely no intention to mislead members of Congress in our written response,” Arena said. “Our response was designed to address the heart of their concerns, primarily if Osama bin Laden had an account that was used for terrorist financing. This is emphatically not the case.”

Such is the pattern of many investigations into terrorist financing—ambitious accusation, lawyerly deflection, and stalemate. Several well-publicized federal prosecutions involving alleged diversions of charity money to terrorists have also produced, at best, mixed results. By now, it seems that whatever the litigating family members of September 11th victims recover will come mainly from U.S. airline companies rather than from bankers or charities overseas. In terrorism investigations, even where there are accounts it is difficult to create accountability.

—*Steve Coll*

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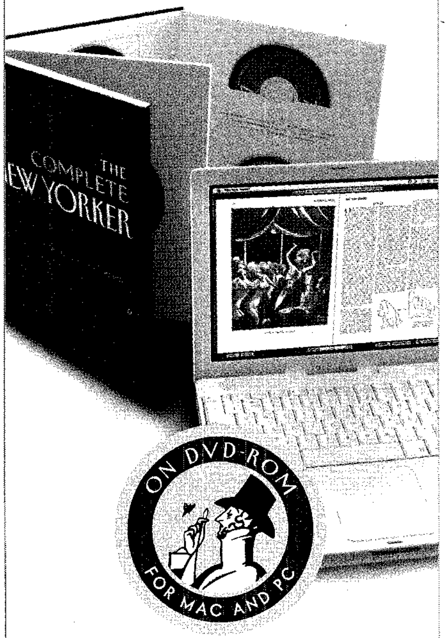

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DEPT. OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

JUNIOR

The clandestine life of America’s top Al Qaeda source.

BY JANE MAYER

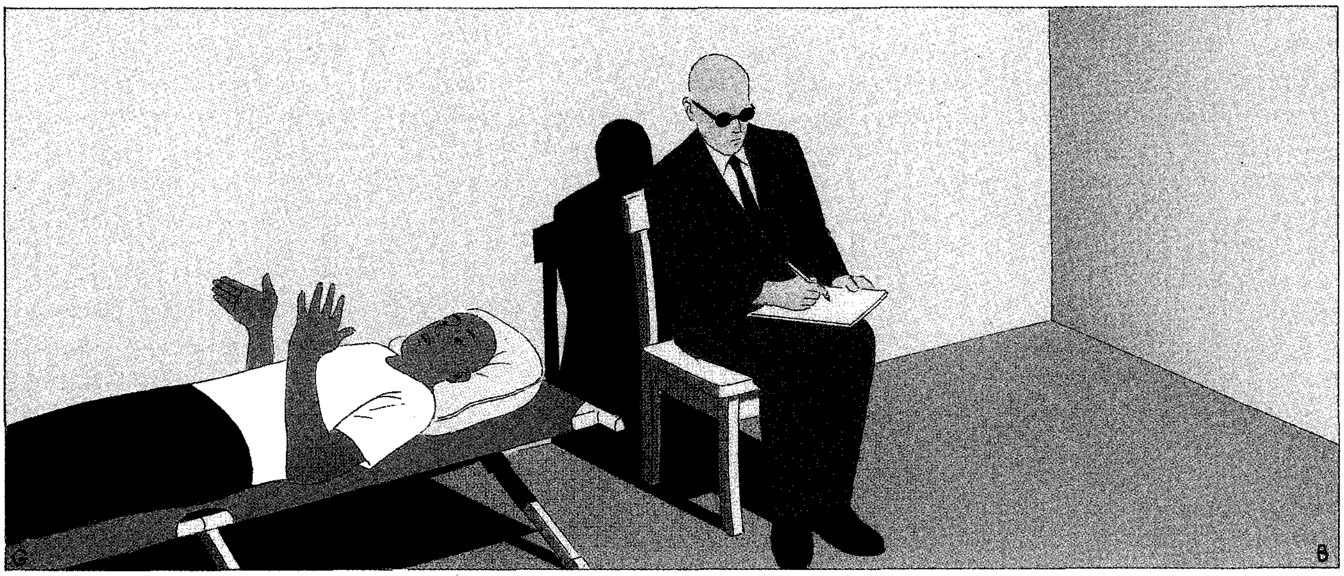
For nearly a decade, a former Al Qaeda operative named Jamal Ahmed al-Fadl has been living in the United States government’s witness-protection program, under an assumed identity. A Sudanese citizen and a onetime confidant of Osama bin Laden’s, Fadl is expected to serve as a central witness in the prosecutions of at least two suspected terrorists being held at the U.S. detention facility in Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. Fadl, a dark-skinned man with close-cropped hair and a mischievous smile, entered government custody in 1996, after walking into the U.S. Embassy in Eritrea and confessing to membership in Al Qaeda. Since then, he has lived in at least half a dozen American towns. (He spent the first eighteen months in a Residence Inn in New Jersey, guarded by several armed F.B.I. agents; subsequently, his wife and children joined him in America, and the family was transferred to a series of undisclosed locations.) Fadl, who is now in his forties, is arguably the United States’ most valuable informant on Al Qaeda; he has provided crucial intelligence about the group’s operations and has made positive identifications of suspected members. At the same time, Fadl—an incessant troublemaker who is known to a small group of F.B.I. agents simply as Junior—has tried the patience of the officials in whose care he resides. “Junior’s a problem child,” Jack Cloonan, a former special agent for the F.B.I., who is now the president of a crisis-management firm, says.

Fadl’s only public appearance to date as a state’s witness occurred in Manhattan in 2001, eight months before the September 11th attacks on the Pentagon and the World Trade Center. Fadl, who was identified only as “Confidential Source 1,” spoke for several days, and his testimony proved critical in the conviction of four Al Qaeda associates who were being tried for their roles in the 1998 bombings of the U.S. Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, which killed two hundred and twenty-four people. Photographers and courtroom artists were forbidden to depict his face, but reporters described him as testifying calmly in heavily accented English and wearing a white skullcap, an open-collared shirt, and jeans.

According to Fadl, he met bin Laden in Afghanistan, where he had gone in his early twenties to fight against the Soviet Union. He testified that he was one of the first people to join Al Qaeda, in 1989; soon afterward, he moved back to Sudan, where he helped bin Laden acquire properties and front companies. At a time when most Americans knew little about Al Qaeda, Fadl provided the jury with a lengthy tutorial, describing the organization’s cellular structure and its training camps, where recruits learned how to handle weapons and were taught a militant view of Islam. He characterized bin Laden as a man determined to attack the United States—even with nuclear weapons if he could. In the early nineties, he testified, bin Laden issued a secret fatwa at a meeting in Sudan: “It say, ‘We cannot let the American army stay in the Gulf area and take our oil, take our money, and we have to do something to take them out. We have to fight them.’ ” (Fadl also admitted to a life style that was less than pious. Under questioning, he confessed that, prior to joining Al Qaeda, he had nearly been arrested for smoking marijuana with a friend, on a trip to Saudi Arabia; the friend had gone to jail for two years, he said, adding, “I escaped to Sudan.”) In the end, the four Embassy-bombing suspects were convicted on three hundred and two terrorism-related charges, and were given life sentences.

According to the F.B.I., Fadl has continued to provide assistance to government officials working to understand and combat Al Qaeda. Dan Coleman, a senior consultant at Harbinger Technologies Group, who was the F.B.I.'s top specialist on Al Qaeda until 2004, when he retired, said of Fadl, "He's been very, very important to us. When it comes to understanding Al Qaeda, he's the Rosetta stone." Jessica Stern, a terrorism scholar at Harvard, says that Fadl's testimony in the Embassy-bombing trials created an invaluable public record. "Fadl explained the nature of the enemy to us when we knew very little," she said. "He showed us that bin Laden was like any other C.E.O., and that Al Qaeda was a real bureaucracy." (Fadl had explained, for example, that Al Qaeda's main advisory council, the *majlis al-shura,* functioned much like a board of directors.) Michael Anticev, an F.B.I. special agent on the New York-based Joint Terrorism Task Force, told me that as soon as U.S. authorities started to interrogate him "we realized we had struck gold." He went on, "He spoke to us in great detail, and everything that he told us panned out." Anticev likened Fadl's value to that of Joseph Valachi, the government informant on organized crime who, in 1962, became the first member of the Mafia to acknowledge its existence to law-enforcement officials.

In the immediate aftermath of the September 11th attacks, Fadl proved disappointingly unable to shed light on the plot. He had been out of Al Qaeda for too long, and knew none of the hijackers. But, a few months later, when the F.B.I. showed him photographs of prisoners who had been captured on the battlefields of Afghanistan and transferred to Guantánamo, "he went right to work," Anticev told me. Fadl was shown photographs of between sixty and seventy detainees. F.B.I. sources say that he recognized two men as longtime Al Qaeda figures. L'Houssaine Kherchtou, another former Al Qaeda member interviewed by the agency—and known to U.S. officials as Joe the Moroccan—corroborated Fadl's claims. Kherchtou, a Moroccan citizen who became an informant after the Embassy bombings, is also in the U.S. witness-protection program. (American law-enforcement officials declined to say how many former terrorists are in the program, but the number is believed to be extremely small.)



Jamal Ahmed al-Fadl, known to a small group of F.B.I. officials simply as Junior, has been talking to agents for ten years.

GUY BILLOUT

Three F.B.I. agents flew to Guantánamo and tried to get both suspects to confess. They succeeded with one of them; the other is still being investigated. Information from Fadl eventually anchored one of only seven formal claims of criminality that the U.S. government has so far been able to make against the Guantánamo detainees, who still number more than four hundred. The prosecutions have been stymied by protracted arguments about the constitutionality of the Bush Administration's effort to try terrorist suspects not in courtrooms but before military commissions. In June, the Supreme Court ruled, in Hamdan v. Rumsfeld, that the commissions system was illegal.

The F.B.I. has declined to disclose the name of either Guantánamo suspect, for fear of jeopardizing any eventual prosecution. But a close look at government records reveals that Fadl's name appears as a co-conspirator in a document enumerating the charges against a detainee named Ibrahim Ahmed Mahmoud al-Qosi—also known by the aliases Mohammed Salih Ahmed and Abu Khobaib al-Sudani. According to the document, Qosi is charged with conspiring with Al Qaeda; between 1992 and 1995, he allegedly served as a financial accountant and treasurer for a Sudanese front company, run by bin Laden, which raised money and procured weapons for terrorist operations. Qosi is also accused of serving as a bodyguard, driver, and cook for bin Laden in Afghanistan. According to the charges, Qosi was captured after helping other Al Qaeda members flee Kandahar in the wake of the September 11th attacks.

Another indication that Fadl is an informant behind the charges is that the document names Fadl's brother-in-law Mohammed Suliman al-Nalfi as an additional co-conspirator. In 2000, four years after acknowledging his own role in Al Qaeda, Fadl led U.S. officials to Nalfi, an Al Qaeda member in Kenya. Authorities had hoped to recruit Nalfi, who was close to Al Qaeda's co-founder, the Egyptian Ayman al-Zawahiri, as a double agent. But when he proved resistant U.S. officials arrested him and brought him to America, where he eventually pleaded guilty to terrorist-related activities; in 2003, he was sentenced to ten years in prison.

Since September 11, 2001, the Bush Administration has often characterized criminal law-enforcement approaches to fighting terrorism as inadequate and obsolete, and assigned the principal responsibility for fighting Al Qaeda to the military. But Fadl's role in convicting terrorists and bolstering indictments suggests, to some experts, that the government needs to devote more resources to law-enforcement efforts that yield solid eyewitness testimony. This is especially true, they say, in the wake of the Hamdan decision, which will likely result in Al Qaeda suspects being tried under more conventional rules, where the evidentiary burden is high. Cloonan said, "If your intent is to prosecute somebody, there are rules and regulations that you have to follow—the federal rules of criminal procedure." He acknowledged that the legal system wasn't perfect: "I'm not going to tell you that this isn't cumbersome and slow and plodding at points." Nevertheless, he said, his experience with Fadl and other informants has taught him that the American legal system is "set up very well to handle these kinds of cases."

At the 2001 Embassy-bombings trials, defense lawyers revealed that, since 1997, Fadl had received nearly a million dollars from the U.S. government, in the form of housing, food, medical care, and other subsidies. He has also required the oversight of F.B.I. agents, who have lived with him in one safe house after another. Mike Anticev, Fadl's designated handler, has spent the most time with the former terrorist. Sitting at a small conference table earlier this month at the F.B.I.'s headquarters in lower Manhattan, Anticev, a powerfully built man with high cheekbones and brown eyes, said that keeping Fadl and taking care of him have been "absolutely worth it for the government. Junior wrote the book on Al Qaeda, and the well still isn't dry." He paused. "But for me? What a lot of headaches! I have a very good relationship with him, but he's a full-time job. I'm his big brother, his coach, his psychiatrist, and his marriage counsellor. If he has trouble with his family, I'm almost like a parent—I have to be the bearer of bad news. At times, I spend hours a day on the phone. Weekends. Nights. Whatever the problem of the day is, I have to deal with it."

Anticev's cell phone rang. He glanced at the phone's display and sighed. "That's him," he said. He normally answers Fadl's calls immediately, but this time he let him leave a message.

Dan Coleman, the former Al Qaeda specialist at the F.B.I., spent many hours debriefing Fadl. "He's a lovable rogue," he said. "He's fixated on money. And he *loves* women." U.S. officials allegedly exploited the latter enthusiasm during Fadl's initial interrogations, in order to cement his loyalty. Fadl told two counterterrorism officials that, while he was being debriefed by the C.I.A. in Eritrea, the agency provided him with free housing, which he shared with a "girlfriend." Later, one of the officials said, Fadl "used to carry a photograph" of the woman, and cried about having left her behind. A former C.I.A. official, who was involved with Fadl's case at the time, denied this, saying, "There was no girlfriend I knew of in Eritrea."

At first, Fadl was reluctant to speak freely on various personal matters, in particular his reasons for breaking with bin Laden. But he provided a surprisingly full picture of Al Qaeda, depicting it as an international criminal network intent on attacking the United States. Fadl said that he had handled many of Al Qaeda's financial transactions after bin Laden left Afghanistan and moved the hub of his operations to Khartoum, in 1992. In this role, Fadl had access to bin Laden's payroll and knew the details of Al Qaeda's global banking networks, its secret membership lists, and its paramilitary training camps in Afghanistan, one of which he had attended, in the late eighties. Two years before the Embassy bombings in East Africa, Fadl warned U.S. officials that bin Laden's followers might try to attack U.S. embassies abroad or targets inside America.

His story astounded U.S. officials. Anticev recalled, "In the beginning, it was hard to get your arms around how big this conspiracy really was and how many people were involved. There were all of these players, and a global organization of all these different terrorist groups. He told us about all the different committees, and about bin Laden himself." Fadl described bin Laden as soft-spoken, and said that he had a good sense of humor. He noted that one Al Qaeda member, Abu Rida al-Suri, was unusually witty and frequently made bin Laden laugh—a description that was borne out when Anticev had a chance to talk to Suri, in Khartoum. Fadl displayed a firm command of Al Qaeda's financial structure, and asserted that it resembled that of an international conglomerate. Bin Laden's business decisions hadn't always pleased him, however. Among other things, he said that jihadis from Egypt were often paid better and given more responsibility than those from other countries. Fadl complained to bin Laden bitterly about this, but his plea for equal pay and equal work was rejected.

Fadl told U.S. officials, and later testified in court, that he had been charged with exploring the possibility of purchasing uranium—Al Qaeda, he said, had been interested in obtaining nuclear and chemical weapons. And he revealed tradecraft secrets, explaining that Al Qaeda operatives were taught to disguise their identities by appearing Western—shaving beards, wearing cologne, and carrying cigarettes—and never discussing jihad in public.

C.I.A. officials debriefed Fadl for a month and a half. In the fall of 1996, the C.I.A. flew him from Eritrea to a U.S. military base in Germany, where he entered the custody of the F.B.I. The C.I.A. also handed over transcripts of its interviews with Fadl. (The smooth coöperation between the two agencies in this case contradicts the widespread notion that the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. were incapable of working together.) Dan Coleman interrogated Fadl at the base. At first, Fadl claimed that his motives for talking were an interest in writing a tell-all book and a love for the United States. (He had lived in America for two years in the mid-eighties, primarily in Brooklyn and in Atlanta, learning English and working in various delis and grocery stores.) After a week or so, Coleman coaxed him into admitting that his real reason for breaking with Al Qaeda was that he had skimmed a large sum of money from bin Laden's business ventures. He had stolen more than a hundred thousand dollars, and he knew that bin Laden wouldn't forgive him. Coleman said that, in his experience, the hardest story to get from any suspect is a narrative in which he incriminates himself. "We had to know everything, warts and all, if he was going to be a witness," Coleman recalled. "It caused tears and gnashing of teeth. He thought we'd think less of him. He was ashamed." At the same time, Coleman said, "he likes to please. Most people do." Coleman said that he got Fadl to confess through persistence and persuasion, not through threats or violence. (Cloonan, the former special agent, said that the same was true for Kherchtou, the Moroccan informant, who was persuaded to coöperate while enjoying three-course meals at a large Moroccan estate.)

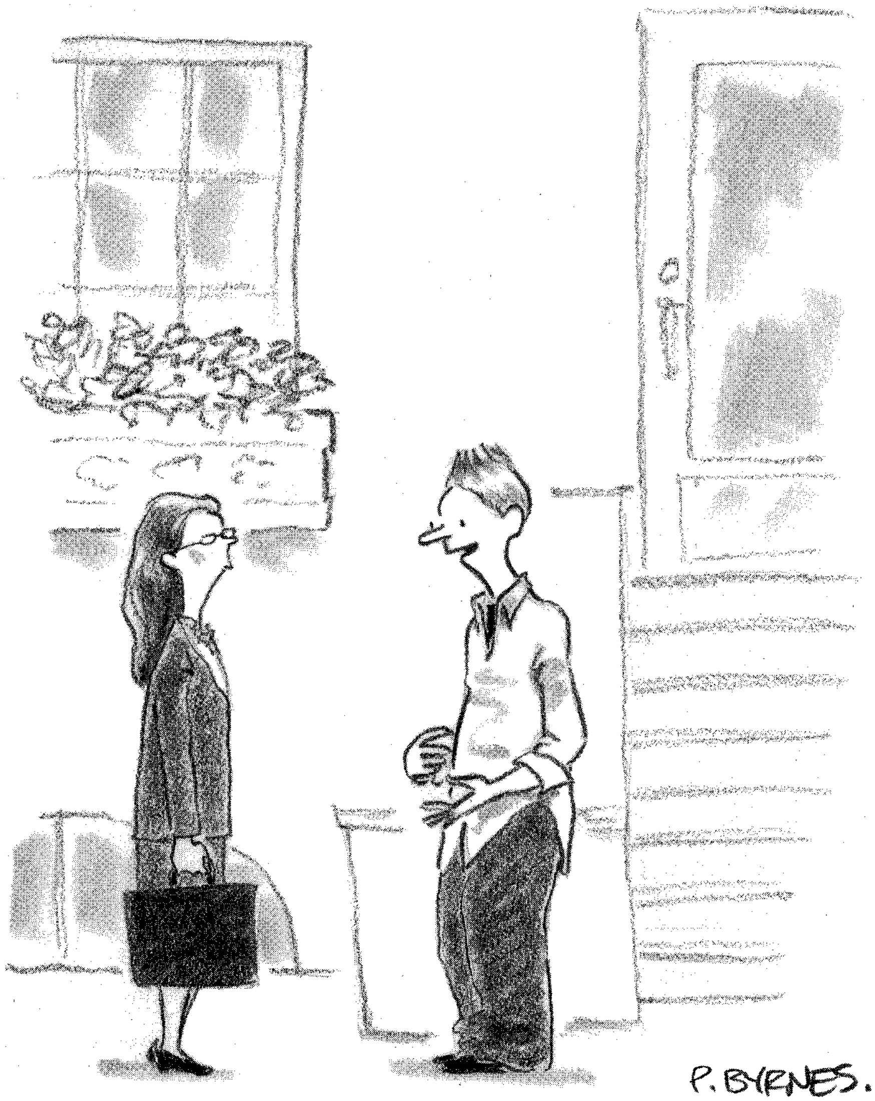
Coleman was surprised to learn that Fadl wasn't particularly religious. "I never saw him pray once," he said. For Fadl, jihad was less a spiritual quest than "a socially acceptable form of bad behavior." As Coleman put it, "You get to blow stuff up and kill people, and your colleagues and peers think you're good. It's fun, and you can be a hero." Coleman acknowledged that most Al Qaeda members were deeply committed to Islam, but he said that it had been a breakthrough to realize that some were more like ordinary criminals, and could be manipulated in ways familiar to law-enforcement officials. (Kherchtou was a pilot who worked for bin Laden for money, and he was angered when Al Qaeda refused to pay for his wife's Cesarean-section operation.)

The F.B.I. used the information provided by Fadl to strengthen a criminal indictment that was being drawn up against bin Laden by Mary Jo White, the U.S. Attorney in New York. Before the government acquired Fadl as a witness, prosecutors had worried that the legal case against bin Laden might be hard to make. Cloonan recalled, "All of a sudden, out of nowhere, comes this Junior. It was something. He's telling you how they work, what they were planning, how they recruit. . . . His life story becomes the spine of the prosecution—a walking, talking body who will sit up on the witness stand and look the jury in the eye. This is powerful stuff!" In 1998, the indictment was completed. It charged bin Laden with running a terrorist organization that, among other things, had played a role in the 1993 attack on American troops in Mogadishu, Somalia, and had bombed the U.S. Embassies in East Africa.

The Justice Department worked out a plea agreement with Fadl that would keep him in its custody but out of jail, at least for the time being. Fadl pleaded guilty to two terrorism-related charges, stemming from his help in smuggling weapons for bin Laden. He faced up to fifteen years in prison, depending upon how helpful he proved to be. Because he has continued to assist U.S. authorities, he has yet to be sentenced, and may never be.

Soon after the F.B.I. took custody of Fadl, agents realized that his scheming, which had once been bin Laden's problem, was now theirs. Cloonan says of Fadl, "For one thing, he's a gambler." He recalled that Fadl once won a modest sum in a New Jersey lottery, after persuading his overseers to let him play the scratch-off cards at a 7-Eleven. (The guards confiscated his earnings.) At one point, Fadl persuaded the government to give him a business loan, and he then opened a deli. But financial problems ensued, and the business ran aground. Fadl asked officials again and again for permission to write and publish his memoirs, but they repeatedly turned him down. More recently, he tried unsuccessfully to get permission to go to Sudan to claim his share of a family inheritance, following the death of his father. Anticev said that it would be "far too dangerous" for Fadl to return home, because he would likely be killed by former comrades-in-arms.

Cloonan said that Fadl's pursuit of women had posed numerous per-



"I had it cut so I can style it professionally at work and still look stupid at night."

"Act your birth order!"

• •

ils. "The last thing we wanted was for him to get involved with women," he said. "What would the court think? It would blow his cover!" The F.B.I. agents recalled Fadl flirting with female agents and young female lifeguards at the swimming pool of the New Jersey hotel where he was staying before his wife's arrival. "He's a very outgoing guy," Cloonan said. "He was like a heat-seeking missile." He went on, "He didn't know how to swim, so we got him some noodles. We loved to just watch Junior floating around the pool and making a fool of himself. He was, like, the mayor of the motel." He discovered other pleasures of American life. "Waffles!" Cloonan said. "Junior absolutely loved them. He ordered them for breakfast every day. If you ate like him, you'd have gained fifty pounds."

Fadl loves sports, and, to keep him busy, the F.B.I. gave him money to buy a Ping-Pong table. His favorite game, however, is soccer, and when he lived in New Jersey he begged the agents to let him coach a local girls' team. Permission was denied.

"It was to our advantage to let him blow off steam," Cloonan explained. "It made him feel more like a human being than a prisoner. You have to worry about mood swings. Sometimes he'd have trouble sleeping. At three in the morning on a winter's night, you'd counsel him. 'I'm a traitor,' he'd say. 'I miss my wife.' You're always concerned about someone's mental state." As time wore on, and Fadl complained increasingly of loneliness, the F.B.I. helped find his wife, Nadia, and their four children, in Khartoum, and brought them to the United States. Cloonan witnessed the reunion, and was quietly disappointed. "We thought they'd be running at each other," he recalled. "Instead, they just looked at each other, and it was, like, 'Oh, hi. How are you?' "

Coleman said that the domestic tensions rapidly escalated. "Nadia would really break Junior's chops, unmercifully," he said. "She basically did nothing but complain from the time she arrived in the U.S." There were numerous cultural conflicts. When the agents gave her lobsters as a Fourth of July treat, she accused them of trying to poison her family with "water spiders." Once, she cooked dinner for them, placing a pigeonlike bird directly over the burners of a gas stove. "It was brutal," Cloonan said, but he added that he politely ate his meal. When Nadia first arrived, Fadl asked to have her undergo a ritual cleansing that involved covering her in mud and then placing her over warm embers in a back-yard pit. "Suffice it to say that we did not allow Junior to smoke Nadia in a pit," Cloonan said.

Although Nadia did not learn English or adapt to American culture as easily as her husband, she happily returned from a trip to a department store—sponsored by the F.B.I., which wanted her to have more American-looking clothes—with a pair of pink-and-white L.A. Gear sneakers. She also proved to be a better softball player than Fadl. (When he sulked after being humiliated in a game, she shook her finger at him and said, "I'm in America now. I have rights!") At the urging of several female agents, she even consented, despite her strict Muslim background, to remove her veil and get her hair done at a salon, along with a manicure and pedicure. When she showed off her new look, several agents applauded while Cloonan announced on the P.A. system of his F.B.I. car, "Now, for the first time in public, Mrs. Nadia al-Fadl!"

But the agents who took turns living with the couple said that Nadia was overwhelmed by taking care of four children without help from relatives. "She wanted her grandmother, her mother, her sisters, and her sisters' children," Coleman said. "She was used to a huge extended family. In Sudan, basically, what people do from the moment they get up in the morning is talk. And she didn't have anybody to talk to but him. And the kids were underfoot."

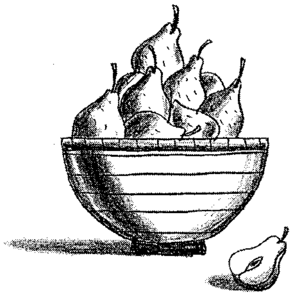
In the late nineties, the F.B.I. imported eight more relatives. Nadia wanted them all to live in the same house, but the Marshals Service, which oversees the protection of government witnesses, couldn't deal with the security issues. Instead, the extended family was housed nearby. But soon, the agents said, some relatives began to complain that it was *haram*—forbidden by Islam—for Fadl to be coöperating as a witness with the U.S. government. The discontent spread, and the relatives had to be sent back to Africa.

Fadl's older children spoke only Arabic, and they were provided with tutors for their schooling. Soon they were playing American sports and begging for trips to McDonald's and water parks. But the process of assimilation was bumpy. At one point, when a supermarket-checkout person stared suspiciously at the agents and the Fadl family, the agents explained that they were "missionaries" and that the Fadls were converts. Cloonan recalled that the checkout person was overcome with admiration, offering to do anything she could to help the family.

Fadl has occasionally had trouble keeping his identity and whereabouts a secret. Once, after being stopped for speeding by a state trooper, he tried to get out of the situation by announcing that he knew Osama bin Laden personally. Another time, during a secure videoconference, Fadl mentioned that it was snowing outside his window; the Marshals Service severely reprimanded him for the slip.

Nadia has chafed at the boundaries of life in the witness-protection program, and has periodically threatened to return to Sudan. Two years ago, on a Sunday night in the middle of the summer, Anticev received a call from Fadl. "He said that Nadia was leaving, and that she'd taken the kids on a Greyhound bus to New York. He was crying, and asking me, 'What do I do?' " Soon afterward, Anticev received a call from Nadia, who was at the Port Authority. He met her and the children at the F.B.I.'s headquarters in lower Manhattan, and persuaded her to go back home.

A prime source of marital trouble, Anticev said, has been Fadl's desire for other women. Not long ago, Anticev declined Fadl's request to marry a second wife. Fadl argued that the American government had promised to support his entire family. He reminded Anticev that, under his agreement with the authorities, his family was defined as anyone he loved. He swore that he loved this new woman. Back in the eighties, in America, Fadl had briefly married a second wife, without telling her about Nadia; this time, Anticev said, "I told him I was responsible for the well-being of his wife and kids, and I didn't see another wife as in their interest."

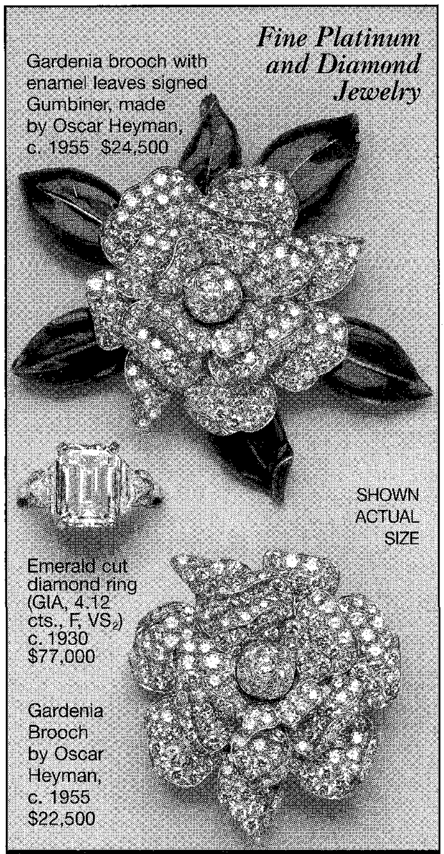


Although the U.S. government draws the line at polygamy, the F.B.I. agents say they are happy to publicize the fact that they have been giving the former Al Qaeda operative considerable financial support for the past ten years. The government even paid hundreds of thousands of dollars in hospital bills when one of Fadl's children required heart surgery. "It's what you have to do," Anticev said. "And it's a good story to put out. If you've got valuable information, we'll do what we can to help."

Anticev, Cloonan, and Coleman—three men who have spent countless hours debriefing Al Qaeda operatives—all take issue with the kinds of rough interrogations that have characterized the Bush Administration's approach since September 11th. Anticev says, "Just building a relationship with a person, and knowing your subject matter, is what works."

Coleman, for his part, believes that "people don't do anything unless they're rewarded." He says that if the F.B.I. had beaten a confession out of Fadl with what he calls "all that alpha-male shit," it would never be able to talk to him now. Brutality may yield a timely scrap of information, he conceded. But in the longer fight against terrorism such an approach is "completely insufficient," he says. "You need to talk to people for weeks. *Years.*"

Cloonan, too, is a skeptic about the Bush Administration's commands to handle terrorism suspects roughly. (In 2001, Vice-President Cheney declared that it was time for the U.S. to enter "sort of the dark side.") Few suspects, he acknowledged, are as eager to confess as Fadl was. Nevertheless, he suggested, there is always the possibility that other people with useful information about Al Qaeda will consider becoming informants. "You think all of this stuff about torture is going to make people want to come to us?" Cloonan asked. "That's why I get upset when I hear people talking about stress positions, loud music, and dogs." Looking back, he said, "There's a lot of stuff Junior talked about in casual, non-threatening moments." He smiled. "You could talk about *everything* with Fadl. That's the beauty of it." ♦



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LETTER FROM GAZA

THE FORGOTTEN WAR

The overlooked consequences of Hamas's actions.

BY JEFFREY GOLDBERG

Four skittish and dishevelled members of a Hamas rocket team threaded their way down a pitted alley in Beit Hanoun, a destitute town in northernmost Gaza. They stayed close to the walls, searching the sky for the pilotless, missile-firing drones of the Israeli Air Force. It was late July, the fourth week of Israel's war against Hamas in Gaza, a conflict eclipsed by Israel's other war, against Hezbollah. The men came near the doorway of the vacant building in which I was hiding. A friend, a Palestinian who had arranged this meeting, stepped into the alley and waved them over. It was 3 A.M.

We walked down a half-flight of steps and into a dark, bare room, where we sat in a semicircle, on cinder blocks. My friend introduced the leader as Abu Obeidah. I had met him several years earlier; he called himself Abu Nasser then. He was thinner than I remembered, and he had the look of a man living on his nerves. He apologized for his unkempt appearance, and for his inability to offer me coffee or tea.

The night provided no respite from the late-summer heat of Gaza, and the men were sweating through their shirts. My friend tore open a small package of dates for them. They seemed embarrassed, but they took the food. "We're always running," Abu Obeidah said. "We haven't slept a night in a long time."

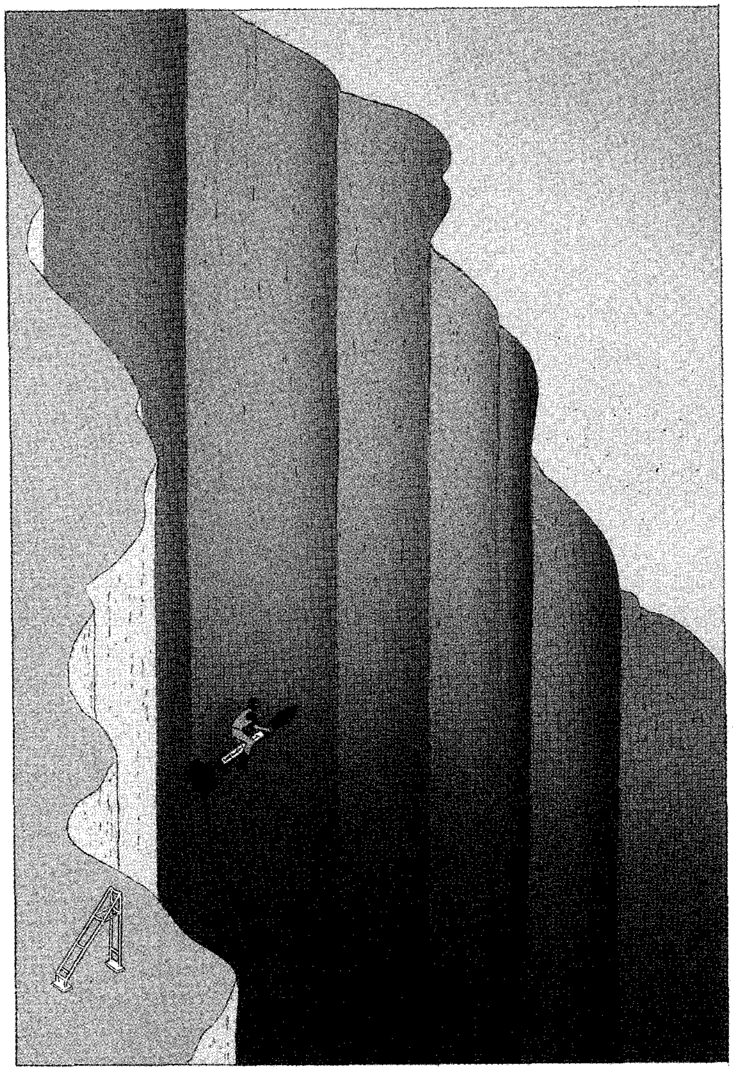
On June 25th, a squad of kidnappers from Hamas—comrades of these rocketeers—and two other factions attacked an Israeli Army position just outside Gaza, killing two soldiers and seizing a third. The soldier, Gilad Shalit, was smuggled into Gaza by tunnel, and is believed to be in the hands of Hamas's Iz al-Din al-Qassam Brigades. The Qassam Brigades report to the supreme leader of Hamas, Khaled Meshal, who is based in Damascus. Hamas is a divided organization; its leaders in Damascus are considered more radical than many of those in Gaza. By some accounts, the Hamas Prime Minister in Gaza, Ismail Haniyeh, does not know who kidnapped Shalit, or where he is. The Israeli Army's answer to the kidnapping was Operation Summer Rains, a major artillery-and-tank offensive.

Summer Rains is the forgotten Middle East war. Israel's war in Lebanon, Operation Change of Direction, dominated the world's attention this summer. The Lebanon campaign was also set off by a cross-border abduction—in this case, of two Israeli soldiers. Six years ago, under chronic pressure from Hezbollah guerrillas, the Israeli Prime Minister, Ehud Barak, unilaterally withdrew his forces from south Lebanon, which Israel had occupied as a buffer zone since its invasion in 1982. Hezbollah exploited the 2000 withdrawal by entrenching guerrillas along the border, and by importing, by some estimates, as many as thirteen thousand short- and medium-range rockets from Syria and Iran.

In this latest round of fighting, Hezbollah fired four thousand rockets into Israel. The rockets reached targets thirty miles south of the border, but they killed relatively few civilians—thirty-nine, eighteen of whom were Arabs. The Israeli counterattack left more than a thousand Lebanese civilians dead; killed an unknown, but significant, number of Hezbollah fighters; and inflicted serious damage in south Lebanon, the Bekaa Valley, and the southern suburbs of Beirut. Still, when a ceasefire was reached, last month, it appeared as if the Israelis had been bested. Hezbollah had fought the Israeli Army to a near-standstill, which on the organization's terms represents a triumph. Hassan Nasrallah, the Hezbollah chief, had become, in a matter of weeks, the most popular political figure in the Arab world, even though he has since admitted that he underestimated the Israeli response to the kidnapping that he ordered.

Hamas, in contrast, was not besting Israel, despite firing its homemade rockets into nearby Israeli towns. Since late June, the Israeli military has killed more than two hundred Gazans, half of them terrorists and the other half civilians, including many children. The world has taken relatively scant notice of the fighting in Gaza. "Do our rocket attacks appear on television in America?" Abu Obeidah asked me. When I told him that most of the news coverage centered on Lebanon, his face fell.

The Israeli Internal Security Minister, Avi Dichter, told me, "The Palestinians thought that the Western world and the Arab countries would look at the Palestinian Authority as some kind of golden child, but it came out as the shit child instead. Lebanon is the golden child."



The summer's violence has further marginalized moderate Palestinians.

GUY BILLOUT

The confrontation between Israel and Hezbollah could be seen as an early round of a potential war between Israel and Iran, or even between the United States and Iran. The President of Iran, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, has broadcast his desire to see Israel destroyed, and Israel and the United States believe that Iran is attempting to build nuclear weapons. Late last month, Iran risked United Nations sanctions by announcing that it would not suspend its uranium-enrichment program.

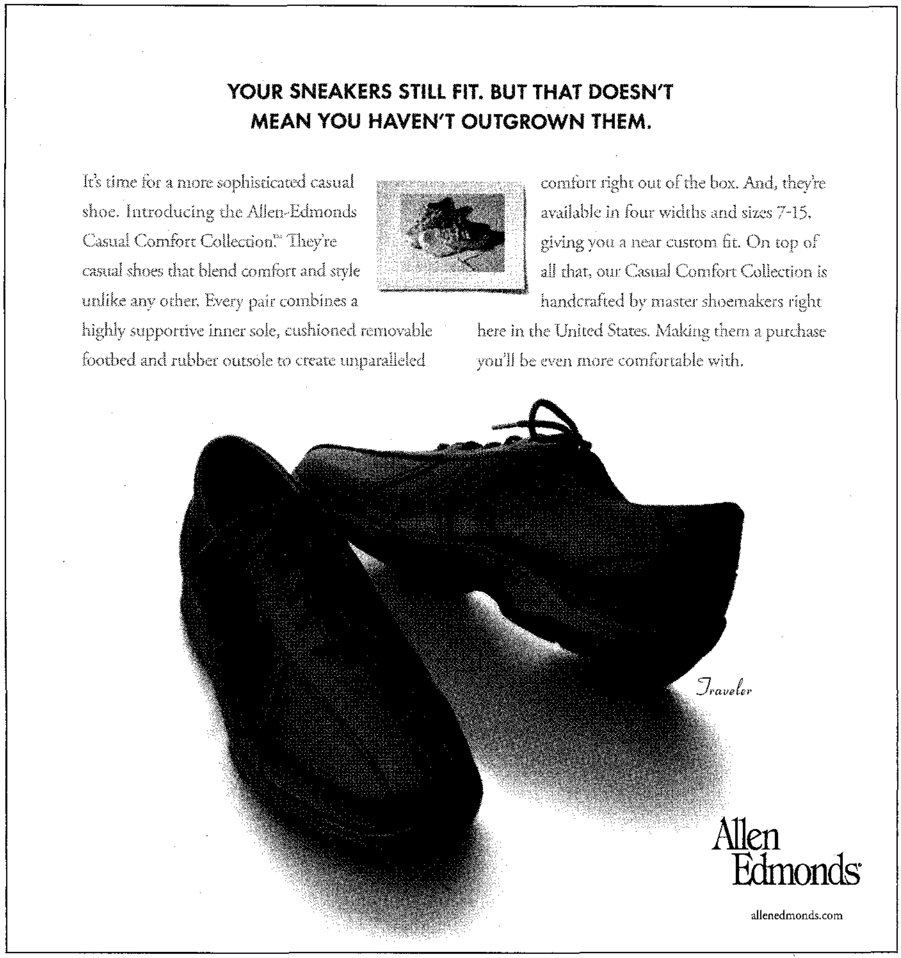
But Israel's southern war, too, has great consequence for the Middle East. It has undermined the Israeli policy of unilateral disengagement, the signal innovation of the country's former Prime Minister, Ariel Sharon. Last year, before he was incapacitated by a stroke, Sharon ordered the evacuation of Gaza's nine thousand settlers, arguing that Israel, for demographic and security reasons, could not integrate a territory inhabited by 1.4 million Arabs. He did this, however, without consulting the Palestinians, reflecting his conviction that they were not suitable negotiating partners. Israelis hoped that the move would bring calm to Gaza's borders, if not actual peace. Instead, it was followed almost immediately by rocket fire. Hamas and Hezbollah rockets now threaten to undo the career of the novice Israeli Prime Minister, Ehud Olmert, whose party, Kadima, was built by Sharon on a platform of unilateral disengagement. The evacuation of Gaza was met with great public support a year ago; now Olmert's plan to remove seventy thousand settlers, about a quarter of the total, from the West Bank—without negotiating their repatriation with the Palestinians—is nearing collapse.

Disappointment with unilateralism has not been replaced by hope for a multilateral, negotiated solution. If anything, this summer's violence has further marginalized Palestinians who still argue for a negotiated, two-state solution to the crisis in the Middle East. Most are members of Fatah, the secular movement that for decades was led by Yasir Arafat, but, unlike Arafat, many seem prepared to strike a compromise deal with Israel—or were, in the days when the peace process still had life in it. With Hamas's victory in the Palestinian parliament in January, Fatah lost power in Gaza and the West Bank. The Fatah president, Mahmoud Abbas, is still technically in charge of the Palestinian Authority, but Hamas is the real force now.

"I'm not going to say I told you so," Ron Nachman, the right-wing mayor of the West Bank settlement of Ariel, said. "I just want the people who said that unilateral disengagement would bring peace and quiet to admit that they're wrong." He went on to say, "The only thing we've gotten from unilateral withdrawal is more rockets."

Unilateralism also has critics on the left, who believe that Israel cannot simply redraw its borders on its own. "Unilateralism means that you live under the illusion that there's no one on the other side, no other party to the conflict," said Gadi Baltiansky, the director of the Geneva Initiative, which calls for renewal of negotiations with the Palestinians. Baltiansky, like many of the Initiative's leaders, is a former official of the government of Ehud Barak. "The lesson is that you can unilaterally start a war, but you cannot unilaterally get closer to peace. The only way to serve your interests is through agreements, as Israel proved with Egypt and Jordan. The road to peace doesn't run through Baghdad and Washington; it runs through Ramallah and Jerusalem."

Today, Gaza is under siege; it is ringed by Israeli tanks and artillery; the sea is patrolled by Israeli gunboats, and the Air Force can strike at will. The few Palestinians who are allowed to come and go must negotiate an Israeli checkpoint.



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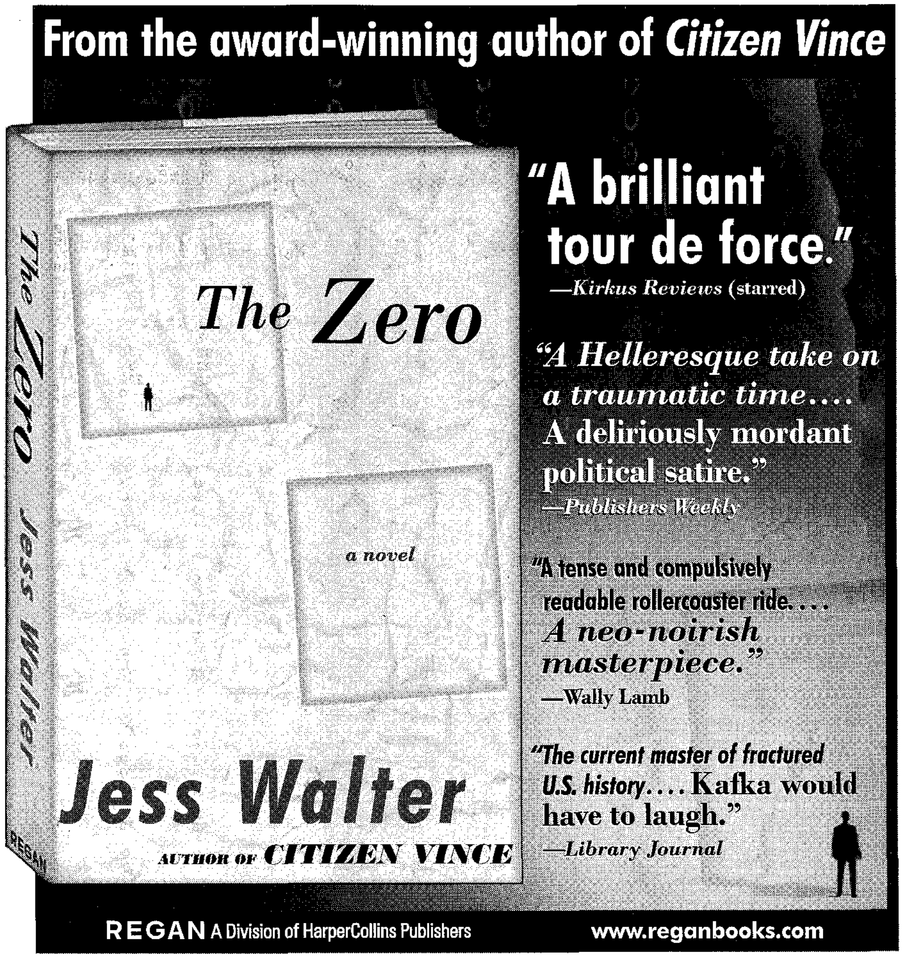

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The main crossing, Erez, is a dystopia of barbed wire, metal cages, and full-body searches. When I crossed over into Gaza this summer, I felt as if I were breaking into a large, beachfront prison. My first attempt was unsuccessful. On the Palestinian side of the checkpoint, the police held me for two hours; Israeli tanks, parked about three hundred yards away, were firing into the fields of Beit Hanoun, more or less over our heads. I eventually tried to walk the nine-hundred-yard distance between the checkpoint and my waiting taxi, but I was forced back by fire from a tank-mounted machine gun.

On my second try, four days later, a Hamas-fired Qassam rocket landed fifty feet from where I stood with a group of policemen. They were Fatah loyalists, and they cursed the Hamas rocket team for—inadvertently, it was assumed—firing on their position. The rocket made a sharp blast, but it caused little damage: a small patch of blackened earth. One of the policemen asked, "Do you know how many goats the rockets have killed? And cows?"

"Half the rockets they fire fall on our side of the border," another policeman said, as he pointed to the source of the rockets, a few hundred yards away. "All these rockets do is bring the Israeli tanks." He pointed again, toward a platoon of Merkava tanks across the road. The tanks were laying down a barrage of suppressing fire, hoping to keep the Qassam teams from setting up their portable launchers.

"Hamas should stop firing rockets," a third policeman said, "until they get better rockets."

I had spent the previous day along Israel's northern border, and I was struck by the impotence of the Qassam, in comparison with the Katyusha, the short-range rocket that is a staple of the Hezbollah arsenal. The Katyusha is about eight feet long—it can be fired from an easily concealed tripod—and has alarming power. By late July, Hezbollah's rockets had forced nearly a million Israelis in the northern part of the country to hide in bomb shelters or leave for the cities in the center of Israel. While I was driving near Safed, a city in the far north, on a road that had become known as Katyusha Alley, one of the rockets fell eight or nine hundred feet from my car. The explosion made an enormous noise and shook the car. Fragments of shrapnel flew sixty or seventy yards from the point of impact. Hamas, along with the Popular Resistance Committees and Islamic Jihad, has fired hundreds of rockets into Israel, but since 2004 they have killed only six Israelis, and have not forced the evacuation of a single kibbutz.

Israeli intelligence officials believe that radicals in Gaza may have a small number of Katyushas (a few have already been fired in Gaza) and anti-tank missiles, which they are storing until they feel ready to escalate the conflict against Israel. Because Israel maintains such tight control of the border, Hamas cannot take delivery of weapons easily. Israeli intelligence officials have asserted, however, that Hezbollah rocket experts have given Hamas technical help. Palestinian intelligence officials also told me that radical groups have been trying to smuggle anti-tank weapons into Gaza through tunnels from Egypt.

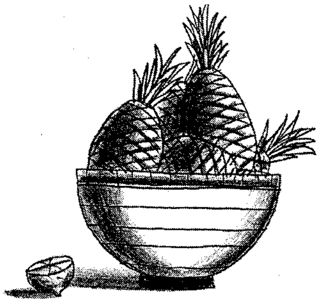
A few years ago, I visited an underground Qassam workshop in Khan Younis, in the southern Gaza Strip. The workshop, a joint project of Hamas, Islamic Jihad, and other factions, was a quiet, efficient operation. Metal fabricators built steel tubes, which were packed with explosives by demolition experts. Detonators were then loaded and the rockets were welded shut. The equipment was designed to be disassembled and moved quickly, to stymie an Israeli attack, and the rockets were scattered throughout Gaza as soon as they came off the assembly line.

One of the rocket designers told me that at the outset of the second Palestinian uprising, six years ago, the rockets were more like crude mortars—steel pipes that fired small, fertilizer-based projectiles. A Hamas explosives expert named Adnan al-Ghul built the first Qassam in 2001; it could carry roughly two pounds of explosives. Ghul was assassinated by Israel in 2004, but his successors have improved upon the original model. The newer Qassams can travel roughly seven miles, and carry as much as twenty pounds of explosives, though most seem to have less.

The rocket team I met in Beit Hanoun had been firing Qassams. "We want better rockets, of course," Abu Obeidah said. "Bring us Katyushas and we'll fire them."

Another member of the squad said, "And get us Merkavas and Apaches—"

"And F-16s," Abu Obeidah said. He added, "We're not going to wait for someone to give us rockets. We have to do this ourselves."



That night in Beit Hanoun, Abu Obeidah didn't want to discuss the technical capabilities of the rockets that his team had been firing, but he did talk about their purpose.

"The rockets are the device that will liberate all of Palestine," he said.

I brought up the complaints I'd heard about the rockets from people in Beit Hanoun; I'd been told that some residents had battled rocket teams when they tried to launch Qassams from school yards.

"Spies for Israel," Abu Obeidah said, dismissively. "Some people aren't steadfast."

I asked him if he thought that Hamas was losing the war.

He sat up straight. "Losing? *Ma pitom*," he said, using a Hebrew expression that means, more or less, "What are you talking about?" He went on, "We are the first front. It will be Hamas that will defeat the Jews."

He argued that Hamas stood at the vanguard of the anti-Zionist Muslim revolution: "Everyone, all the media, says that Hezbollah is wonderful. We stand with our brothers of Hezbollah, of course, but, really, look at the advantages they have. They get all the rockets they will ever need from Iran. If we had rockets from Iran, we could make a hell for the Jews, but we don't get any. Do you think we get help from someone outside? From where? The Egyptians? Of course not. We have to make all of our rockets ourselves. So you have to ask, Who is more steadfast in the struggle against the enemy, Hamas or Hezbollah?"

One of his men said, as punctuation, "Hamas."

I asked these men if they thought that Al Qaeda had a role to play in the

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liberation of Palestine. They ridiculed the idea.

"Al Qaeda kills civilians," Abu Obeidah said.

"So does Hamas," I said.

"We do not," he answered. "We only target Jews." (Hamas's position is that all Israelis—whom it refers to simply as Jews—including Israeli children, are combatants.)

He became more agitated. "How can you say Hamas and Al Qaeda in the same statement? How can you say the names of Hezbollah and Hamas in the same moment? There is no comparison between Hamas and these groups." His unhappiness at the comparison with Al Qaeda seemed motivated by genuine doctrinal disagreement: Hamas, unlike Al Qaeda, has the finite goal of taking Palestine. Although Hamas is angry at the United States—Abu Obeidah told me, "Israel has America. Who do we have? By God, one day America will pay for its support of the Jews"—it has not attacked American targets. Abu Obeidah's feelings toward Hezbollah, however, seemed to be shaped by resentment of its success.

When I asked Mushir al-Masri, a Hamas legislator, if Hezbollah's surprising performance against Israel was a source of humiliation for Hamas, he said, "One group has been living under constant Israeli occupation, the other has had six years without any kind of interference from the Jews. So you have to consider the difficulties the resistance in Palestine has had before you sit there and pass judgment. The occupation is terrible on us."

Although Hezbollah is a Shiite group and Hamas is an offshoot of the Sunni Muslim Brotherhood movement, they both see the existence of Israel as a severe challenge to Islam and want it dismantled. And both organizations are stridently anti-Semitic. The Hamas charter accuses Jews of using their wealth to "destroy societies and achieve the Zionists' interests," take "control of imperialist states," and persuade those states to "colonize many countries." Al Manar, the Hezbollah television network, recently broadcast a series based on the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

Over the years, though, I have noticed one difference in the outlooks of the two groups; although both call for the destruction of Israel, Hezbollah officials seem to believe that this is a realistic goal. Hassan Nasrallah, to celebrate the Israelis' departure from Lebanon in 2000, called on the Palestinians to persist in their armed struggle: "In order to liberate your land, you don't need tanks and planes. . . . Israel may own nuclear weapons and heavy weaponry, but, by God, it is weaker than a spider's web." (He has also said that accomplishing this is, ultimately, the Palestinians' job.) Hamas, because of its intimate connection to Israel—most of its leaders have spent time in Israeli prisons—seemed to have a better understanding of Israel's strength, and of its permanence. And, of course, the occupation of Lebanon was not like those of the West Bank and Gaza; no Israeli wanted to stay in south Lebanon, and Barak's withdrawal was met mainly with domestic approval. Shortly before Hamas's founder, Sheikh Ahmed Yassin, was assassinated by Israel, in 2004, he told me, "Israel is a very strong, militaristic country, and its removal will have to come by God's hand. Until that time, we will have to be prepared to live with it in an arrangement of some kind."

ANTON'S
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COMING SOON... OUR ANNUAL FALL BOOZE PREVIEW
ZIEGLER

Now, though, in the wake of Hezbollah's stand against a faltering Israeli Army, some of Hamas's front-line fighters seem to be adjusting their views on the subject of Israel's durability. Abu Obeidah, for example, told me that he thought the Palestinians could actually bring about the end of Israel. "Why not?" he said. "If you put the Jews under pressure, they run away. They have a very weak society."

One day in Beit Hanoun, I went to the apartment of Abu Hussein, a leader of the Qassam Brigades in Gaza. The walls were scarred by bullets, and we could hear Israeli tanks firing nearby. His home had been raided repeatedly by Israeli forces, he said. "I don't sleep here. I just come for an hour at a time."

We sat in his living room, which was decorated with posters of various Hamas leaders who had been assassinated. In the most prominent spot was a portrait of Salah Shehadeh, a senior Hamas commander in Gaza, who was killed in 2002, along with his wife, daughter, and twelve others, nine of them children, when the Israeli Air Force bombed his apartment building. Abu Hussein was one of Shehadeh's bodyguards, but he had not been on duty on the night of the attack. "I would have been happy to die with him," he said.

He asked what I'd like to drink, and called out to the next room, "Gilad! Bring us some coffee!" His fifteen-year-old son, Hussein, who was sitting on the couch beside him, laughed.

Abu Hussein spoke about what he saw as the slow but persistent decline in the morale of the Jewish state. The pullout from Gaza "proved that the Jews are scared of us," he said. "In Lebanon, you remember, the Jews ran away six years ago because Hezbollah drove them out

HUNT

The light of the mind is red. It is a red street,
it never ends, it must be kept to
like a schedule. When it is fine, it is fine,

and the night's hounds flinch from it.
Foxes run under dark cover of leaves;
the glacier, trapping everything unused, melts.

Everything natural to us must be learned.
The broken laugh, the branching glance,
the wood beneath the green, embarking skin.

The light of the mind is red. It is a red street,
and a cold home stands at its darkening end,
toward which foxes run through clicking leaves.

—*Meghan O'Rourke*

---

with fierce fighting. This proves that only by fighting can we make the Jews do what we want.

"Yes, we don't have tanks," he said, acknowledging the cannon fire outside his window. "But we have martyrs. Look at the faces on my wall. We are all willing to die to win back our homeland. The Jews will leave Palestine rather than die. That's the difference."

When I remarked that the situation in Gaza had deteriorated since the Hamas election victory, he replied, "It's a long war. We will bring the liberation of Palestine to the people. In any case, how can you say Hamas hasn't helped its people? We drove the Jews from the settlements."

As we sat in Abu Hussein's living room, he pulled his son, Hussein, close to him. Hussein is a spirited ninth grader whose passion, he told me, is drawing. "I want him to finish his studies, but if he happens to die I don't have a problem," his father said, "so long as he dies as a martyr, and on the condition that he takes Jews with him when he dies. I will be happy if he dies this way."

Hussein ran out of the room, and came back with a photograph of himself. "This is my martyr picture," he said, handing it to me. In the photograph, he wore khaki shirt and pants and held an AK-47. "If I die, this is the photo that will appear on the martyr posters in Gaza." All of his schoolmates have a "martyr photo," he said, "so when we get killed we'll have the best posters."

"Islam is winning," his father said. "The second intifada was stronger than the first intifada, and the next one will be stronger than this one. We'll keep improving our weapons and rockets, and we're not afraid of martyrdom. We're happy to sacrifice our families to win this battle."

Hussein said, "I'm his only son, and he wants me to die!" Then he laughed, and put his arm around his father.

In Gaza, the most opulent villas belong mainly to the potentates of Fatah, whose time in power was marked by corruption and an inability to provide basic services, despite infusions of foreign aid. Since winning the January election, Hamas leaders have seemed refreshingly uninterested in the material privileges of power, but they also seem unwilling to acknowledge their own failures of governance. "Hamas never expected to win power," Hisham Abdel Razek, a prominent Fatah leader in Gaza, told me. "They expected to win forty per cent of the vote. They're not ready for this." Razek said that he saw Hamas's rocket campaign as an act of self-sabotage. "I think Hamas wants to show the world that they can't manage Gaza, that they really can't be trusted," he said.

Hamas's position is that Israel is still to blame for the debasement of Gaza. Mushir al-Masri, the Hamas legislator, said that the occupation continues as long as Gaza's airspace and borders fall under Israeli control.

"You saw it at Erez," he said. "We're in a prison."

I brought up the Israeli argument that if Hamas were allowed to take control of Gaza's borders it would import rockets and anti-tank weapons. "Resistance is a right," Masri said, reflexively. He was defensive, as well, about Hamas's performance in the management of Gaza's economy, which is somnolent. An international boycott has forced high Hamas officials to smuggle cash into Gaza in order to meet their financial obligations. The Hamas foreign minister, Mahmoud al-Zahar, was caught by customs officials loyal to Fatah carrying twenty million U.S. dollars across the Egyptian border. (The money was turned over to the Finance Ministry.)

There is also a foreboding of civil war between Fatah and Hamas. For several months following the elections, clashes erupted repeatedly; in the fiercest fighting, in May, which involved several exchanges of gunfire and kidnappings, three gunmen were killed and at least ten others were injured.

No one is starving to death in Gaza, but very few people are working. The economic benefits of Israel's withdrawal have yet to materialize. One day, I visited the remains of the Israeli settlements, which had occupied about twenty per cent of Gaza's territory, including much of its seashore. Piles of rubble stood at the site of Netzarim, once a settlement of some five hundred Israelis. I asked a Palestinian journalist who had travelled there with me why no one had built apartments for the residents of Gaza's crowded refugee camps, or even a soccer field. "They're waiting for the international community to help," he said. We walked through the remains of the settlement. Only a few walls still stood. On one, we saw garish, spray-painted pictures of exploding Qassam rockets and the words "We are victorious."

In July, I visited an artillery battery on a dusty field in Israel's far north. The ceasefire was three weeks away, and the soldiers, reservists, were firing 155-mm. howitzer shells into south Lebanon. I had driven up with the historian Michael

Oren, who is a fellow at the center-right Shalem Center but has also been a critic of the settlers. Oren had been drafted into active service—he is a reserve major in the Army spokesman's office—and his task that morning was to guide the "Today" show news anchor Ann Curry to a front-line position so that she could interview soldiers. At a checkpoint, Oren explained Curry's mission to the commander of the artillery battalion.

"*Hem antishemim?*" the commander asked, half jokingly. "Are they anti-Semites?"

"No," Oren answered. "They're from NBC."

Oren was accompanied on his rounds by the screenwriter Dan Gordon, who wrote "The Hurricane," and who served in the Israeli Army as a young man. He had come to Israel this summer to help the Army explain itself to the foreign press, but he was having a hard time understanding Israel's strategy—an air campaign that was simultaneously aggressive and ineffectual, and a stop-and-start ground campaign conducted by ill-equipped and poorly led troops. "If you can figure out even the tactical goals here, let me know," Gordon said, as we drove down Katyusha Alley.

Oren, like Gordon, was depressed by the events of the summer. "I don't lament leaving Gaza, not for a second," he told me. "I'm mourning the fact that we didn't respond the first time they fired Qassam rockets at us. That's when we began to hemorrhage the benefits of the unilateral disengagement. It's a very simple calculus—you can shoot the Jews out of Lebanon, you can shoot them out of Gaza, why not shoot them out of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem? It's a logical syllogism. I don't fault them for making that syllogism at all."

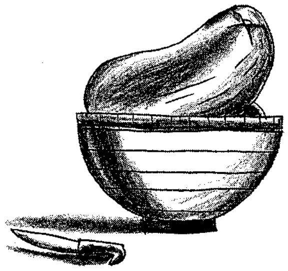
Oren said that among the victims of Israel's unimpressive response to Hezbollah would be the Palestinian moderates. "The way this war is being understood will kill whatever minuscule chance remains for talks with moderate Palestinians," he said. "Hezbollah is a hero. The thinking among the Palestinians would be: 'Hezbollah beat you guys and you ran away, and now I'm supposed to sit down at the table and make concessions to you?' We hurt the Palestinian moderates when Barak unilaterally withdrew from Lebanon in 2000. The proof of the failure of the policy is in the rockets Hezbollah is firing at us. We did more damage to the Palestinian moderates from our lack of strength than from our lack of magnanimity."

A few days later, I went to see Ehud Barak in his Tel Aviv office. In a photograph on the wall, taken in 1972, a thirty-year-old Barak, then a commando, stood on the wing of a hijacked Sabena airliner, pistol in hand, looking down on a dead terrorist. The events of recent days have not emptied him of his legendary self-assuredness. "I'm very proud of my decision to pull out from Lebanon, which ended a tragedy that cost us the lives of a thousand Israelis over eighteen years, without ever increasing the protection of Israel's north from Katyushas," he told me. "If we hadn't pulled out from every square inch of Lebanese territory, we would not now be enjoying the moral high ground in the world that we now enjoy." He paused for a moment, and then adjusted his analysis: "The moral high ground that we *enjoyed* at the beginning of this operation, and to an extent enjoy now."

Barak doesn't agree that Israeli unilateralism has undermined Palestinian moderates. To Barak, who failed to reach a permanent peace agreement with Yasir Arafat at Camp David, in July of 2000, the Palestinians have consistently undermined themselves.

"We tried for a decade to act on the assumption that in the P.L.O. we had a partner that could accept the paradigm of two states for two peoples, and, unfortunately, after ten years we saw it failing—and I know this perhaps better than anyone else," he said. "It failed not because we were not ready to go the extra mile but because the other side had a strategy of redrawing the horizon whenever we came close to a solution."

President Clinton, who oversaw the negotiations at Camp David, later wrote that Arafat made a "colossal mistake" by not accepting that offer or a subsequent one. A few months later, when I asked Marwan Barghouti, the West Bank Fatah leader, why Arafat had not made a counteroffer to Barak, he told me, "Egypt got one hundred per cent of the Sinai back in exchange for peace, and Hezbollah got back one hundred per cent of Lebanon through armed resistance. Why should we take less than one hundred per cent?" When we spoke, the second Palestinian intifada was already under way.

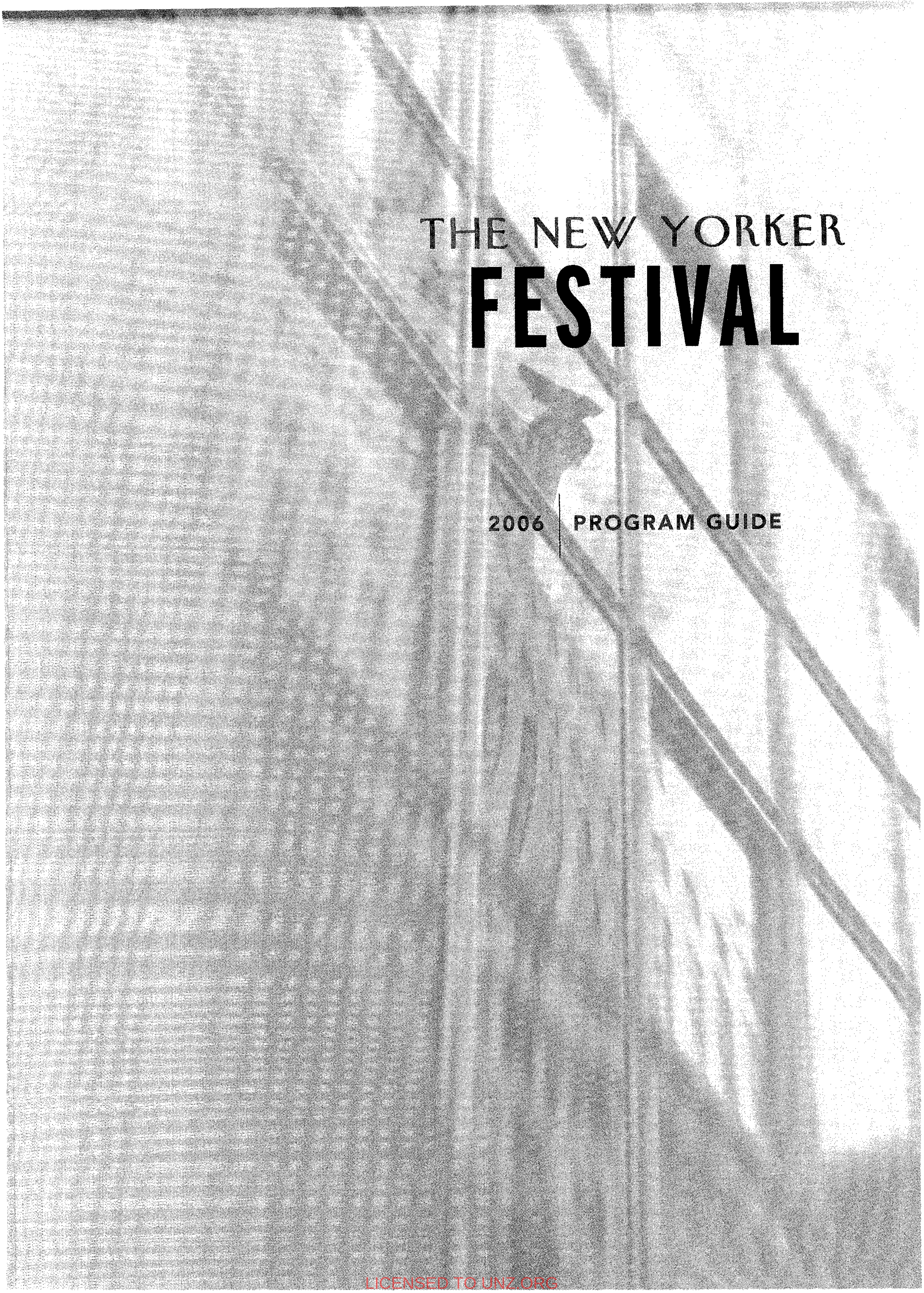


Despite his disappointment at Camp David, and the rise of Hamas and Hezbollah, Barak said that he believes, at least sometimes, that there are Palestinian moderates with whom Israel can negotiate.

"I'm not sure, but probably it is possible," he said. "We should always be optimistic. You can't do it with Hamas and Hezbollah. They get their orders directly from Heaven, and their orders are to destroy us. But with Fatah people it might be possible."

Marwan Barghouti is the most popular Fatah politician in the West Bank, and perhaps in Gaza, a man frequently spoken of as a possible future President of the Palestinian state. In 2004, Barghouti was convicted of aiding in the murders of four Israelis and a Greek Orthodox monk and is now serving five consecutive life sentences in an Israeli prison. The Israeli government says that Barghouti is not a suitable negotiating partner—"He's passé," Avi Dichter, the Internal Security Minister, said—but other Israelis, particularly on the left, predict that he will one day be released from jail. In Israeli government circles, some have speculated that Barghouti could be freed in an elaborate prisoner exchange involving the Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard, who is in an American prison, as well as Shalit and the two soldiers captured by Hezbollah.

In the nineteen-nineties, Barghouti was a favored interlocutor of the Israeli left, a stalwart advocate of a two-state compromise, but in the first two years of the second Palestinian intifada both his rhetoric and his actions became extreme. "Negotiations without armed resistance didn't work," he told me in 2000. "So now we have to have both." The following year, when I spoke to him again, he called the Israeli government "the Tel Aviv leadership," a term that is sometimes used by those who deny Israel's legitimacy, and



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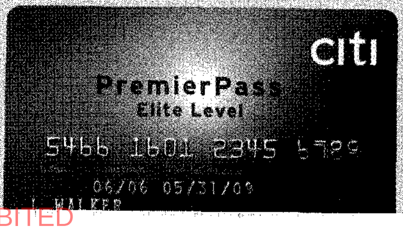
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It's been said that the Volkswagen Passat has the lowest ego emissions of any German-engineered sedan.

Which is nice. Because you get features like those found in high-ego German sedans, but without all those nasty ego emissions.

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And whether you're opening up the engine or the door the Passat makes a strong case for itself. Dual climate controls. 12-way adjustable front seats with lumbar support. 10-speaker, 600 watt Dynaudio™ sound system.* Push start ignition. Steerable, bi-xenon headlamps. Hidden umbrella holder.

Now inspect our safety features (if you like). You'll find a laser-welded steel cage and six standard airbags, including side curtains.** It even earned a 2006 Top Safety Pick from the IIHS in the mid-size class.†

It's enough to make anyone's head restraint a couple sizes bigger.

So just how does the Volkswagen Passat do all these things yet give off far fewer ego emissions than more expensive German sedans? Well, we could take a guess.

It's a Volkswagen.

*Optional. **Airbags are supplemental restraints only and will not deploy under all accident circumstances. Always use safety belts and seat children only in the rear, using restraint systems appropriate for their sizes and ages. †Silver IIHS safety pick. ©2006 Volkswagen of America, Inc.

WELCOME TO
THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL

Centre St
ONE

The seventh annual New Yorker Festival, a weekend celebration of arts and ideas, runs from October 6th through October 8th this year, bringing together some of the most gifted artists and original minds of the day—a chess grandmaster who has launched a political movement; a physicist who envisions mining platinum from asteroids; a classical-music composer who moonlights as a d.j.; explorers who have gone to the ends of the earth, from the deep sea to the highest peaks.

The Festival opens on Friday with Fiction Night. Luminaries such as Julian Barnes and Louise Erdrich read alongside writers from the vanguard in American literature, including Yiyun Li, who grew up in Beijing, and Uwem Akpan, a native of Nigeria. The evening also features the second annual New Yorker Town Hall Meeting, which this year focusses on Islam and the West.

Continuing on Saturday, the Festival presents conversations with notables such as Supreme Court Justice Stephen G. Breyer, the filmmaker Pedro Almodóvar, and the chef Mario Batali, who will prepare lunch. Eminent figures convene on panels to address critical issues: How should we fight the war on terror? What can be done about global warming? Will medical breakthroughs help us live forever? In the evening, musicians, actors, and filmmakers share their thoughts on their craft, with live performances by PJ Harvey, Randy Newman, and Gustavo Santaolalla, among others. And there will be a sneak-preview screening of the new comic feature film "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan."

On Sunday, the Festival offers special events about town, including a visit to the atelier of the fashion designer Zac Posen; a look at the changing architecture of Manhattan, from the vantage of a guided cruise; and a benefit interview with Jon Stewart, the host of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart." In a new series, New Yorker Talks, writers from our pages consider such topics as the mysteries of stardom and dealing with literary failure. Finally, we offer a series of master classes, in editing, criticism, and cartooning.

We look forward to seeing you this year. For more information, please read on.

Illustrations by Andy Friedman

All programming is subject to change. For up-to-date information, please visit festival.newyorker.com. Tickets available at 12 noon E.S.T. on September 7th, at ticketmaster.com, at all **ticketmaster** outlets, or by calling 1.877.391.0545. All ticket orders are subject to service charges.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 6, 2006

An evening of paired readings by writers whose stories have appeared in The New Yorker; a New Yorker Town Hall Meeting on Islam and the West; and a New Yorker dance party. Tickets to the Fiction Night readings are $16. Tickets to the Town Hall Meeting are $10. Tickets to the dance party are $20.

FICTION NIGHT

Monica Ali and Aleksandar Hemon

Monica Ali was born in Bangladesh and grew up in England. Her début novel, "Brick Lane," was short-listed for the Man Booker Prize and nominated for the National Book Critics Circle Award. Her second book, "Alentejo Blue," a collection of interlinking stories, came out in June; part of it originally appeared in the January 23rd issue of *The New Yorker.*

Aleksandar Hemon was born in Sarajevo. He was stranded in the United States during the siege in 1992 and began writing in English three years later. He has published the story collection "The Question of Bruno" and the novel "Nowhere Man," and has received a MacArthur Fellowship. In his most recent piece for the magazine, in the June 12th issue, he wrote about life in Yugoslavia during wartime.

7 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
405 West 55th Street

Donald Antrim and Tobias Wolff

Donald Antrim is the author of the novels "Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World," "The Hundred Brothers," and "The Verificationist." He received a Guggenheim Fellowship for Fiction in 2002. His most recent book, "The Afterlife," a memoir about his relationship with his late mother, came out in June; parts of it first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Tobias Wolff's many books include the novel "Old School," parts of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*; a novella, "The Barracks Thief," which won a PEN/Faulkner Award; three short-story collections; and two memoirs, "This Boy's Life" and "In Pharaoh's Army: Memories of the Lost War." His most recent *New Yorker* story, "The Deposition," ran in the February 6th issue.

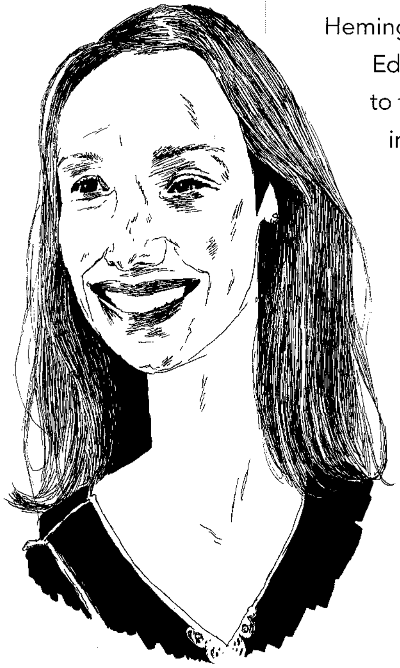
7 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Yiyun Li and Edwidge Danticat

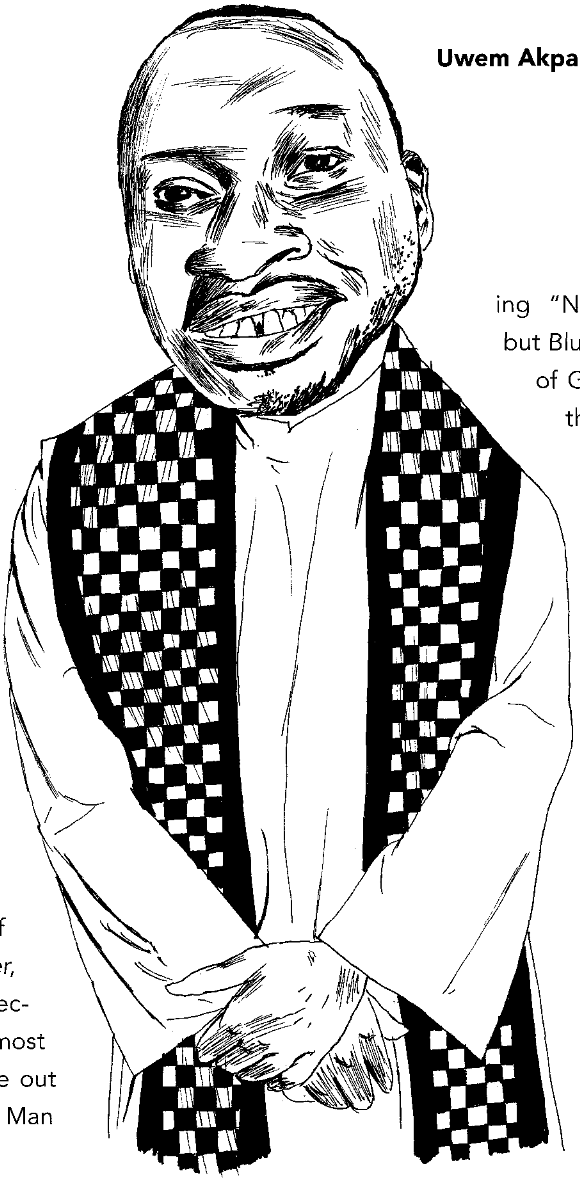
Yiyun Li grew up in Beijing and came to the United States at the age of twenty-three. She began writing in English while pursuing graduate study in immunology at the University of Iowa, where she later studied at the Writers' Workshop. Her début collection, "A Thousand Years of Good Prayers," won the inaugural Frank O'Connor International Short Story Award and a Hemingway Foundation / PEN Award.

Edwidge Danticat was born in Haiti and emigrated to the United States at the age of twelve. Her books include the story collection "Krik? Krak!," which was a National Book Award finalist, and the novels "Breath, Eyes, Memory," "The Farming of Bones," and "The Dew Breaker," parts of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

7 P.M. Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery



Monica Ali



Uwem Akpan

Lorrie Moore and Julian Barnes

Lorrie Moore's first *New Yorker* story, "You're Ugly, Too," was published in 1989 and later selected for "The Best American Short Stories of the Century." She is the author of three novels, including "Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?" and "Anagrams," and three story collections, including "Birds of America," parts of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Julian Barnes is the author of ten novels, including "Flaubert's Parrot" and "Love, etc.," and also the story collection "The Lemon Table," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker,* and "Letters from London," a collection of his *New Yorker* articles. His most recent novel, "Arthur & George," came out in January and was short-listed for the Man Booker Prize.

7 P.M. Newspace
530 West 21st Street

Antonya Nelson and Thomas McGuane

Antonya Nelson's books include the novels "Living to Tell" and "Nobody's Girl" and the novella and story collection "Some Fun," which came out in March; parts of it first appeared in *The New Yorker.* She has received three O. Henry Prizes, a Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction, and a Guggenheim Fellowship. She has been a contributor to the magazine for fifteen years.

Thomas McGuane has written eleven novels, including "Nobody's Angel," "Nothing but Blue Skies," and "The Cadence of Grass"; two story collections; three books of nonfiction on life in the outdoors; and several screenplays. His latest story collection, "Gallatin Canyon," was published in July; parts of it, including the title story, originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

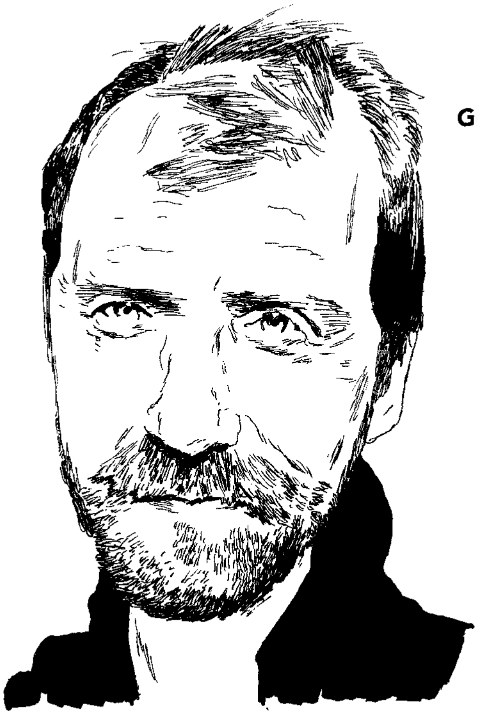
7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Uwem Akpan and Louise Erdrich

Uwem Akpan, a native of Nigeria, was ordained a Catholic priest in 2003. He made his fiction début in *The New Yorker* in 2005. His most recent *New Yorker* story, "My Parents' Bedroom," appeared in the June 12th issue. He is currently at work on a collection of stories about children in various countries in Africa.

Louise Erdrich's many books include the novels "Love Medicine," which won the National Book Critics Circle Award, and "The Painted Drum," which came out last year. She has also published a number of poetry collections, children's books, and a memoir about early motherhood. Her most recent *New Yorker* story, "Gleason," appeared in the March 20th issue.

9:30 P.M. Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery



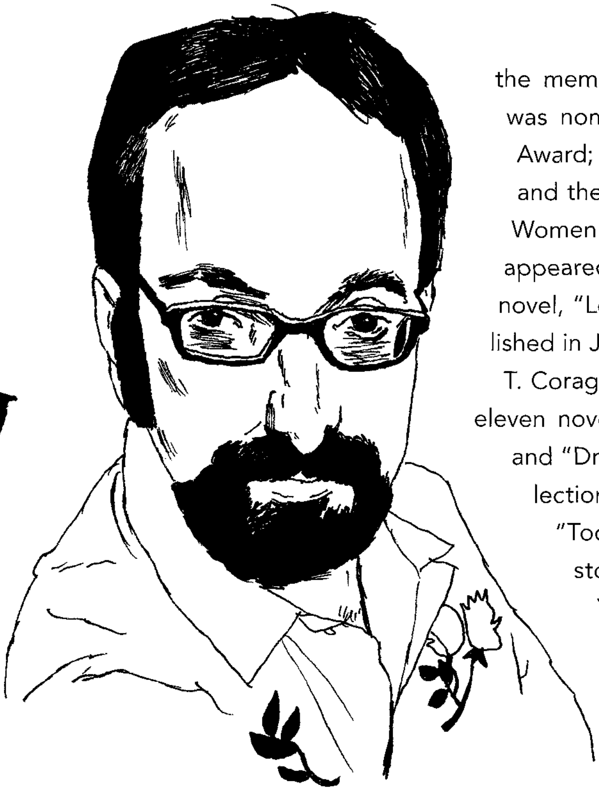
George Saunders

Charles D'Ambrosio and Sherman Alexie

Charles D'Ambrosio is the author of the story collection "The Point" and the essay collection "Orphans." His latest collection, "The Dead Fish Museum," came out in April and includes several stories that originally ran in *The New Yorker*, including "The Bone Game," from the March 6th issue.

Sherman Alexie grew up on the Spokane Indian Reservation in Wellpinit, Washington. His many books include the novel "Reservation Blues" and the story collections "Ten Little Indians" and "The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven." He is currently at work on a young-adult novel, "The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian," which will be published next year.

9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue



Gary Shteyngart

Andrea Lee and T. Coraghessan Boyle

Andrea Lee has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* for more than twenty years. Her books include the memoir "Russian Journal," which was nominated for a National Book Award; the novel "Sarah Phillips"; and the story collection "Interesting Women." Parts of all three books first appeared in *The New Yorker*. A new novel, "Lost Hearts in Italy," was published in June.

T. Coraghessan Boyle is the author of eleven novels, including "World's End" and "Drop City," and eight story collections, including, most recently, "Tooth and Claw," whose title story appeared in *The New Yorker* and was selected for "The Best American Short Stories 2004." His latest novel, "Talk Talk," came out in July.

9:30 P.M. Cedar Lake
Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Jonathan Safran Foer and Edward P. Jones

Jonathan Safran Foer's début novel, "Everything Is Illuminated," won a National Jewish Book Award for fiction; parts of it originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. His second novel, "Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close," came out last year. He is the editor of the anthology "A Convergence of Birds: Original Fiction and Poetry Inspired by the Work of Joseph Cornell."

Edward P. Jones is the author of the novel "The Known World," which won a Pulitzer Prize and an International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award. He has also published two story collections: "Lost in the City," which won a Hemingway Foundation / PEN Award, and "All Aunt Hagar's Children," which came out in August. His most

THE NEW YORKER TOWN HALL MEETING ON ISLAM AND THE WEST

The war on terror has taken aim at the threat that some radical Islamists pose to the West. At the same time, anti-Western sentiments have risen sharply in the Islamic world. Amid charges of intolerance, blasphemy, and backwardness, what are the prospects for mutual accommodation? Are the political values of Islam incompatible with those of the secular West?

Moderated by **George Packer**. Panelists, to be announced, will include political figures, scholars, writers, and Muslim leaders.

George Packer is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. His books include "The Assassins' Gate: America in Iraq," parts of which first appeared in the magazine, and "Blood of the Liberals," which was a winner of the 2001 Robert F. Kennedy Book Award. He received an Overseas Press Club award for his 2003 *New Yorker* article on the occupation and reconstruction of Iraq.

7 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

recent *New Yorker* story, "Bad Neighbors," appeared in the August 7th & 14th issue.

9:30 P.M. Newspace
530 West 21st Street

Gary Shteyngart and George Saunders

Gary Shteyngart was born in Leningrad and emigrated to the United States as a child. His début novel, "The Russian Debutante's Handbook," won a Stephen Crane Award for First Fiction and a National Jewish Book Award for fiction. His second novel, "Absurdistan," was published in May; parts of it first appeared in the March 27th issue of *The New Yorker*.

George Saunders's books include the illustrated novella "The Brief and Frightening Reign of Phil" and the story collections "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline," "Pastoralia," and "In Persuasion Nation," which came out in April; parts of all three collections were originally published in *The New Yorker*. His most recent piece, "Proclamation," appeared in the August 28th issue.

9:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
405 West 55th Street

A NEW YORKER DANCE PARTY

Hosted by **Sasha Frere-Jones**, with special guest d.j. **Michael Mayer**.

Join the internationally renowned d.j. Michael Mayer and *The New Yorker*'s Sasha Frere-Jones for a night of minimal techno and house music.

Michael Mayer grew up in the Black Forest area of Germany. A veteran d.j., producer, and remixer, he is the co-owner of the Cologne-based record label, store, and distribution network Kompakt, which handles many of Europe's underground imprints and has spearheaded a revival in techno music. He has d.j.-mixed a number of compilations as well as a solo album of original songs, "Touch."

Sasha Frere-Jones is the pop-music critic for *The New Yorker*. His work has been selected three times for the "Da Capo Best Music Writing" series. He has performed with the bands Dolores and Ui, with whom he recorded five albums and toured America and Europe.

10 P.M. to 2 A.M. T New York
240 West 52nd Street
(Please note: You must be 21 to be admitted to this event.)

SATURDAY OCTOBER 7, 2006

A day of interviews, panel discussions, and New Yorker Talks, a new series; a poetry reading with John Ashbery; an About Town lunch prepared by Mario Batali; and Early and Late Shift events, many of them featuring live musical performance, throughout the city. There will also be an evening New Yorker Talk, with Lawrence Wright, and a sneak preview of the feature film "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan." Tickets for the lunch are $125. All other daytime events are $25. Tickets for the Early and Late Shift events are $35. Tickets for the Lawrence Wright talk are $25. Tickets for the sneak preview are $15. There will also be book signings at Festival headquarters. (See page 38 of the guide.)

WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

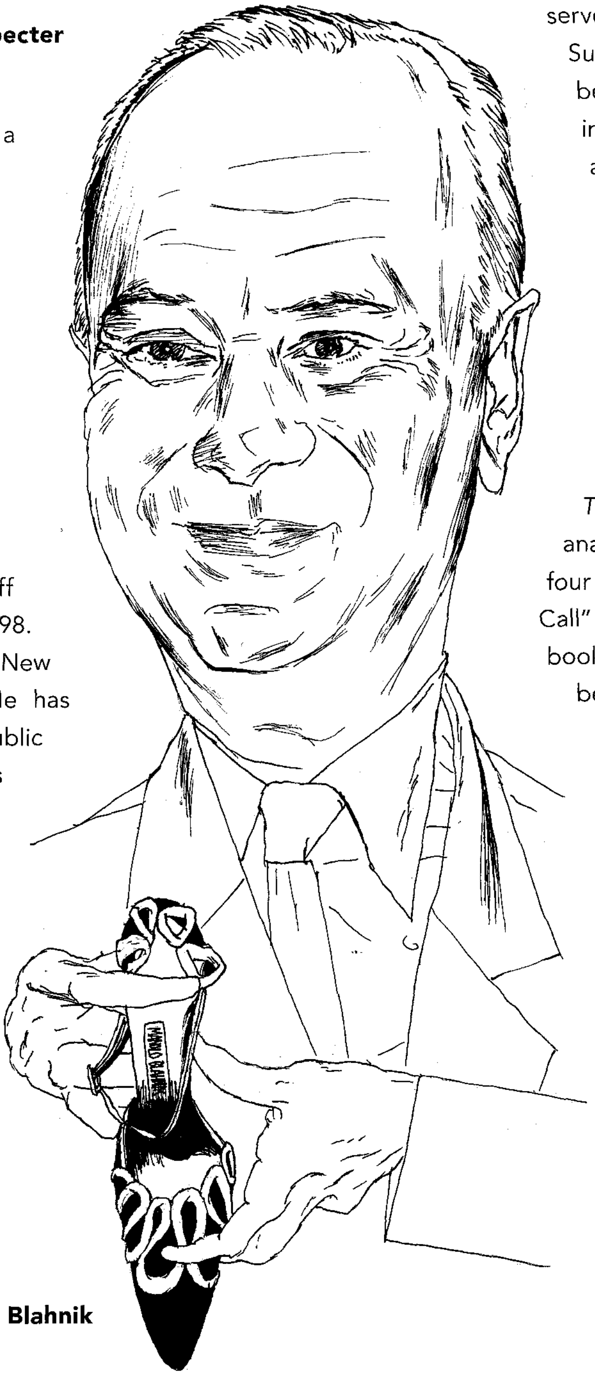
Manolo Blahnik and Michael Specter

The sultan of shoes.

Manolo Blahnik grew up on a banana plantation in the Canary Islands. In 1971, as an aspiring stage-set designer, he met Diana Vreeland, then the editor of *Vogue*, who encouraged him to make shoes instead. His shoes soon became a cultural phenomenon. In 2003, his work was honored with a retrospective at the Design Museum in London.

Michael Specter has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1998. Previously, he was the chief of the New York *Times* Moscow bureau. He has written extensively on global public health, and has profiled notables such as Lance Armstrong, the philosopher Peter Singer, and Miuccia Prada. His *New Yorker* Profile of Manolo Blahnik, "High-Heel Heaven," appeared in 2000.

1 P.M. Supper Club
240 West 47th Street



Manolo Blahnik

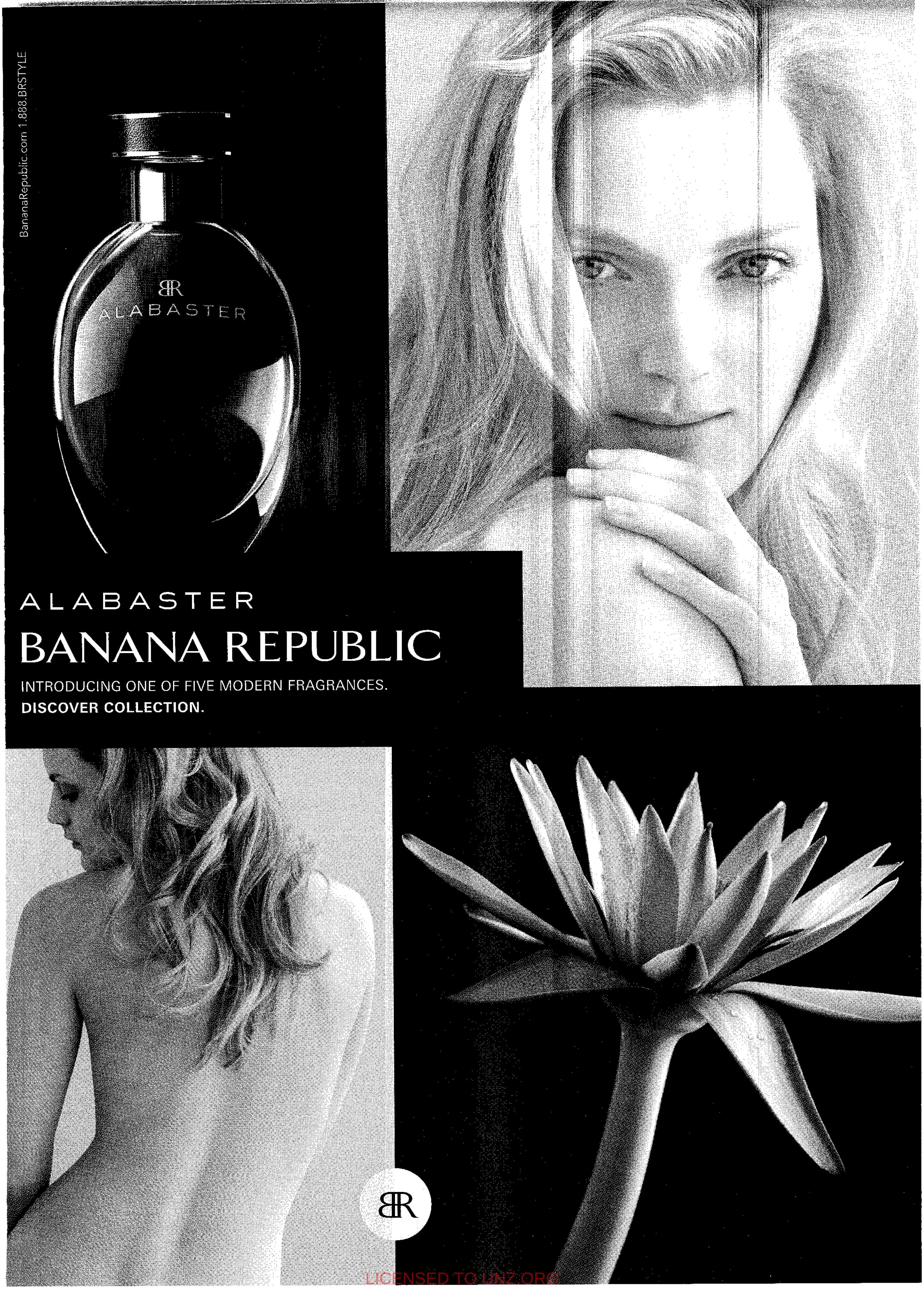
The Honorable Stephen G. Breyer and Jeffrey Toobin

Justice for all.

The Honorable Stephen G. Breyer has served as Associate Justice on the Supreme Court since 1994. He began his legal career in 1964, clerking for Justice Arthur Goldberg, and worked on the landmark case Griswold v. Connecticut. He was later chief counsel for the Senate Judiciary Committee. Last fall, he published "Active Liberty: Interpreting Our Democratic Constitution," a book about his judicial philosophy.

Jeffrey Toobin is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the senior legal analyst for CNN. He is the author of four books, including "Too Close to Call" and "A Vast Conspiracy." His fifth book, about the Supreme Court, will be published next year. In his 2005 *New Yorker* piece "Breyer's Big Idea," he wrote about Justice Breyer's vision for a progressive revival on the Supreme Court.

4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street
between Fifth and
Sixth Avenues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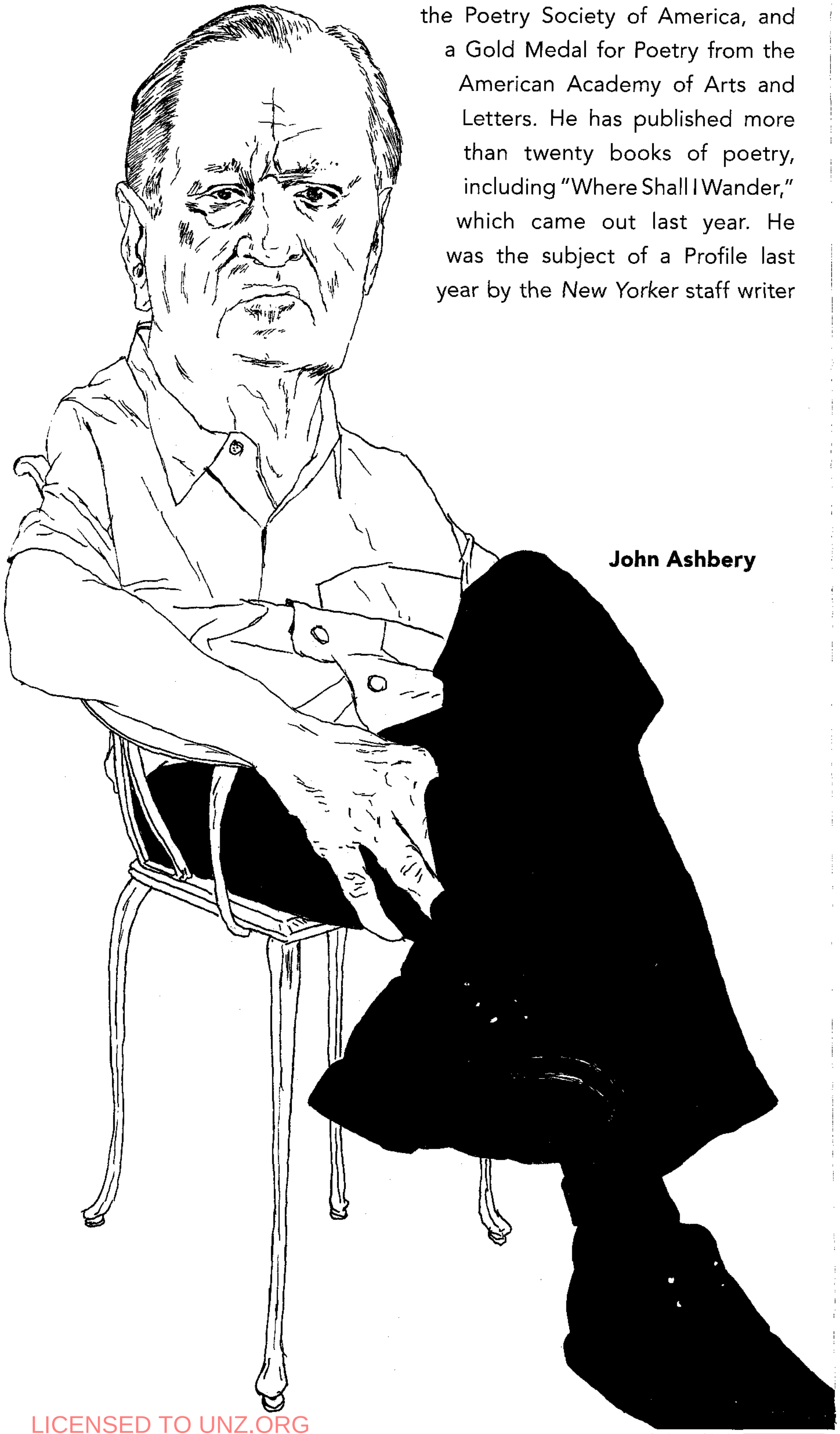
SATURDAY OCTOBER 7, 2006

A poetry reading by John Ashbery

Contrapuntal verse.

(Introduced by Larissa MacFarquhar.)

John Ashbery has contributed poems to *The New Yorker* since 1972. A former poet laureate of New York, he has won a Pulitzer Prize, a Bollingen Prize, a Frost Medal from the Poetry Society of America, and a Gold Medal for Poetry from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He has published more than twenty books of poetry, including "Where Shall I Wander," which came out last year. He was the subject of a Profile last year by the *New Yorker* staff writer



John Ashbery

Roz Chast

Larissa MacFarquhar. As part of the program, Mr. Ashbery will read portions of his long poem "Litany" with Ann Lauterbach, who is the author of seven books of poetry and an essay collection, "The Night Sky."

4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street
(Tickets are also available at the F.I.A.F. box office.)

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Roz Chast interviewed by Steve Martin
Comic turns.

Roz Chast published her first drawing in *The New Yorker* in 1978 and joined the magazine as a staff artist the same year. Her art work has been collected in nine books, including "Mondo Boxo," "The Four Elements," "Proof of Life on Earth," and "Childproof." A tenth book, "Theories of Everything: Selected, Collected, and Health-Inspected Cartoons by Roz Chast, 1978-2006," will be published in November.

Steve Martin has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1996. He is the author of the novels "The Pleasure of My Company" and "Shopgirl," which was made into a feature film, and a collection, "Pure Drivel," which includes many of his humor pieces from *The New Yorker*. He is collaborating on a children's alphabet book with Roz Chast.

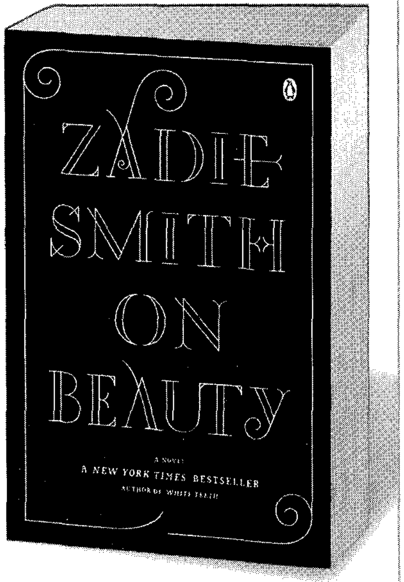
10 A.M. Supper Club
240 West 47th Street

Calvin Trillin interviewed by Mark Singer
The writing life.

Calvin Trillin has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1963, the year the magazine published "An Education in Georgia," his account of the desegregation of the University of Georgia. His work for the magazine ranges from comic verse and Casuals to a wide variety of nonfiction. He is the author of twenty-four books. A new one, "About Alice," will be published in December.

The *NEW YORK TIMES* bestseller
is now in paperback.

ONE OF THE TEN
BEST BOOKS
OF THE YEAR—



New York Times Book Review,
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Tom Stoppard

Mark Singer has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1974. His books include "Funny Money," which first appeared in the magazine in serialized form, and three collections of his *New Yorker* pieces. His latest collection, "Character Studies: Encounters with the Curiously Obsessed," came out last year. His Profile of the Sony Corporation C.E.O. Sir Howard Stringer ran in the June 5th issue.

10 A.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between
Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Tom Stoppard interviewed by John Lahr

Taking the stage.

Tom Stoppard was born in Czechoslovakia and spent his childhood in Singapore and India before emigrating to England after the Second World War. His plays include "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead," "The Real Thing," and "The Invention of Love." His latest work, "Rock 'n' Roll," premièred this summer in London; "Voyage," the first part of his drama trilogy, "The Coast of Utopia," opens in New York in November.

John Lahr has been the senior theatre critic for *The New Yorker* since 1992. He is the author of two novels as well as twenty-three books on the theatre and related subjects, and has written numerous stage adaptations. His latest book, "Honky Tonk Parade: New Yorker Profiles on Show People," came out last fall.

1 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Garry Kasparov interviewed by David Remnick

A political gambit.

Garry Kasparov was born in Baku, Azerbaijan, and began entering international chess competitions at the age of sixteen. At twenty-two, he became the youngest person ever to win the World Chess Championship. He was the highest-ranking chess player in the world for more than twenty years. After retiring from competitive chess in 2005, he founded the United Civil Front, a political movement in Russia that supports democracy.

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker.*

1 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Pedro Almodóvar interviewed by David Denby

Counterculture fabulist.

Pedro Almodóvar was born in the La Mancha region of Spain. He taught himself filmmaking using a Super 8 camera, because the government had closed the country's film schools. His many films include "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown," "Talk to Her," which won an Academy Award for best original screenplay, and "Volver," which won the prize for best screenplay and best actress at this year's Cannes Film Festival. The film opens in November.

David Denby, a staff writer and film critic at *The New Yorker,* has been a contributor since 1993. He is the author of "Great Books" and "American Sucker"; parts of both books first appeared in the magazine. He wrote about the films of Pedro Almodóvar in his 2004 *New Yorker* review "In and Out of Love."

4 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

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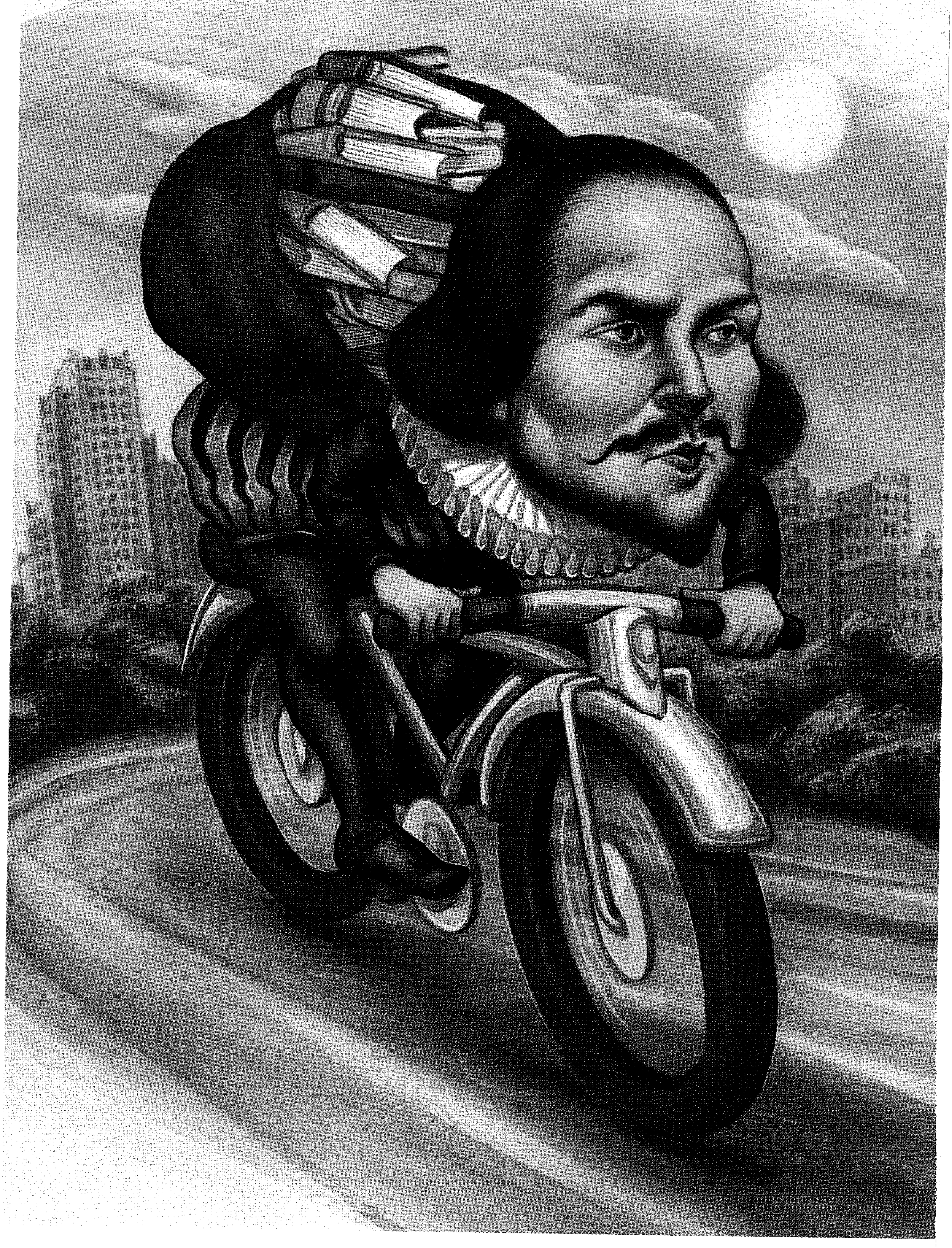

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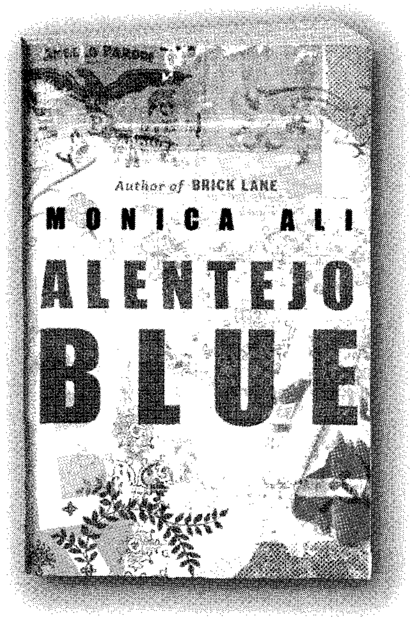
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—*USA TODAY*

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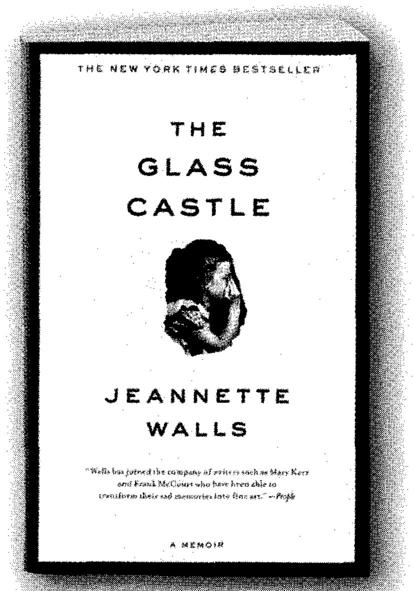
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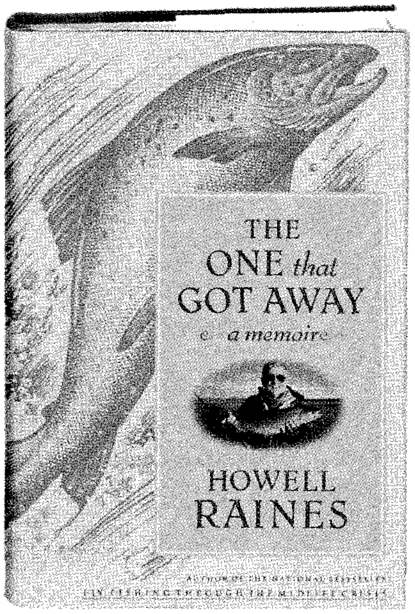
The memoir that is "nothing less than spectacular."
—*Entertainment Weekly*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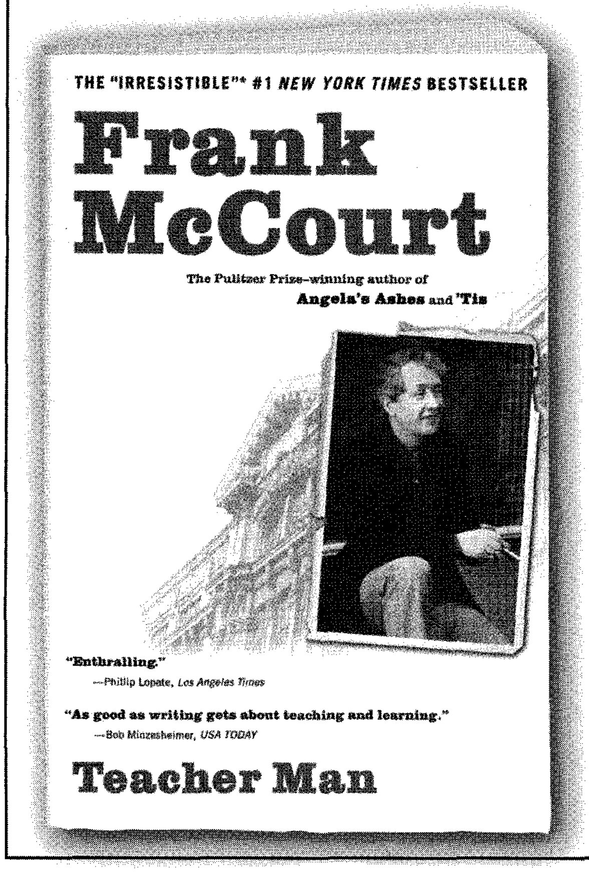
—*The Washington Post*

COMING IN PAPERBACK SEPTEMBER 19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—Phillip Lopate, Los Angeles Times
"As good as writing gets about teaching and learning."
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—Malcolm Jones, *Newsweek*

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NEW YORKER TALKS

Oliver Sacks:
Revisiting "Awakenings"

(Accompanied by a screening of the documentary film "Awakenings.")

Oliver Sacks is a neurologist and the author of nine books, including "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat," "An Anthropologist on Mars," "Uncle Tungsten: Memories of a Chemical Boyhood," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, and "Awakenings," about his work with patients with sleeping sickness. "Awakenings" was the subject of a documentary film made for British television in 1974 that has rarely been screened in the United States.

10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street
(Tickets are also available at the F.I.A.F. box office.)

Anthony Lane:
This is Not Acting: Ava Gardner and the Mysteries of Stardom

Anthony Lane is a film critic at *The New Yorker*. In 2001, three of his pieces won the National Magazine Award for Reviews and Criticism. He is the author of "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker," a collection of his reviews, essays, and Profiles for the magazine. His Life and Letters piece on the British adventurer Patrick Leigh Fermor appeared in the May 22nd issue.

1 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

PANELS

Global Warming

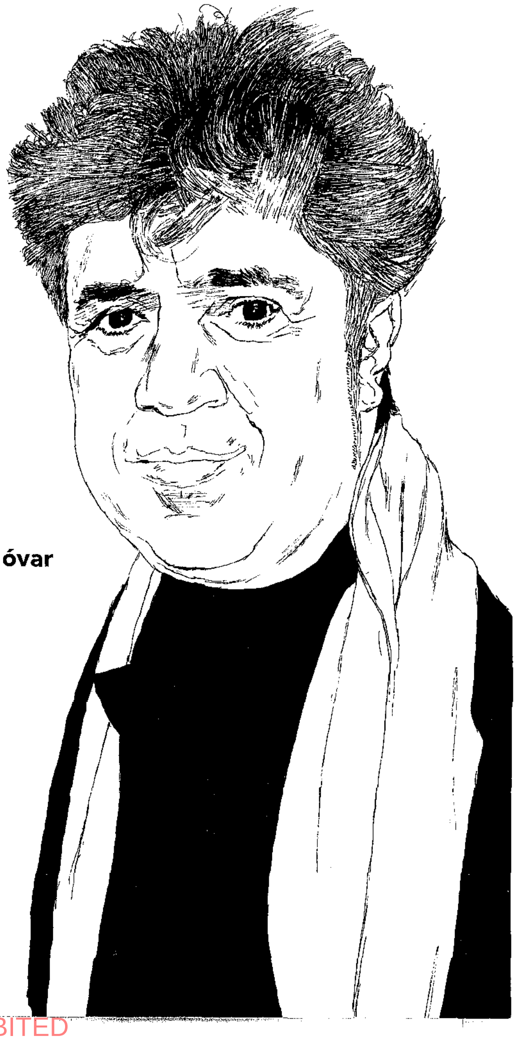
Confronting climate change.

With **James Hansen**, **Martin Hoffert**, **Robert Socolow**, and **Timothy E. Wirth**. **Elizabeth Kolbert**, moderator.

James Hansen is the longtime director of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies. Since the late nineteen-seventies, he has worked on studies and computer simulations of the earth's climate. In the eighties, he testified before Congress on global warming and began issuing public warnings about the long-term threat of heat-trapping emissions. In 2001, he received the Heinz Award for the Environment.

Martin Hoffert is a professor emeritus of physics at New York University and an advocate for the adoption of alternative energy sources in response to climate change. His proposals include a space-based solar-power system, a global electricity grid made up of superconductor cables, and mining platinum from asteroids to support hydrogen cars. He holds advanced degrees in astronautics and liberal studies.

Robert Socolow is a professor of mechanical and aerospace engineering at Princeton University and the co-director of the university's Carbon Mitigation Initiative. He teaches in both the School of Engineering and Applied Science and the



Pedro Almodóvar

Woodrow Wilson School of International and Public Affairs. His research is currently focussed on global carbon management, the hydrogen economy, and fossil-carbon sequestration.

Timothy E. Wirth was the State Department's Under-Secretary for Global Affairs during the Clinton Administration and worked with Vice-President Al Gore on environmental and population issues. Previously, he served for eighteen years in Congress, as a representative and then a senator from Colorado. He is currently the president of the United Nations Foundation and the Better World Fund.

Elizabeth Kolbert received an American Association for the Advancement of Science Journalism Award and a National Magazine Award for her 2005 three-part *New Yorker* series on global warming. The articles formed the basis for her book "Field Notes from a Catastrophe," which was published in March. She wrote in the February 27th issue about disappearing land in Louisiana and the future of New Orleans.

10 A.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Midterm Elections

Preparing for battle.

With **Barney Frank** and **Dana Rohrabacher**. **Hendrik Hertzberg**, moderator.

Barney Frank represents the fourth congressional district of Massachusetts in the U.S. House of Representatives. He is the ranking Democrat on the House Committee on Financial Services and has served as a senior member of the Select Committee on Homeland Security. He was elected to Congress in 1980, after serving as a state representative and as the chief assistant to the mayor of Boston.

Dana Rohrabacher represents the forty-sixth congressional district of California in the U.S. House of Representatives. He is a senior Republican member of the House Committee on International Relations and is the chairman of its Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations. Previously, he served as a speechwriter and Special Assistant to President Reagan.

Hendrik Hertzberg is a senior editor and staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the principal contributor to the Comment section of the magazine. Previously, he served as a speechwriter for President Jimmy Carter and as the editor of *The New Republic*. He is the author of "Politics: Observations and Arguments, 1966-2004."

10 A.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Fiction Into Film

Theories of adaptation.

With **Michael Cunningham**, **Jhumpa Lahiri**, **Mira Nair**, **Edward Norton**, **Sarah Polley**, and **Liev Schreiber**. **Deborah Treisman**, moderator.

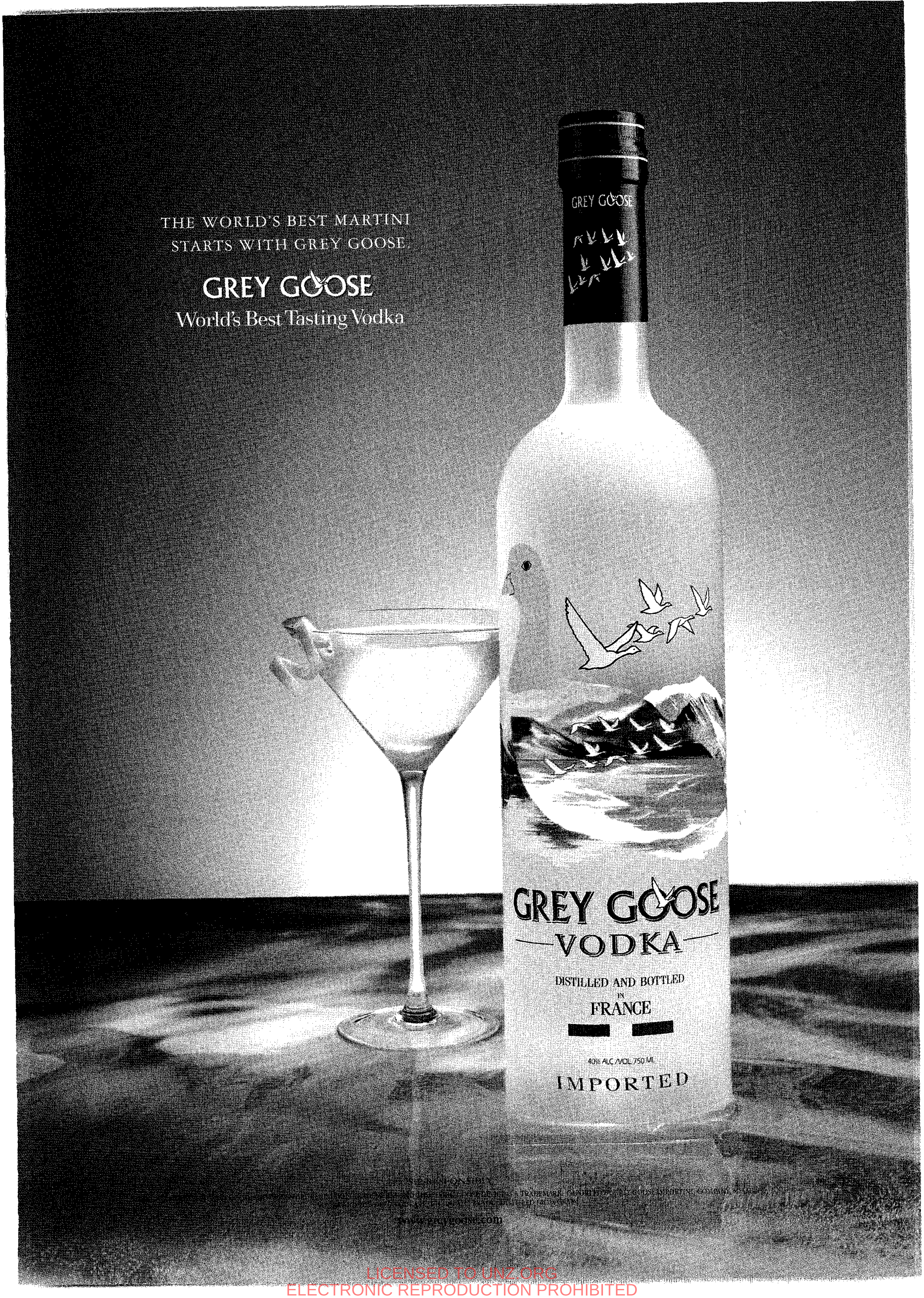
Michael Cunningham won a Pulitzer Prize for his novel "The Hours," which was made into a film that received nine Academy Award nominations. Part of the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*. His adaptation of Susan Minot's novel "Evening," with Claire Danes and Vanessa Redgrave, starts filming this fall. He is currently finishing an adaptation of part of his novel "Specimen Days."

Jhumpa Lahiri was born in London to Bengali parents and emigrated to the United States as a child. She won a Pulitzer Prize for her début story collection, "Interpreter of Maladies," some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. Her first novel, "The Namesake," part of which also first appeared in the magazine, has been made into a feature film by the director Mira Nair. It premières next spring.

Mira Nair has written the screenplays for a number of films, including "Salaam Bombay!," which won the Camera D'Or at the 1988 Cannes Film Festival. She is the director of "Monsoon Wedding," which won a Golden Globe for Best Foreign Language Film, and "Vanity Fair," an adaptation of the William Makepeace Thackeray novel.

Edward Norton is currently writing an adaptation of Jonathan Lethem's novel "Motherless Brooklyn," which he plans to direct and star in. He has acted in a wide range of films, including "Primal Fear" and "American History X," each of which earned him an Academy Award nomination. This fall, he will appear in "The Painted Veil," based on the W. Somerset Maugham novel.

Sarah Polley has acted in numerous films, including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"The Sweet Hereafter," an adaptation of the novel by Russell Banks. Her début feature as a director, "Away from Her," premières this fall at the Toronto International Film Festival, and is based on the story "The Bear Came Over the Mountain," by Alice Munro, which was first published in *The New Yorker.*

Liev Schreiber made his screenwriting and directing début with an adaptation of the novel "Everything Is Illuminated," by Jonathan Safran Foer. His many acting credits include the Broadway revival of "Glengarry Glen Ross," for which he won a Tony Award, and the films "The Manchurian Candidate" and, out this fall, "The Painted Veil."

Deborah Treisman is the fiction editor of *The New Yorker.*

10 A.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Winning the War on Terror

The ethical dilemmas.

With **Bradford Berenson**, **Deborah Pearlstein**, **Michael Scheuer**, and **Ali Soufan**. **Jane Mayer**, moderator.

Bradford A. Berenson served as Associate Counsel to President George W. Bush from January, 2001, to January, 2003, and worked on a wide range of issues associated with the war on terror, including the Patriot Act, detainee litigation, the use of military commissions, and the creation of the Department of Homeland Security. He is now an attorney in private practice in Washington, D.C.

Deborah Pearlstein is the director of the Law and Security Program at Human Rights First, which focusses on U.S. detention and intelligence operations, executive power, and the role of the courts. Previously, she clerked for Supreme Court Justice John Paul Stevens and worked extensively on pro-bono litigation in immigration, privacy, and election law. She is a visiting scholar at Princeton University's Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs.

Michael Scheuer served in the C.I.A. for twenty-two years. He was the first head of Alec Station, a unit within the C.I.A. Counterterrorist Center that was formed in 1996 to track Osama bin Laden. He is the author of "Imperial Hubris: Why the West Is Losing the War on Terror" and "Through Our Enemies' Eyes: Osama Bin Laden, Radical Islam, and the Future of America," both originally published anonymously.

Ali Soufan grew up in Lebanon during the civil war, before his family emigrated to the United States. In 1997, he joined the F.B.I. He was the chief investigator of the U.S.S. Cole bombing. In 2005, he left the F.B.I. and became director of international operations for Giuliani Security and Safety. He was the subject of Lawrence Wright's piece "The Agent," which ran in the July 10th & 17th issue of *The New Yorker.*

Jane Mayer is a staff writer at *The New Yorker.* Her subjects have included the Pentagon's secret policy on torture, the Guantánamo Bay prison, and the legality of C.I.A. interrogations. Her *New Yorker* article "The Hidden Power," about David Addington, the legal mind behind the Administration's war on terror, appeared in the July 3rd issue.

1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between
Fifth and Sixth Avenues

TV, Movies, and the Mob

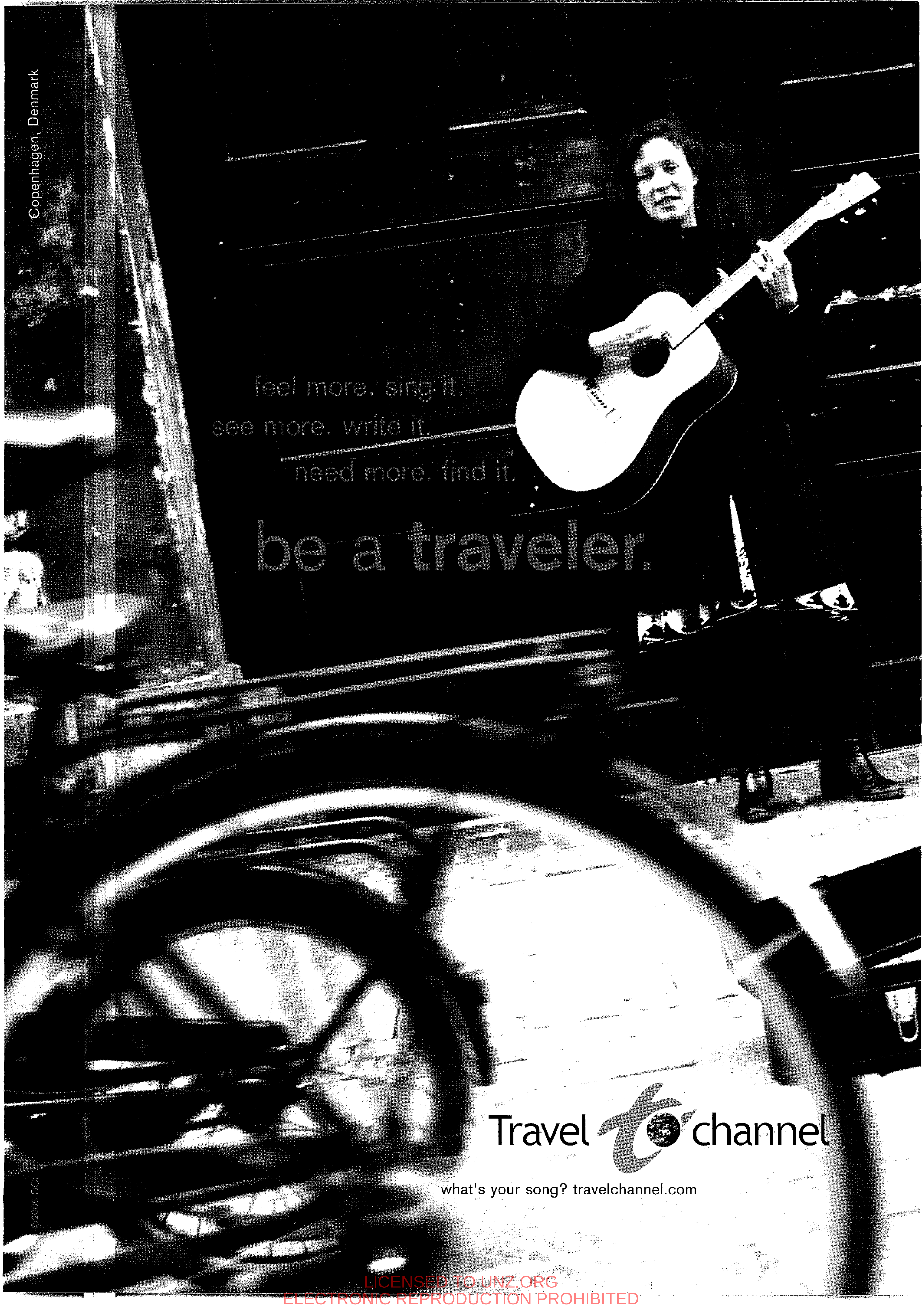
Badda bing.

With **Lorraine Bracco**, **Paul Haggis**, **Harold Ramis**, **Gerald Shargel**, and **Frank Vincent**. **Jeffrey Goldberg**, moderator.

Lorraine Bracco has received multiple Emmy nominations for her role as the psychiatrist Dr. Jennifer Melfi on the HBO series "The Sopranos." In 1990, she was nominated for an Academy Award for her performance as a Mob wife in "GoodFellas," directed by Martin Scorsese. Her many film credits include "The Basketball Diaries" and "Riding in Cars with Boys."

Paul Haggis is the creator of the new TV series "The Black Donnellys," about four young Irish brothers caught up in the criminal underworld of Hell's Kitchen, in New York. Previously, he created the TV series "EZ Streets" and wrote for "Thirtysomething." In 2005, he directed and co-wrote the film "Crash," which won Academy Awards for best picture and best screenplay.

Harold Ramis directed and co-wrote the Mob comedies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"Analyze This" and "Analyze That," and also directed "The Ice Harvest." A former member of the Second City comedy troupe, he began his film career in 1978, as the co-writer of "National Lampoon's Animal House." Since then, he has directed and co-written numerous films, including "Caddyshack" and "Groundhog Day." His acting credits include "Stripes" and "Ghostbusters."

Gerald Shargel is a criminal defense attorney who has tried a number of high-profile cases; his clients have included the Mafia boss John Gotti and members of the Gambino family. In 1994, he was the subject of a *New Yorker* article by Fredric Dannen, titled "Defending the Mafia." He has been a member of the New York City Bar since 1969.

Frank Vincent plays the de-facto Mob boss Phil Leotardo on the HBO series "The Sopranos." He has acted in numerous films, including "Raging Bull," "Do the Right Thing," "Jungle Fever," and the Mafia dramas "Casino" and "GoodFellas," as well as the TV movie "Gotti." His first book, "A Guy's Guide to Being a Man's Man," came out in March.

Jeffrey Goldberg is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. In 2003, he received the National Magazine Award for reporting for his two-part *New Yorker* article "In the Party of God," an examination of Hezbollah. His first book, "Prisoners: A Muslim and a Jew Across the Middle East Divide," is out this month.

1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street
(Tickets are also available at the F.I.A.F. box office.)

Fake News

Truth in satire.

With **Andy Borowitz**, **Scott Dikkers**, and **Ben Karlin**. **Nick Paumgarten**, moderator.

Andy Borowitz has contributed humor and fact pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1998. In 2004, he received the inaugural Angele Gingras Humor Award from the National Press Club. His book "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers," a collection of his online columns, was a finalist for the 2005 Thurber Prize for American Humor. A new book, "The Republican Playbook," has just been published.

Scott Dikkers is the editor-in-chief of the satirical weekly *The Onion*. He first held the post from 1989 to 2000, and returned in 2005. He is a co-author, with *The Onion*, of "Our Dumb Century," which won the 1999 Thurber Prize for American Humor, and the co-author, with Peter Hilleren, of "Destined for Destiny," a parody autobiography of George W. Bush, which is out in October.

Ben Karlin is an executive producer of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart" and an executive producer of "The Colbert Report." He joined "The Daily Show" as a head writer in 1999. Previously, he was an editor and writer at *The Onion*. He is a co-author of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart Presents America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction."

Nick Paumgarten became a staff writer at *The New Yorker* last year. Previously, he was an editor. His most recent article, on King's Academy, the new Jordanian school modelled on the Deerfield Academy, ran in the September 4th issue.

4 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Medical Breakthroughs: The New Frontier

Can we live forever?

With **J. Michael Bishop**, **Daniel Callahan**, **Eric Kandel**, and **Eric Topol**. **Atul Gawande**, moderator.

J. Michael Bishop won, with Harold E. Varmus, the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 1989 for their work on retroviral oncogenes. He is the chancellor of the University of California, San Francisco, and the director of the university's G. W. Hooper Foundation, which studies human disease. His recent research has focussed on the molecular basis of cancer.

Daniel Callahan co-founded the Hastings Center in 1969 and served as its president for twenty-seven years. Currently the director of the center's International Program, he is examining issues of rationing and health policy, with special emphasis on questions of equity and cost. He is also a lecturer at Harvard Medical School and a fellow at Yale University's Institution for Social and Policy Studies.

Eric Kandel shared the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 2000 for his research on the physiological and molecular basis of memory formation. He is a University

Professor of physiology and cell biophysics, psychiatry, biochemistry, and molecular biophysics at Columbia University, and the director of the Kavli Institute for Brain Sciences. His book "In Search of Memory" was published in March.

Eric Topol is a professor of medicine and genetics at Case Western Reserve University. Previously, he was the chairman of cardiovascular medicine at the Cleveland Clinic, whose cardiology program has been consistently ranked as one of the nation's best. His research focusses on the genomics of coronary disease. He is a member of the Institute of Medicine of the National Academies.

Atul Gawande is a practicing surgeon in Boston and an assistant professor at the Harvard School of Public Health and at Harvard Medical School. Previously, he served as a senior health-policy adviser in the Clinton Administration. He is also a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the author of "Complications: A Surgeon's Notes on an Imperfect Science," parts of which first appeared in the magazine.

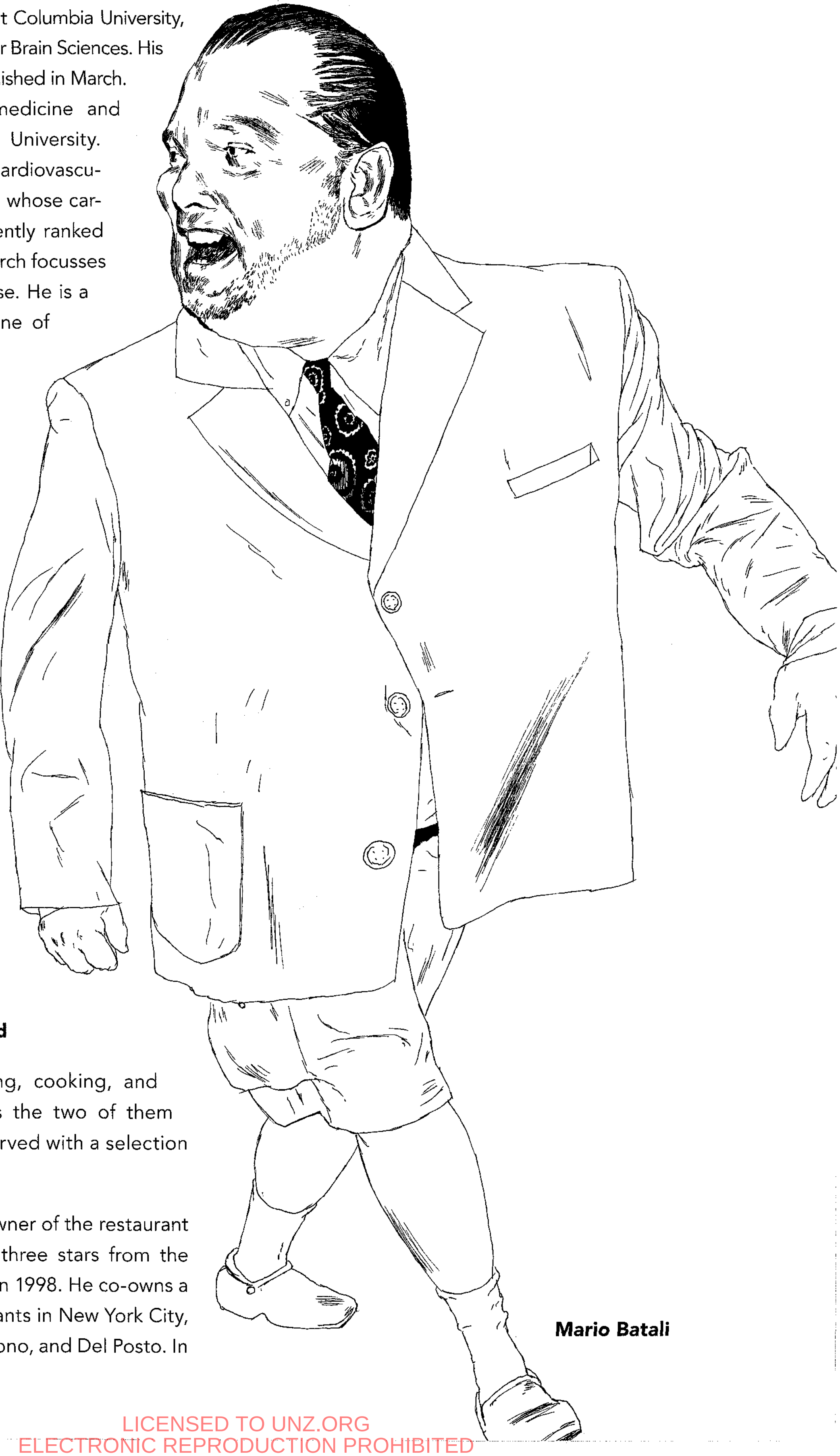
4 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

ABOUT TOWN

What You Can Do with Boiling Water: Mario Batali talks with Bill Buford

Mario Batali will discuss making, cooking, and serving pasta with Bill Buford as the two of them make lunch. Their dishes will be served with a selection of Italian wines.

Mario Batali is the chef and co-owner of the restaurant Babbo, which has twice received three stars from the New York *Times* since its opening, in 1998. He co-owns a number of other successful restaurants in New York City, including Lupa, Esca, Otto, Casa Mono, and Del Posto. In



Mario Batali

2005, he was named the outstanding chef of the year by the James Beard Foundation. His television show, "Molto Mario," airs on the Food Network channel.

Bill Buford is a staff writer for *The New Yorker.* He is the author of "Among the Thugs," an account of British soccer hooliganism. His most recent book, "Heat," a chronicle of his adventures in Italian cooking, came out this spring; parts of it first appeared in *The New Yorker,* including his 2002 Profile of Mario Batali, "The Secret of Excess."

1 P.M. Italian Wine Merchants
108 East 16th Street

EARLY SHIFT

Steve Coogan talks with George Saunders

Cringe comedian.

Steve Coogan is a British actor and comedian best known for his creation of the fictional talk-show host Alan Partridge, whom he played in the TV series "Knowing Me, Knowing You with Alan Partridge" and "I'm Alan Partridge." His recent film credits include "Tristram Shandy: A Cock and Bull Story," "24 Hour Party People," and "Marie Antoinette." He is a co-writer and the lead actor in the BBC television series "Saxondale."

George Saunders is the author of three story collections, most recently "In Persuasion Nation"; parts of it first appeared in *The New Yorker.* He is also the author of "The Brief and Frightening Reign of Phil" and "The Very Persistent Gappers of Frip." He has adapted his story "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline" for a feature film currently in development. He teaches at Syracuse University.

7:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Milos Forman talks with David Denby

The director returns.

Milos Forman has won two Academy Awards for best director, for his features "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" and "Amadeus." His many films include "Ragtime," "Hair," "The People vs. Larry Flynt," "Man on the Moon," and, most recently, "Goya's Ghosts," which will be released later this year. He was born in Czechoslovakia and emigrated to the United States in 1969.

David Denby is a film critic at *The New Yorker.* He is the author of "Great Books," about reading the literary canon, and "American Sucker," a memoir of his misadventures in investing; parts of both books first appeared in the magazine. His *New Yorker* article on Upton Sinclair appeared in the August 28th issue.

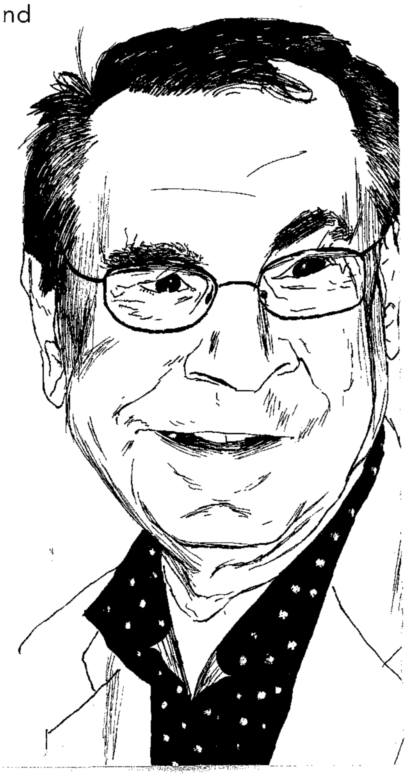
7:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

PJ Harvey talks with Hilton Als: A Conversation with Music

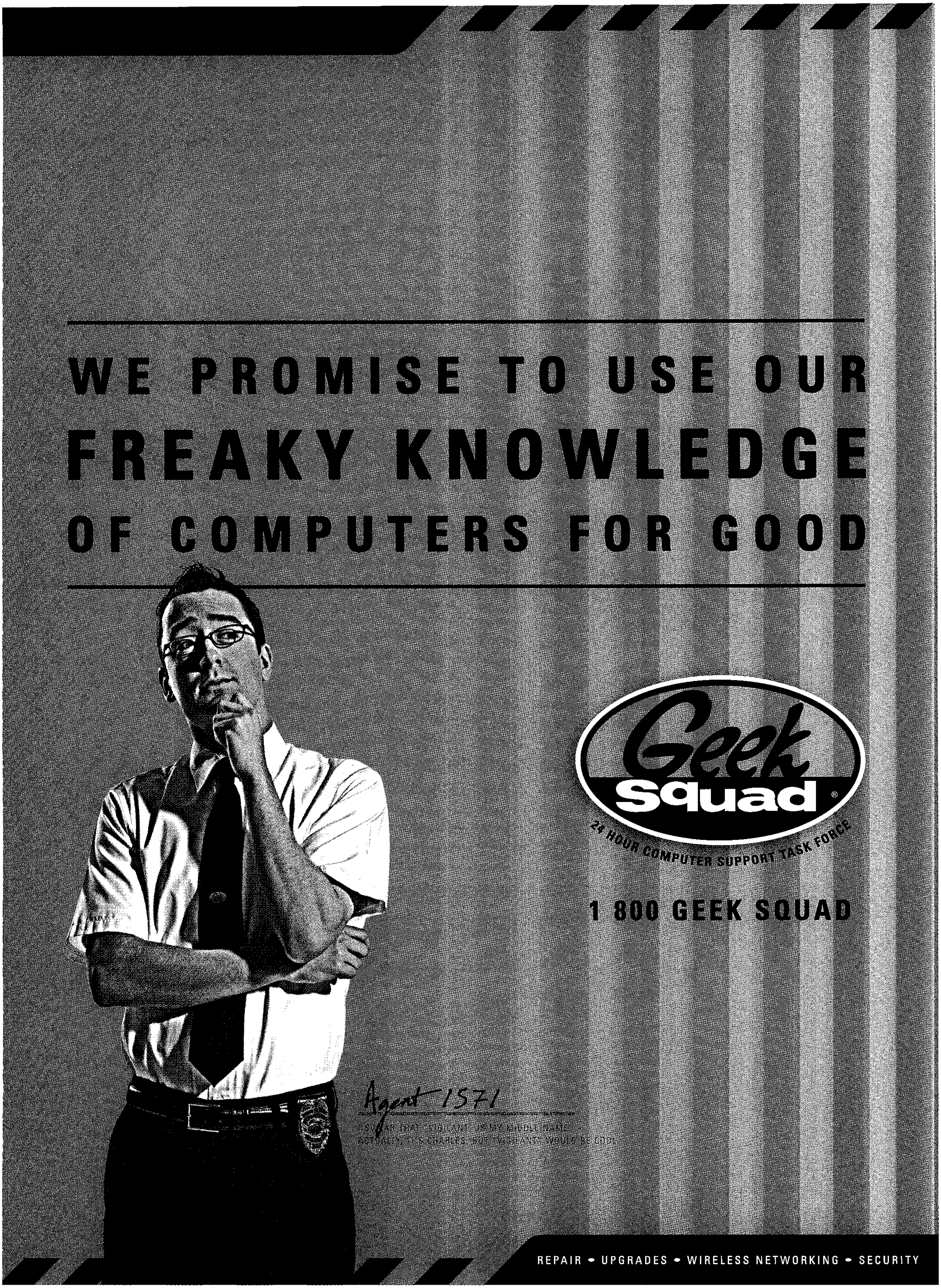
A teller of tales.

PJ Harvey was named the best songwriter and best new female singer of 1992 by *Rolling Stone,* when she was twenty-two years old. Her albums include "To Bring You My Love," "Is This Desire?," and "Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea," which won the Mercury Music Prize. Her first concert DVD, "PJ Harvey–On Tour: Please Leave Quietly," was released last spring.

Hilton Als is a staff writer and theatre critic at *The New Yorker.* He is a recipient of the George Jean Nathan Award for drama criticism and a Guggenheim fellowship, and is the author of "The Women," a study of gender and



Milos Forman



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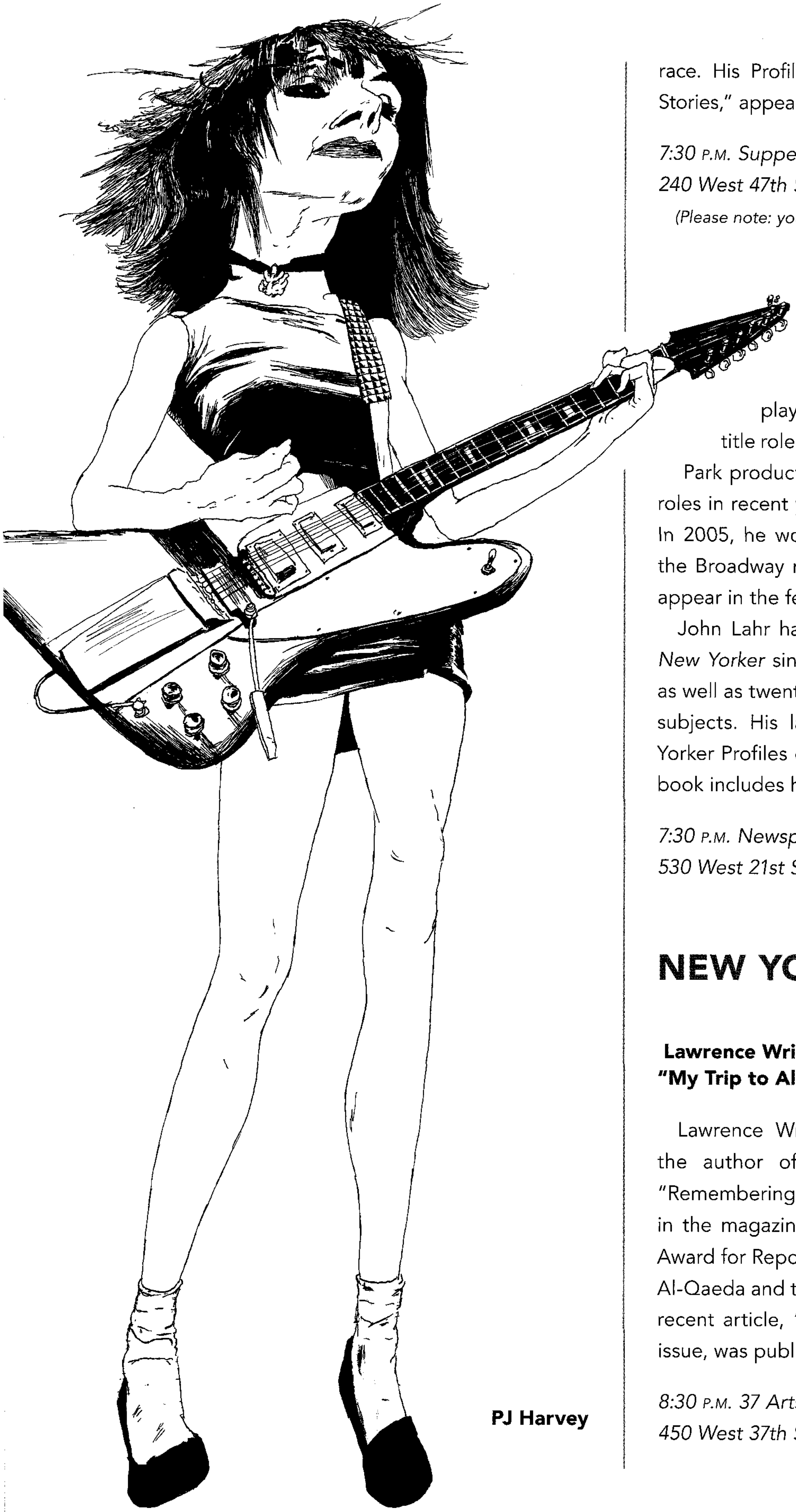


PJ Harvey

race. His Profile for the magazine of PJ Harvey, "True Stories," appeared in 2001.

7:30 P.M. Supper Club
240 West 47th Street

(Please note: you must be 21 to be admitted to this event.)

Liev Schreiber talks with John Lahr

The actor's actor.

Liev Schreiber has acted in numerous plays and films. Most recently, he played the title role in the Public Theatre's Shakespeare in the Park production of "Macbeth." His other memorable roles in recent years include Hamlet, Iago, and Henry V. In 2005, he won a Tony Award for his performance in the Broadway revival of "Glengarry Glen Ross." He will appear in the feature film "The Painted Veil" this fall.

John Lahr has been the senior theatre critic for *The New Yorker* since 1992. He is the author of two novels as well as twenty-three books on the theatre and related subjects. His latest book, "Honky Tonk Parade: New Yorker Profiles on Show People," came out last fall. The book includes his profile of Liev Schreiber.

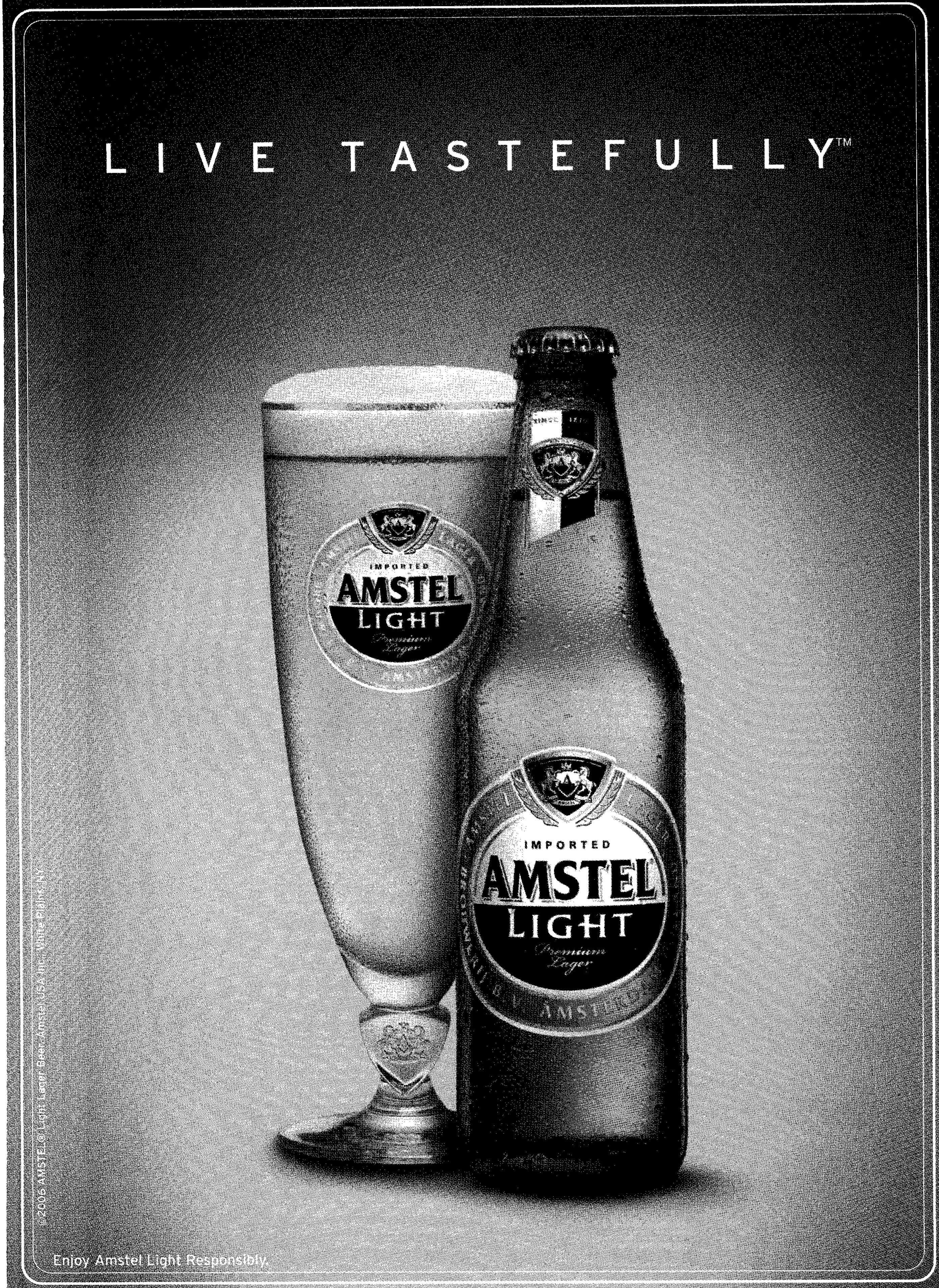
7:30 P.M. Newspace
530 West 21st Street

NEW YORKER TALKS

Lawrence Wright: "My Trip to Al-Qaeda"

Lawrence Wright is a *New Yorker* staff writer and the author of "Saints and Sinners," "Twins," and "Remembering Satan," parts of which first appeared in the magazine and won the 1994 National Magazine Award for Reporting. A new book, "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11," which includes his most recent article, "The Agent," from the July 10th & 17th issue, was published in August.

8:30 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street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LATE SHIFT

Mason Bates, Corey Dargel, Nico Muhly, and Joanna Newsom talk with Alex Ross: A Conversation with Music

Composers on the edge.

Mason Bates is a composer of classical music and electronica and a d.j. known as Masonic. He graduated from the Columbia-Juilliard program in 2001, with degrees in music composition and English literature, and is a recipient of the Charles Ives Scholarship and Fellowship from the American Academy of Arts and Letters. His symphonic work "Omnivorous Furniture" received its New York première last March.

Corey Dargel is a composer, lyricist, and singer of electronic art songs. He graduated from the Oberlin Conservatory in 2001, with a bachelor's degree in composition. He is currently a resident artist at HERE Arts Center in New York, where he is developing the concert-theatre work "Removable Parts." His début album, "Less Famous Than You," came out in May.

Nico Muhly received a master's degree in music composition from the Juilliard School in 2004. His works have been performed by the American Symphony Orchestra and the Juilliard Orchestra. He conducted Björk's score for the film "Drawing Restraint 9" and, in collaboration with Maira Kalman, was commissioned to compose a song cycle based on "The Elements of Style," which premièred in New York in 2005.

Randy Newman

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Joanna Newsom began playing the harp at the age of eight. She studied Celtic, Senegalese, and Venezuelan harp techniques, and later became interested in Appalachian folk and bluegrass and started writing and performing songs. She has recorded two EPs, "Walnut Whales" and "Yarn and Glue," and a full-length album, "The Milk-Eyed Mender." She has also played with the post-punk band the Pleased.

Alex Ross is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. He covers classical music, from Baroque opera to the downtown avant-garde, and has profiled Bob Dylan, Radiohead, and Björk. His first book, "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century," will be published next fall. He wrote about student composers in his *New Yorker* article "Ignore the Conductor," from 2004.

10 P.M. BargeMusic
Fulton Ferry Landing at Old Fulton Street, Brooklyn

Randy Newman talks with Susan Morrison: A Conversation with Music

Songs of American life.

Randy Newman is a singer, songwriter, and satirist whose many albums include "Sail Away," "Good Old Boys," "Little Criminals," "Land of Dreams," and "The Randy Newman Songbook, Vol. 1." He has won four Grammy Awards, two Emmy Awards, and an Academy Award for best original song. He has composed original music for numerous films, including "Ragtime," "The Natural," "Monsters, Inc.," and, most recently, "Cars."

Susan Morrison is the articles editor of *The New Yorker* and the editor of The Talk of the Town and of Shouts & Murmurs.

10 P.M. Supper Club
240 West 47th Street
(Please note: you must be 21 to be admitted to this event.)

The New Pornographers talk with James Surowiecki: A Conversation with Music

Power pop.

The New Pornographers are an indie-rock ensemble led by the singer-songwriter A. C. Newman and made up of seven—and sometimes more—musicians and vocalists. They formed in Vancouver in 1997 and have recorded three albums: "Mass Romantic," which received a Juno Award for best alternative album in 2001, "Electric Version," and, most recently, "Twin Cinema."

James Surowiecki is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. He writes the Financial Page, covering subjects from oil refineries and housing futures to the music industry. He is the author of "The Wisdom of

Crowds: Why the Many Are Smarter Than the Few and How Collective Wisdom Shapes Business, Economies, Societies and Nations."

10 P.M. Newspace
530 West 21st Street

Gustavo Santaolalla talks with Jon Lee Anderson: A Conversation with Music

Cultural fusion.

Gustavo Santaolalla is an Argentinean musician and producer who was one of the pioneers of "rock en Español," a fusion of Latin rhythms and American rock and roll. Now based in Los Angeles, he has composed scores for a number of films, including "21 Grams," "The Motorcycle Diaries," and "Brokeback Mountain," for which he won an Academy Award.

Jon Lee Anderson is a staff writer at *The New Yorker.* He has reported frequently from Iraq and Afghanistan, and has written about Hugo Chávez, Fidel Castro, and Gabriel García Márquez, among others. His books include "The Fall of Baghdad," "The Lion's Grave: Dispatches from Afghanistan," and "Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life."

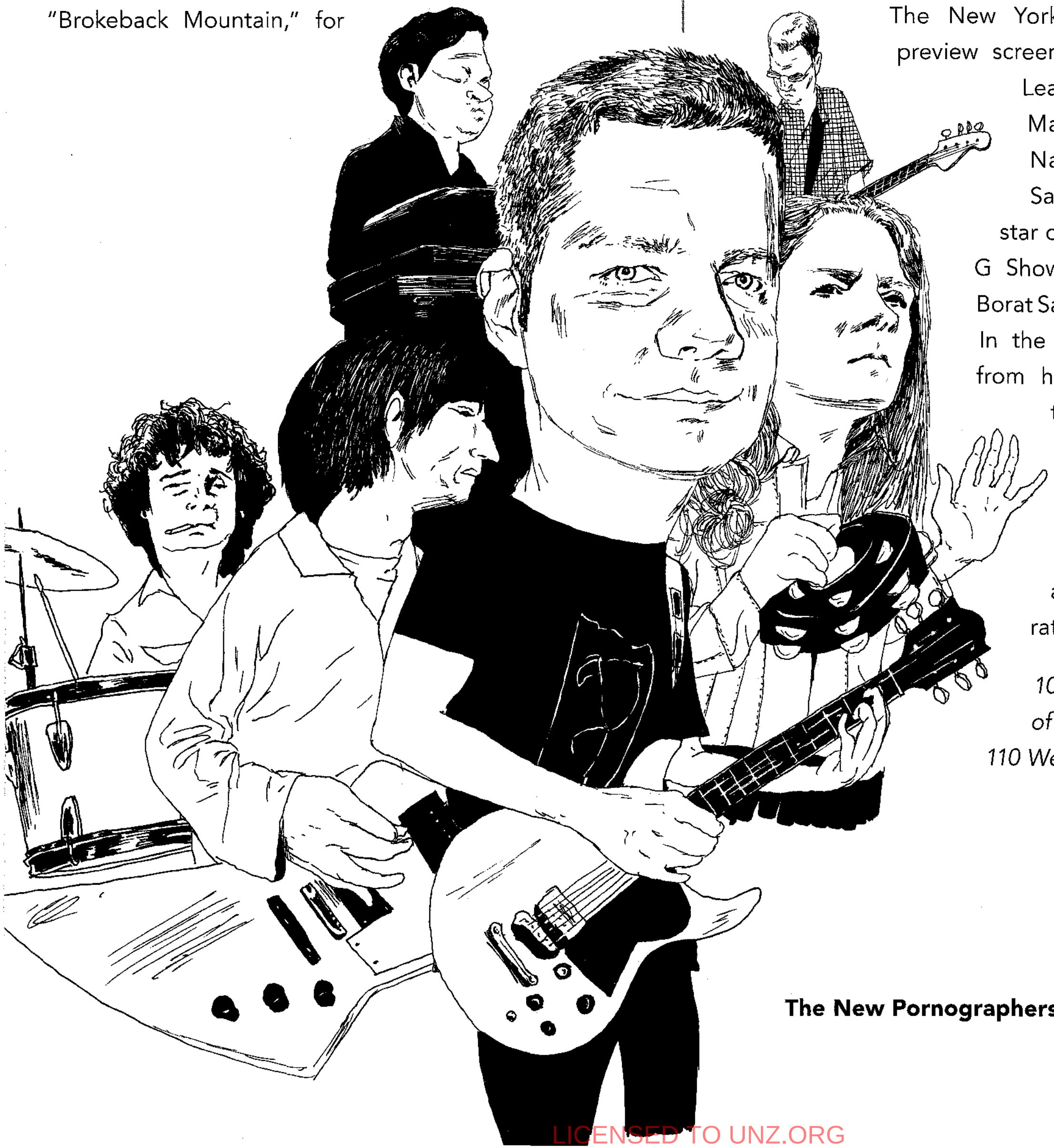
10 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Saturday Night Sneak Preview: "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan"

(Introduced by David Remnick.)

The New Yorker presents a special preview screening of "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan." Sacha Baron Cohen, the star of HBO's comedy "Da Ali G Show," brings the journalist Borat Sagdiyev to the big screen. In the new film, Borat travels from his home in Kazakhstan to the United States to make a documentary. On his cross-country road trip, he meets real people in real situations. (The film has an R rating.)

10 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street



The New Pornographers

SUNDAY OCTOBER 8, 2006

A free screening of "Barry Lyndon," with an accompanying talk by Simon Schama; a day of About Town excursions and events throughout the city; a benefit interview with Jon Stewart; talks by New Yorker writers; and a series of Master Classes. Tickets for About Town excursions vary in price and are listed in the program notes below. Master Classes and New Yorker Talks are $25. The Jon Stewart interview is $50. There will also be book signings at Festival headquarters. (See page 38 of the guide.)

ABOUT TOWN

Cruising Manhattan: An architectural boat tour with Paul Goldberger

Paul Goldberger discusses the architecture of Manhattan on a chartered ferry ride around the island. Brunch will be served.

Paul Goldberger is a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer and the architecture critic at *The New Yorker*. In 2004, he became the dean of Parsons The New School for Design. His books include "The City Observed: New York," "The Skyscraper," and, most recently, "Up From Zero: Architecture, Politics, and the Rebuilding of New York."

10:30 A.M. $75
Lexington Classic Cruiser
New York Skyports Marina

To the Ends of the Earth: An explorers' brunch

Bruce Beehler, **Constanza Ceruti**, **Reinhold Messner**, and **Bruce Robison** will talk with **David Grann** about modern-day exploration. Brunch will be served.

Bruce Beehler is an ornithologist and the vice-president of Conservation International's Pacific Programs. In 2005, he co-led a scientific expedition to the unpopulated old-growth tropical forests of the Foja Mountains in western New Guinea, which resulted in the discovery of new species of frogs, plants, butterflies, and mammals, as well as the first new bird species on the island in sixty years.

Constanza Ceruti, a native of Argentina, specializes in high-altitude archeology, exploring and excavating Incan ceremonial centers in the Andes. She co-led the 1999 expedition to the twenty-two-thousand-foot summit of Mt. Llullaillaco, which unearthed three of the best-preserved mummies ever found. She is the first woman to receive the

SUNDAY MATINÉE WITH SIMON SCHAMA

A screening of the 1975 film "Barry Lyndon," directed by Stanley Kubrick, starring Ryan O'Neal in an adaptation of the William Makepeace Thackeray novel about the rise and fall of an Irish rake among the eighteenth-century British aristocracy. Shot almost entirely in natural sunlight and candlelight, using a special camera lens developed by Zeiss for NASA, the film won Academy Awards for cinematography and art direction, as well as for costume design and musical score. A discussion with Simon Schama will follow.

Simon Schama is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and a recipient of a National Magazine Award for Essays and Criticism. His many books include "Hang-Ups," a collection of his *New Yorker* essays on art; the trilogy "A History of Britain," which was adapted into a BBC series; and "Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves, and the American Revolution," which came out in April.

11 A.M. Free event: first come, first seated.
Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Gold Condor award from the Argentine Army.

Reinhold Messner was born in the South Tyrol region of Italy and began climbing when he was five years old. He made the first solo ascent of Mt. Everest without bottled oxygen, and was the first to climb the fourteen mountains whose peaks are more than eight thousand metres high. He was elected to the European Parliament as an Italian member of the Green Party in 1999.

Bruce Robison has pioneered the development of remotely operated undersea vehicles for research on the biology and ecology of deep-sea animals. He is a senior scientist at the Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute and a member of the Deep Submersible Pilots Association. His research is currently focussed on squids, jellies, and fishes, and on the ways that these animals use bioluminescence.

David Grann is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. He has written on subjects ranging from New York City's antiquated water tunnels to the Aryan Brotherhood prison gang and the search for the giant squid. In his 2005 *New Yorker* article "The Lost City of Z," which he is expanding into a book, he wrote about a journey to the Amazon to uncover the fate of a missing explorer.

1 P.M. $75
Explorers Club
46 East 70th Street

My Life in Three Courses: Nora Ephron talks with Ken Auletta

Nora Ephron cooks three dishes, each representing a distinct phase in her life, while Ken Auletta helps out in the kitchen. Snacks and drinks will be provided.

Nora Ephron wrote the Academy Award-nominated screenplays for "Silkwood," "When Harry Met Sally," and "Sleepless in Seattle," which she also directed. Her books include the novel "Heartburn" and the collection "I Feel Bad About My Neck," which came out in August; part of it first appeared in *The New Yorker*. In her piece "Serial Monogamy," which appeared in the magazine's Anniversary Issue, she wrote about her love affair with cookbooks.

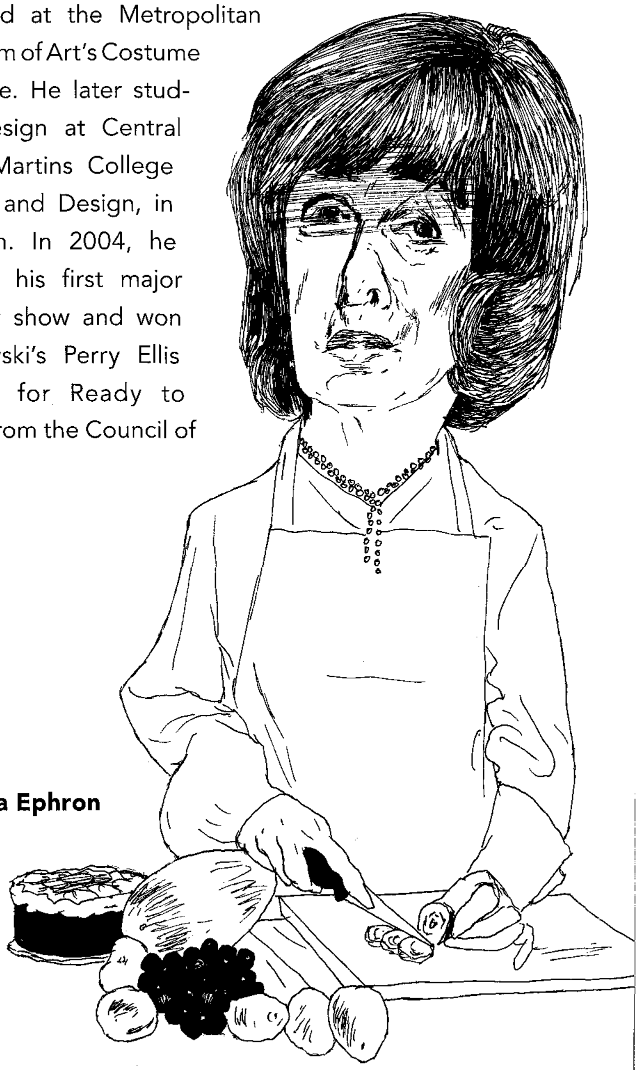
Ken Auletta is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and writes the Annals of Communications column for the magazine. He is the author of ten books, including four national best-sellers. Most recently, he wrote in the July 24th issue about the entertainment lawyer Bertram Fields, the chief client of the jailed private detective Anthony Pellicano, the central figure in the recent Hollywood wiretapping scandal.

1 P.M. $75
Culinary Loft
515 Broadway

Inside the House of Zac: Zac Posen talks with Judith Thurman

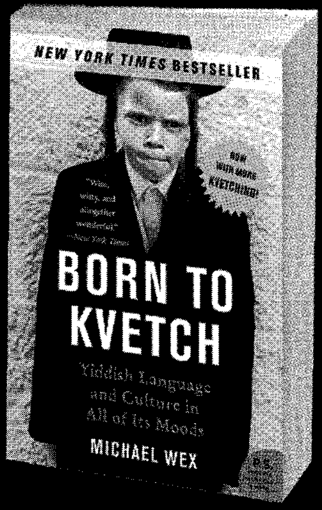
In his atelier, Zac Posen will discuss the creation of his new collection—from concept to manufacture, from the runway to the boulevard.

Zac Posen was born in Brooklyn in 1980 and grew up in SoHo. At the age of sixteen, he interned at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute. He later studied design at Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, in London. In 2004, he staged his first major runway show and won Swarovski's Perry Ellis Award for Ready to Wear from the Council of



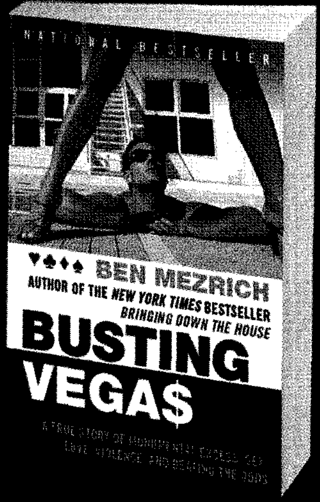
Nora Ephron

LITERARY **FACT**



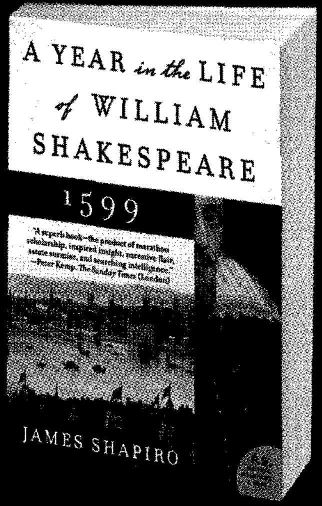
NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
BORN TO KVETCH
Yiddish Language and Culture in All of Its Moods
MICHAEL WEX

"Wise, witty and altogether wonderful."
—William Grimes, *New York Times*



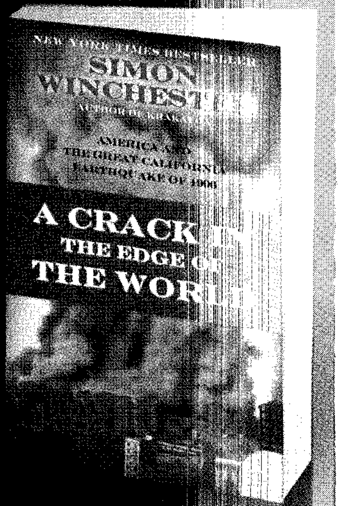
NATIONAL BESTSELLER
BEN MEZRICH
AUTHOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE
BUSTING VEGA$

"A gripping true-life adventure that will keep you reading well past your bedtime."
—*Boston Globe*



A YEAR in the LIFE of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
1599
JAMES SHAPIRO

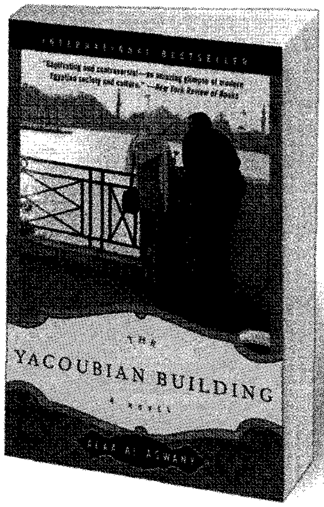
"Shapiro throws an unusually searching light across Shakespeare's creative genius and makes him come truly alive."
—*The Economist*



NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
SIMON WINCHESTER
AMERICA AND THE GREAT CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE OF 1906
A CRACK IN THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

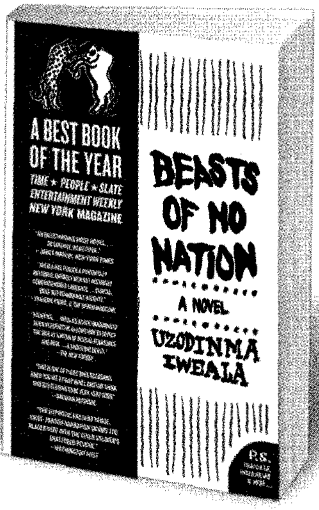
"Winchester delves into scientific theory and then spellbinds us with details of the great quake."
—*Miami Herald*

LITERARY:**FICTION**



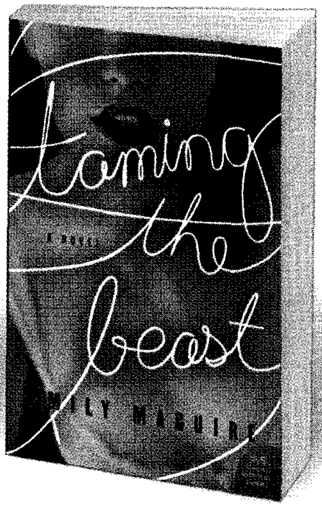
INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER
THE YACOUBIAN BUILDING
A NOVEL
ALAA AL ASWANY

"Captivating and controversial—an amazing glimpse of modern Egyptian society and culture."
—*New York Review of Books*



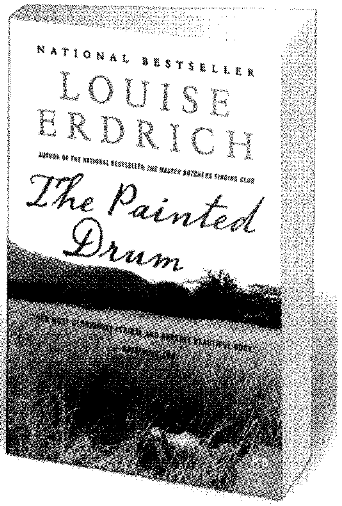
A BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR
BEASTS OF NO NATION
A NOVEL
UZODINMA IWEALA

"Haunting.... Iweala's acute imagining of Agu's perspective allows him to depict the war as a mesh of bestial pleasures and pain.... A startling debut."
—*The New Yorker*



Taming the beast
A NOVEL

"...powerfully written... shockingly compelling."
—*The Observer*



NATIONAL BESTSELLER
LOUISE ERDRICH
The Painted Drum

"Erdrich moves effortlessly between the Anglo and Indian worlds, telling her story in a style both lyric and precise."
—*San Francisco Chronicle*

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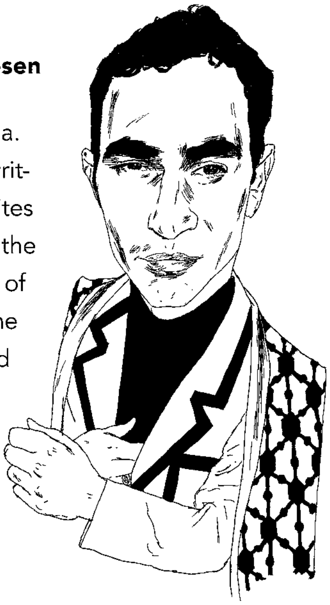
Zac Posen



Fashion Designers of America.

Judith Thurman is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and writes the In Fashion column for the magazine. She is the author of the biographies "Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette" and "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller." Most recently, she profiled the designer Cristóbal Balenciaga in the July 3rd issue.

1 P.M. $75
The meeting place will be indicated on the tickets.

Come Hungry

Calvin Trillin leads his sixth annual gastronomic walking tour of downtown, sharing his favorite eateries and culminating in a dim-sum banquet in Chinatown.

Calvin Trillin has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* for more than forty years. His many books include the collection "Feeding a Yen: Savoring Local Specialties, from Kansas City to Cuzco." In the magazine, he has written on subjects ranging from the South African snoek fish to the perfect pumpernickel bagel. His most recent *New Yorker* piece, "Alice, Off the Page," appeared in the March 27th issue.

1 P.M. $100
The starting point will be indicated on the tickets.

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Jon Stewart interviewed by David Remnick

Jon Stewart is the host of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart," on Comedy Central, which has won seven Emmy Awards as well as two Peabody Awards for its coverage of the 2000 and 2004 Presidential elections. He is the author of "Naked Pictures of Famous People," a collection of humorous essays, and co-author of "The Daily Show with Jon Stewart Presents America (The Book): A Citizen's Guide to Democracy Inaction."

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker.*

4 P.M. $50
Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

(The New Yorker will donate all ticket proceeds it receives from this event to the U.S.O. of Metropolitan New York, a private, nonprofit organization whose mission is to provide morale, welfare, and recreational services to American men and women in uniform; and to the Committee to Protect Journalists, an independent, nonprofit organization founded in 1981 to promote press freedom worldwide by defending the rights of journalists to report the news without fear of reprisal.)

NEW YORKER TALKS

Mohammed Naseehu Ali: Blinding the Seer: Our Love / Hate Relationship with Prophets

Mohammed Naseehu Ali is a native of Ghana and is the son of the late Emir of the Kumasi Zongo. He has published a story collection, "The Prophet of Zongo Street," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker.* A musician as well as a writer, he plays the djembe and the talking drum. He is currently at work on his first novel.

10 A.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Malcolm Gladwell: The Case Against Secrets

Malcolm Gladwell is a staff writer at *The New Yorker.* His

Jon Stewart

1996 *New Yorker* article "The Tipping Point" became the basis for his book of the same title. He is also the author of "Blink." Most recently, in the August 28th issue, he wrote about the problems facing the American pension system.

1 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

Zadie Smith:
How to Fail Better

Zadie Smith is the author of three novels: "White Teeth," which won the 2000 Whitbread First Novel Award; "The Autograph Man," which won the Jewish Quarterly Wingate Literary Prize; and "On Beauty," which won the 2006 Orange Prize for Fiction. She is currently at work on a book of essays on ethical thought in twentieth-century fiction. She has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1999.

4 P.M. 37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

MASTER CLASSES

Master Class in Editing

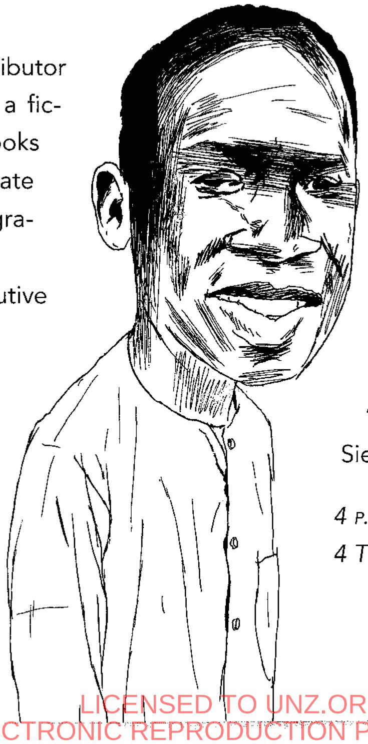
With **Roger Angell**, **Dorothy Wickenden**, and **Daniel Zalewski**.

Roger Angell has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1944 and a fiction editor since 1956. His many books include "The Summer Game" and "Late Innings," and, this year, an autobiography, "Let Me Finish."

Dorothy Wickenden is the executive editor of *The New Yorker.*

Daniel Zalewski is the features editor at *The New Yorker.*

10 A.M. Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square
(Entrance on 43rd Street)



Mohammed Naseehu Ali

Master Class in Criticism

With **Hilton Als** and **Anthony Lane**.

Hilton Als is a theatre critic at *The New Yorker* and has received a George Jean Nathan Award for drama criticism. He is the author of "The Group," about the novelist James Baldwin, and "The Women," a collection of essays on gender and race. His *New Yorker* article on the cinematographer Gregg Toland appeared in the June 19th issue.

Anthony Lane joined *The New Yorker* in 1993 as a film critic. He has published a collection, "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker." A recipient of a National Magazine Award for Reviews and Criticism, he has written on subjects ranging from Lego and cookbooks to a sing-along screening of "The Sound of Music."

1 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

Master Class in Cartooning

With **Matthew Diffee** and **Edward Koren**.

Matthew Diffee has contributed more than a hundred cartoons to *The New Yorker.* He is the editor of "The Rejection Collection," which is out in October and features cartoons that were not bought by the magazine. He is the co-creator of "The Rejection Show," a monthly Off Broadway comedy series showcasing the failures of otherwise successful comic writers and performers.

Edward Koren has contributed cartoons and cover illustrations to *The New Yorker* since 1962. His drawings have appeared in numerous group exhibitions and one-man shows. He has published six collections, including "Quality Time: Parenting, Progeny, and Pets," "What About Me?," and "Caution: Small Ensembles." Most recently, he illustrated the children's book "Thelonius Monster's Sky-High Fly-Pie," by Judy Sierra, which came out in May.

4 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square (Entrance on 43rd Street)

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BOOK SIGNINGS

SATURDAY

11 A.M.

T. Coraghessan Boyle – "Talk Talk"
Edward P. Jones – "All Aunt Hagar's Children: Stories"

12 NOON

Andy Borowitz – "The Republican Playbook"
Matthew Diffee (editor) – "The Rejection Collection: Cartoons You Never Saw, and Never Will See, in The New Yorker"
Featuring: **Marisa Acocella Marchetto**, **Danny Shanahan**, **David Sipress**, **Barbara Smaller**, **Gahan Wilson**, and **Jack Ziegler**

1 P.M.

Elizabeth Kolbert – "Field Notes from a Catastrophe: Man, Nature and Climate Change"

2 P.M.

Thomas McGuane – "Gallatin Canyon: Stories"
Antonya Nelson – "Some Fun: Stories and a Novella"

3 P.M.

Julian Barnes – "Arthur & George"
Andrea Lee – "Lost Hearts in Italy: A Novel"

4 P.M.

Jeffrey Goldberg – "Prisoners: A Muslim and a Jew Across the Middle East Divide"
David Remnick – "Reporting: Writings from The New Yorker"

SUNDAY

11 A.M.

Calvin Trillin – "A Heckuva Job: More of the Bush Administration in Rhyme"

12 NOON

Monica Ali – "Alentejo Blue: Fiction"
Gary Shteyngart – "Absurdistan: A Novel"

1 P.M.

Roz Chast – "Theories of Everything: Selected, Collected, and Health-Inspected Cartoons by Roz Chast, 1978-2006"

2 P.M.

Lawrence Wright – "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11"

3 P.M.

Donald Antrim – "The Afterlife: A Memoir"
George Saunders – "In Persuasion Nation: Stories"

4 P.M.

Bill Buford – "Heat: An Amateur's Adventures as Kitchen Slave, Line Cook, Pasta-Maker, and Apprentice to a Dante-Quoting Butcher in Tuscany"
Nora Ephron – "I Feel Bad About My Neck: And Other Thoughts on Being a Woman"

All programming is subject to change. For up-to-date information, please visit festival.newyorker.com. Tickets available at 12 noon E.S.T. on September 7th, at ticketmaster.com, at all ***ticketmaster*** outlets, or by calling 1.877.391.0545. All ticket orders are subject to service charges.

Production services provided by the Overland Entertainment Company.

VENUES

(Please note that age restrictions apply for some evening events.)

Ailey Citigroup Theatre
405 West 55th Street

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

BargeMusic
Fulton Ferry Landing at
Old Fulton Street, Brooklyn

Bowery Poetry Club
308 Bowery

Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library
Entrance on 42nd Street between
Fifth and Sixth Avenues

Condé Nast Auditorium
4 Times Square
Entrance on 43rd Street

Culinary Loft
515 Broadway

Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Explorers Club
46 East 70th Street

Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street
(Tickets are also available at the F.I.A.F. box office.)

Italian Wine Merchants
108 East 16th Street

Lexington Classic Cruiser
New York Skyports Marina
East 23rd Street and the East River

Newspace
530 West 21st Street

Supper Club
240 West 47th Street
(You must be 21 to be admitted to evening events at this venue.)

37 Arts
450 West 37th Street

T New York
240 West 52nd Street
(You must be 21 to be admitted to this venue.)

Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

HEADQUARTERS

The New Yorker Festival headquarters is at the Union Square Barnes & Noble Booksellers, 33 East 17th Street. There you can find additional information on Festival programs and purchase last-minute available tickets. You may also purchase books and DVDs by New Yorker and Festival contributors. The headquarters will be open on Friday from 3 to 10 P.M., on Saturday from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., and on Sunday from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

SCHEDULE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6

FICTION NIGHT
Monica Ali and Aleksandar Hemon
7 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre ($16)

Donald Antrim and Tobias Wolff
7 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($16)

Yiyun Li and Edwidge Danticat
7 P.M. Bowery Poetry Club ($16)

Lorrie Moore and Julian Barnes
7 P.M. Newspace ($16)

Antonya Nelson and Thomas McGuane
7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives ($16)

Uwem Akpan and Louise Erdrich
9:30 P.M. Bowery Poetry Club ($16)

Charles D'Ambrosio and Sherman Alexie
9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives ($16)

Andrea Lee and T. Coraghessan Boyle
9:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($16)

Jonathan Safran Foer and Edward P. Jones
9:30 P.M. Newspace ($16)

Gary Shteyngart and George Saunders
9:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre ($16)

THE NEW YORKER TOWN HALL MEETING
7 P.M. Town Hall ($10)

A NEW YORKER DANCE PARTY
10 P.M. to 2 A.M. T New York ($20)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7

WRITERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS

Manolo Blahnik and Michael Specter
1 P.M. Supper Club ($25)

The Honorable Stephen Breyer and Jeffrey Toobin
4 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library ($25)

A poetry reading by John Ashbery
4 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Roz Chast interviewed by Steve Martin
10 A.M. Supper Club ($25)

Calvin Trillin interviewed by Mark Singer
10 A.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library ($25)

Tom Stoppard interviewed by John Lahr
1 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

Garry Kasparov interviewed by David Remnick
1 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Pedro Almodóvar interviewed by David Denby
4 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

NEW YORKER TALKS

Oliver Sacks:
Revisiting "Awakenings"
10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

Anthony Lane:
This Is Not Acting: Ava Gardner and the Mysteries of Stardom
1 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

PANELS

Global Warming
10 A.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Midterm Elections
10 A.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Fiction Into Film
10 A.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

Winning the War on Terror
1 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum
The New York Public Library ($25)

TV, Movies, and the Mob
1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

Fake News
4 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Medical Breakthroughs: The New Frontier
4 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

ABOUT TOWN

What You Can Do with Boiling Water: Mario Batali talks with Bill Buford
1 P.M. Italian Wine Merchants ($125)

EARLY SHIFT

Steve Coogan talks with George Saunders
7:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($35)

Milos Forman talks with David Denby
7:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($35)

PJ Harvey talks with Hilton Als:
A Conversation with Music
7:30 P.M. Supper Club ($35)

Liev Schreiber talks with John Lahr
7:30 P.M. Newspace ($35)

NEW YORKER TALKS

Lawrence Wright:
"My Trip to Al-Qaeda"
8:30 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

LATE SHIFT

Mason Bates, Corey Dargel, Nico Muhly, and Joanna Newsom talk with Alex Ross: A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. BargeMusic ($35)

Randy Newman talks with Susan Morrison: A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. Supper Club ($35)

The New Pornographers talk with James Surowiecki:
A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. Newspace ($35)

Gustavo Santaolalla talks with Jon Lee Anderson:
A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($35)

Saturday Night Sneak Preview: "Borat: Cultural Learnings of America for Make Benefit Glorious Nation of Kazakhstan"
10 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($15)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8

ABOUT TOWN

Cruising Manhattan: An architectural boat tour with Paul Goldberger
10:30 A.M. Lexington Classic Cruiser
New York Skyports Marina ($75)

Sunday Matinée with Simon Schama
11 A.M. Directors Guild of America (Free)

To the Ends of the Earth: An explorers' brunch
1 P.M. Explorers Club ($75)

My Life in Three Courses: Nora Ephron talks with Ken Auletta
1 P.M. Culinary Loft ($75)

Inside the House of Zac: Zac Posen talks with Judith Thurman
1 P.M. The meeting place will be indicated on the tickets. ($75)

Come Hungry
1 P.M. The starting point will be indicated on the tickets. ($100)

IN CONVERSATION WITH

Jon Stewart interviewed by David Remnick
4 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($50)

NEW YORKER TALKS

Mohammed Naseehu Ali:
Blinding the Seer: Our Love / Hate Relationship with Prophets
10 A.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Malcolm Gladwell:
The Case Against Secrets
1 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

Zadie Smith:
How to Fail Better
4 P.M. 37 Arts ($25)

MASTER CLASSES

Editing: Roger Angell, Dorothy Wickenden, and Daniel Zalewski
10 A.M. Condé Nast Auditorium ($25)

Criticism: Hilton Als and Anthony Lane
1 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium ($25)

Cartooning: Matthew Diffee and Edward Koren
4 P.M. Condé Nast Auditorium ($25)

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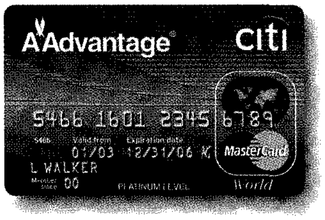

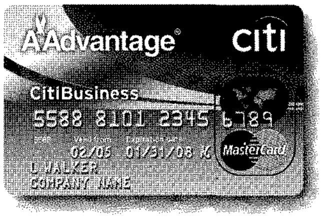

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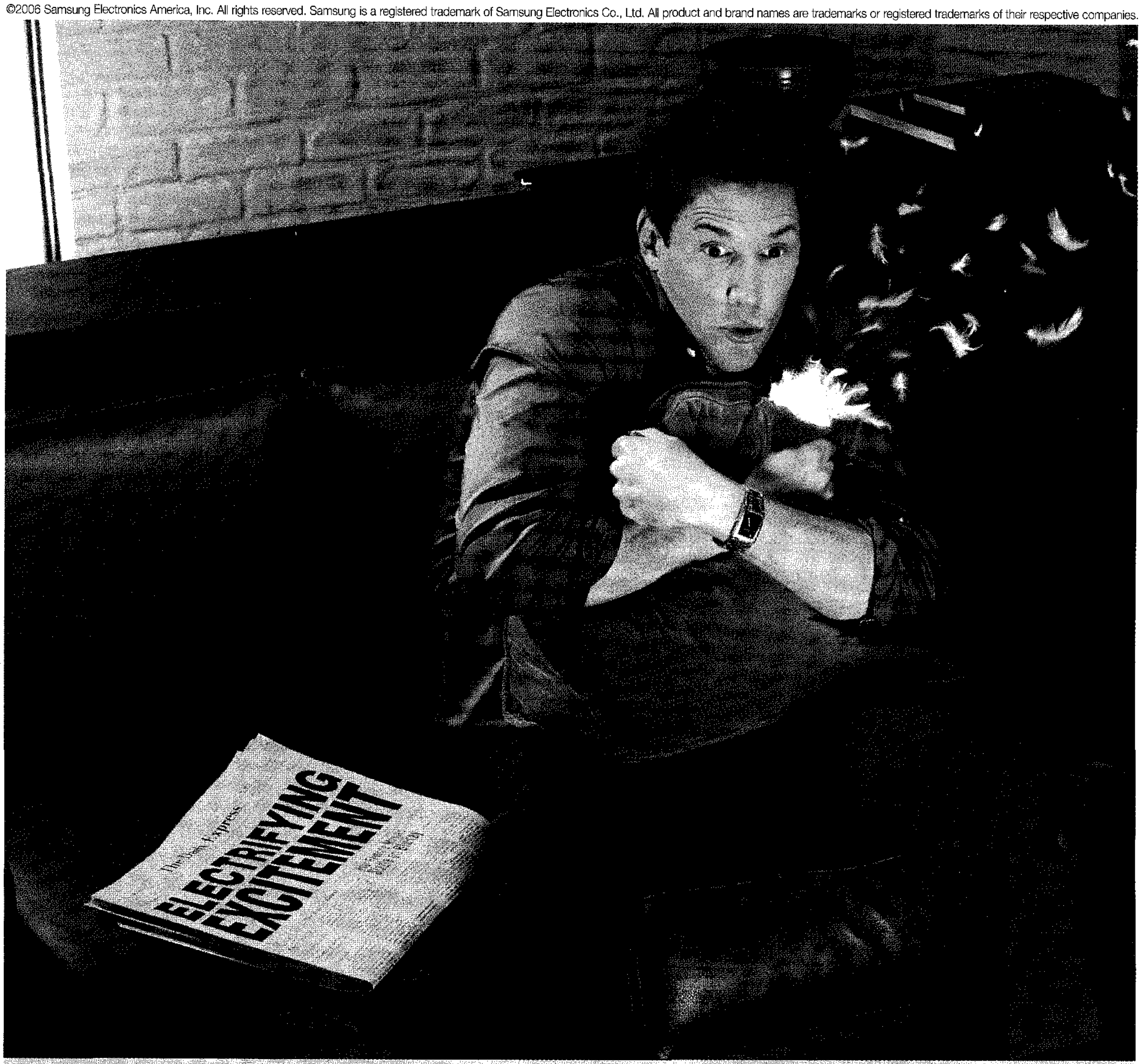

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had become closer to figures in the more radical Palestinian factions.

Last month, however, Barghouti's wife, Fadwa, who serves as his spokesperson, told me that her husband's understanding of the conflict remains unchanged. "He has always said the Palestinian people have a right to resistance, but that the only solution for this region is two states for two peoples," she said. Fadwa Barghouti, a round-faced woman who is a lawyer by training, seemed haggard when I met her; since the start of this summer's wars, Israeli authorities have not allowed her to see her husband. She has been able to visit her son, Qassam, a twenty-year-old who has been held without charge by the Israelis for the past three years. "It's just a way of putting pressure on Marwan, I think," she said of her son's arrest.

I asked Fadwa if she thought that the twin successes of the Muslim rejectionists—Hamas's electoral victory in January, and Hezbollah's military achievements against Israel—have made it more difficult for advocates of compromise with Israel to be heard. "Not if the message is being said by someone with Marwan's credibility," she said. "The fact that he is a resistance figure means that people will listen to him when he speaks about compromise and negotiation."

Of course, the Palestinian idea of what constitutes compromise has not often matched the Israeli idea. Barghouti, for one, has spoken about the right of Palestinians who became refugees in 1948—and, by extension, their families—to return to their ancestral homes inside Israel. This would mean the end of Israel as a Jewish state, so it is unacceptable to most Israelis. But other Palestinian moderates have said that the refugees could be settled on the West Bank and in Gaza. "Everything is still open for discussion," Hisham Abdel Razek told me. He is a former Palestinian minister of prisoner affairs, and one of the most prominent voices for moderation in Gaza. "Right now, emotions are in charge, but that can change," he said. "I was emotional myself once." He looked down at his hands, which were scarred thirty years ago when a bomb that he was trying to plant in the Israeli town of Rishon LeZion exploded prematurely. He served twenty-one years in prison for that attempt.

Like many Palestinian moderates, Razek blames Israel for the weakness of Fatah. "Israel doesn't help the situation at all," he said. "It has strengthened Hamas and Hezbollah in so many different ways, and they never try to strengthen the moderate camp." He said that Sharon's refusal to acknowledge that Arafat's successors might have been more willing to make the hard compromises necessary for peace was a mistake. He added, "If the pullout from Gaza had been done as part of a negotiation with the Palestinian Authority, Fatah would still be in power here. Hamas would have lost. But Hamas appeals to the emotions, not to the intellect."

There is little reason to believe that Mahmoud Abbas, Arafat's successor, could have made a durable pact with Israel. He is considered by both sides to be ineffective. But Ariel Sharon virtually assured Abbas's failure, and Hamas's rise to power, by refusing to enter into negotiations with him. The battle between Fatah and Hamas might be the crucial war for Israel's future. In the short term, Israel's struggle with Iran is more consequential, but the possibility of a permanent peace hinges directly on the ability of Fatah moderates to convince Palestinians that Hamas's path is self-defeating.

"There's no alternative except negotiations," Rafiq Hamdouna, a former Fatah leader who heads an organization of Palestinians who have served time in Israeli jails, told me last month. "The only realistic solution is a two-state solution. There are many people here who believe this." But he added that the Israeli siege, the temptations of violent death, and Hezbollah's example have made it difficult for Palestinians to recognize the advantages of unheroic compromise.

"My son Basel came to me one day and said he wanted to be a martyr bomber," he told me. "I had to keep calm. I said to him, 'Basel, do you know what happens when you blow yourself up?' He just looked at me. I said, 'You don't go to Heaven. You go into a hole in the ground, and you get covered up with dirt.' " I was reminded of Abu Hussein, the Qassam commander in Beit Hanoun, who had had a very different answer for his son. "Every father in Gaza has the same conversation with his sons," Hamdouna said. "Every father faces this." ♦

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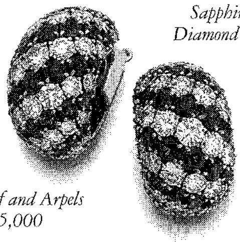
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ANNALS OF TERRORISM

THE MASTER PLAN

For the new theorists of jihad, Al Qaeda is just the beginning.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

Even as members of Al Qaeda watched in exultation while the Twin Towers fell and the Pentagon burned on September 11, 2001, they realized that the pendulum of catastrophe was swinging in their direction. Osama bin Laden later boasted that he was the only one in the group's upper hierarchy who had anticipated the magnitude of the wound that Al Qaeda inflicted on America, but he also admitted that he was surprised by the towers' collapse. His goal, for at least five years, had been to goad America into invading Afghanistan, an ambition that had caused him to continually raise the stakes—the simultaneous bombings of the United States Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, in August, 1998, followed by the attack on an American warship in the harbor of Aden, Yemen, in October, 2000. Neither of those actions had led the United States to send troops to Afghanistan. After the attacks on New York and Washington, however, it was clear that there would be an overwhelming response. Al Qaeda members began sending their families home and preparing for war.

Two months later, the Taliban government in Afghanistan, which had given sanctuary to bin Laden, was routed, and the Al Qaeda fighters in Tora Bora were pummelled. Although bin Laden and his chief lieutenants escaped death or capture, nearly eighty per cent of Al Qaeda's members in Afghanistan were killed. Worse, Al Qaeda's cause was repudiated throughout the world, even in Muslim countries, where the indiscriminate murder of civilians and the use of suicide operatives were denounced as being contrary to Islam. The remnants of the organization scattered and were on the run. Al Qaeda was essentially dead.

From hiding places in Iran, Yemen, Iraq, and the tribal areas of western Pakistan, Al Qaeda's survivors lamented their failed strategy. Abu al-Walid al-Masri, a senior leader of Al Qaeda's inner council, later wrote that Al Qaeda's experience in Afghanistan was "a tragic example of an Islamic movement managed in an alarmingly meaningless way." He went on, "Everyone knew that their leader was leading them to the abyss and even leading the entire country to utter destruction, but they continued to carry out his orders faithfully and with bitterness."

In June, 2002, bin Laden's son Hamzah posted a message on an Al Qaeda Web site: "Oh, Father! Where is the escape and when will we have a home? Oh, Father! I see spheres of danger everywhere I look. . . . Tell me, Father, something useful about what I see."

"Oh, son!" bin Laden replied. "Suffice to say that I am full of grief and sighs. . . . I can only see a very steep path ahead. A decade has gone by in vagrancy and travel, and here we are in our tragedy. Security has gone, but danger remains."

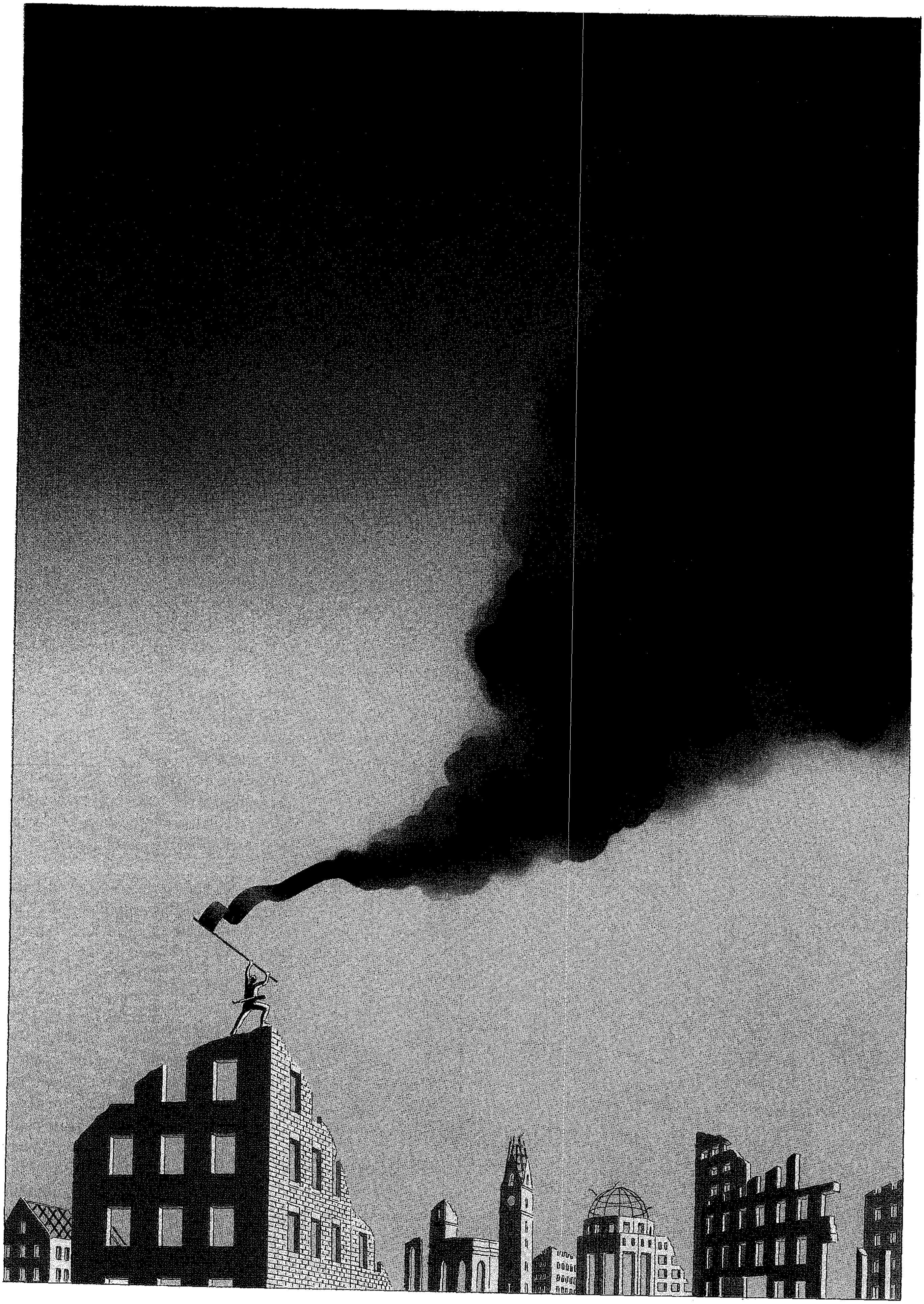
In the view of Abu Musab al-Suri, a Syrian who had been a member of Al Qaeda's inner council, and who is a theorist of jihad, the greatest loss was not the destruction of the terrorist organization but the downfall of the Taliban, which meant that Al Qaeda no longer had a place to train, organize, and recruit. The expulsion from Afghanistan, Suri later wrote, was followed by "three meager years which we spent as fugitives," dodging the international dragnet by "moving between safe houses and hideouts." In 2002, he fled to eastern Iran, where bin Laden's son Saad and Al Qaeda's security chief, Saif al-Adl, had also taken refuge. There was a five-million-dollar bounty on his head. In this moment of exile and defeat, he began to conceive the future of jihad.

Suri was born into a middle-class family in Aleppo, Syria, in 1958, the year of bin Laden's birth. Red-haired and sturdily built, he has a black belt in judo; his real name is Mustafa Setmariam Nasar. He became involved in politics at the University of Aleppo, where he studied engineering. Later, he moved to Jordan, where he joined the Muslim Brotherhood, an Islamist group that opposed Syria's dictator, Hafez al-Assad. In 1982, Assad decided that the Brotherhood posed a threat to his authority, and his troops slaughtered as many as thirty thousand people in the city of Hama, one of the group's strongholds. The ruthlessness of Assad's response shocked Suri. He renounced the Brotherhood, which he held responsible for provoking the destruction of Hama, and took refuge in Europe for several years. In 1985, he moved to Spain, where he married and became a Spanish citizen; two years later, he found his way to Afghanistan, where he met Osama bin Laden.

The two men have had a contentious relationship. Although Suri became a member of Al Qaeda's inner council, he grew disillusioned by the fecklessness and the disorganization that characterized Al Qaeda's training camps in Afghanistan. "People come to us with empty heads and leave us with empty heads," he wrote. "They have done nothing for Islam. This is because they have not received any ideological or doctrinal training."

In 1992, he moved back to Spain, where he helped to establish a terrorist cell that played a part in the planning of September 11th. Two years later, Suri moved to England. He soon became a fixture in the Islamist press in London, writing articles for the magazine *Al Ansar*, which promoted the insurgency in Algeria that resulted in more than a hundred thousand deaths. The magazine's editor was Abu Qatada, a Palestinian cleric who has been characterized as Al Qaeda's spiritual guide in Europe. *Al Ansar* was, in many ways, the first jihadi think tank; Suri and other strategists suggested tac-

One ideologue writes that the next stage will be "leaderless resistance," which will prepare the ground for war on "open fronts."



GUY BILLOUT

tics for undermining the despotic regimes in the Arab world, and they promoted attacks on the West even as American and European intelligence agencies were largely unaware of the threat that the Islamist movement posed.

Jamal Khashoggi, a Saudi journalist who is currently the press aide to the Saudi Ambassador in Washington, Prince Turki al-Faisal, met Qatada and Suri in the early nineties. They struck him as far more radical than Osama bin Laden; at the time, Al Qaeda was primarily an anti-Communist organization. "Osama was in the moderate camp," Khashoggi recalled recently. He coined the phrase "Salafi jihadis" to describe men, such as Abu Qatada and Suri, who had been influenced by Salafism, the puritanical, fundamentalist strain of Islam. "Osama was flirting with these ideas," Khashoggi said. "He was not the one who originated the radical thinking that came to characterize Al Qaeda. He joined these men, rather than the other way around. His organization became the vehicle for their thinking."

Suri later wrote about bin Laden's conversion to his ideas, which took place after bin Laden returned to Afghanistan, in 1996. Salafi jihadis spoke with him about a situation that angered him deeply: the presence of American troops on the holy soil of the Arabian Peninsula. Corrupt Islamic scholars had lent their authority to the Saudi royal family, the jihadis argued, and the royal family, in turn, had given legitimacy to the American incursion. There were two possible solutions: either attack the royal family—which would likely anger the Saudi people—or strike at the American presence. "This would force the Saudi family to defend it, thereby losing its own legitimacy in the eyes of Muslims," Suri writes. "Bin Laden chose the second option."

Suri believed that the jihadi movement had nearly been extinguished by the drying up of financial resources, the killing or capture of many terrorist leaders, the loss of safe havens, and the increasing international coöperation among police agencies. (The British authorities were pursuing him as a suspect in the 1995 Paris Métro bombings.) Accordingly, he saw the Taliban's takeover of Afghanistan, in 1996, as a "golden opportunity," and he went there the following year. He set up a military camp in Afghanistan, and experimented with chemical weapons. He also arranged bin Laden's first television interview with CNN. The journalist Peter Bergen, who spent several days in Suri's company while producing the segment, and who recently published an oral history, "The Osama bin Laden I Know," recalled, "He was tough and really smart. He seemed like a real intellectual, very conversant with history, and he had an intense seriousness of purpose. He certainly impressed me more than bin Laden."

In 1999, Suri sent bin Laden an e-mail accusing him of endangering the Taliban regime with his highly theatrical attacks on American targets. And he mocked bin Laden's love of publicity: "I think our brother has caught the disease of screens, flashes, fans, and applause." In his writings, Suri rarely mentioned Al Qaeda and disavowed any direct connection to it, despite having served on its inner council. He preferred to speak more broadly of jihad, which he saw as a social movement, encompassing "all those who bear weapons—individuals, groups, and organizations—and wage jihad on the enemies of Islam." By 2000, he had begun predicting the end of Al Qaeda, whose preëminence he portrayed as a stage in the development of the worldwide Islamist uprising. "Al Qaeda is not an organization, it is not a group, nor do we want it to be," he writes. "It is a call, a reference, a methodology." Eventually, its leadership would be eliminated, he said. (Suri himself was captured in Pakistan in November, 2005. American intelligence sources confirmed that Suri is in the custody of another country but refused to disclose his exact location.) In the time that remained to Al Qaeda, he argued, its main goal should be to stimulate other groups around the world to join the jihadi movement. His legacy, as he saw it, was to codify the doctrines that animated Islamist jihad, so that Muslim youths of the future could discover the cause and begin their own, spontaneous religious war.

In 2002, Suri, in his hideout in Iran, began writing his defining work, "Call for Worldwide Islamic Resistance," which is sixteen hundred pages long and was published on the Internet in December, 2004. Didactic and repetitive, but also ruthlessly candid, the book dissects the faults of the jihadi movement and lays out a plan for the future of the struggle. The goal, he writes, is "to bring about the largest number of human and material casualties possible for America and its allies." He specifically targets Jews, "Westerners in general," the members of the NATO alliance, Russia, China, atheists, pagans, and hypocrites, as well as "any type of external enemy." (The proliferation of adversaries mirrors Al Qaeda's hatred of all other ideologies.)

"Get down to sales and move the goalposts."

"It's a shopping list from the raccoons."

And yet, at the same time, he bitterly blames Al Qaeda for dragging the entire jihadi movement into an unequal battle that it is likely to lose. Unlike most jihadi theorists, Suri acknowledges the setback caused by September 11th. He laments the demise of the Taliban, which he and other Salafi jihadis considered the modern world's only true Islamic government. America's "war on terror," he complains, doesn't discriminate between Al Qaeda adherents and Muslims in general. "Many loyal Muslims," he writes, believe that the September 11th attacks "justified the American assault and have given it a legitimate rationale for reoccupying the Islamic world." But Suri goes on to argue that America's plans for international domination were already evident "in the likes of Nixon and Kissinger," and that this agenda would have been pursued without the provocation of September 11th. Moreover, the American attack on Afghanistan was not really aimed at capturing or killing bin Laden; its true goal was to sweep away the Taliban and eliminate the rule of Islamic law.

In Suri's view, the underground terrorist movement—that is, Al Qaeda and its sleeper cells—is defunct. This approach was "a failure on all fronts," because of its inability to achieve military victory or to rally the Muslim people to its cause. He proposes that the next stage of jihad will be characterized by terrorism created by individuals or small autonomous groups (what he terms "leaderless resistance"), which will wear down the enemy and prepare the ground for the far more ambitious aim of waging war on "open fronts"—an outright struggle for territory. He explains, "Without confrontation in the field and seizing control of the land, we cannot establish a state, which is the strategic goal of the resistance."

Suri acknowledges that the "Jewish enemy, led by America and its nonbelieving, apostate, hypocritical allies," enjoys overwhelming military superiority, but he argues that the spiritual commitment of the jihadis is equally formidable. He questions Al Qaeda's opposition to democracy, which offers radical Islamists an opportunity to "secretly use this comfortable and relaxed atmosphere to spread out, reorganize their ranks, and acquire broader public bases." In many Arabic states, there is a predictable cycle of official tolerance and savage repression, which can work in favor of the Islamists. If the Islamists "open the way for political moderation," Suri writes, they will "stretch out horizontally along the base and spread. So they once again exterminate and jihad grows yet again! So then they try to open things up once again, and Islam stretches out and expands again!"

The Bush Administration has declared a "war of ideas" against Islamism, Suri observes, and has had some success; he cites the modification of textbooks in many Muslim countries. This effort, he writes, must be countered by the propagation of the jihadi creed—and this is what his book attempts to do, offering a minutely detailed account of the tenets of Salafi jihadism. Suri urges his readers to reject their own repressive governments and to rise up against Western occupation and Zionism. Although the leaders of Al Qaeda have long excused the slaughter of innocents, and many of its attacks have been directed at other Muslims, Suri specifically cautions against harming other Muslims, women and children who may be nonbelievers, and other noncombatants.

Suri addresses the issue of Israel, writing that "the Zionist presence in Palestine" is an insult to Muslims; but he also excoriates the secular Palestinian National Authority that governs the country. "Armed jihad is the only solution," he advises. "Every mujahid must wage jihad against all forms of normalization—its institutions, officials, and advocates . . . destroying them and assassinating those who rely on them . . . while paying attention not to harm Muslims by mistake."

There are five regions, according to Suri, where jihadis should focus their energies: Afghanistan, Central Asia, Yemen, Morocco, and, especially, Iraq. The American occupation of Iraq, he declares, inaugurated a "historical new period" that almost single-handedly rescued the jihadi movement just when many of its critics thought it was finished.

The invasion of Iraq posed a dilemma for Al Qaeda. Iraq is a largely Shiite nation, and Al Qaeda is composed of Sunnis who believe that the Shia are heretics. Shortly before the invasion, in March, 2003, bin Laden issued his own list of targets, which included Jordan, Morocco, Nigeria, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen—not Afghanistan or Iraq. Presumably, he regarded the chances of a Taliban resurgence as remote; moreover, he was aware that an Iraqi insurgency could ignite an Islamic civil war and lead to ethnic cleansing of the Sunni minority.

The American occupation posed a major opportunity, however, for a man named Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. A for-

"I ran out of room."

• •

mer prisoner and sex offender, he was a Bedouin from Jordan. Neither an intellectual nor a strategist, Zarqawi acted largely on brute impulse, but he was a reckless warrior who gained the respect of the Arab mujahideen when he arrived in Pakistan, in the early nineties. In Peshawar, he met a Palestinian sheikh named Abu Muhammad al-Maqdisi, who transformed him from a foot soldier in jihad to a leader who, for a time, rivalled bin Laden.

Maqdisi was already one of the most renowned ideologues of the radical Islamist movement. Incisive, unpredictable, and sharp-tempered, he has a spiritual authority and an originality that make him stand out among jihadi thinkers. His puritanism has led him to denounce many Arab rulers. In "The Evident Sacrileges of the Saudi State," his widely circulated book, Maqdisi declared a fatwa excommunicating the Saudi royal family—in essence, a license for any Muslim to murder them. (The book influenced the men who bombed a Saudi National Guard training center in Riyadh, in 1995, and also those who attacked American troops in Khobar the following year.) "Maqdisi is the most influential jihadi thinker alive," Will McCants, a fellow at West Point's Combatting Terrorism Center, told me.

Maqdisi and Zarqawi formed an immediate bond, an alliance of the man of thought and the man of action. In 1993, they returned to Jordan to start an Islamist group; the following year, both men were picked up by Jordanian authorities, who seized their weapons—grenades and a machine gun—and imprisoned them.

Jordanian prisons were full of radicals and prospective recruits, who were drawn to the cerebral sheikh and his ruthless assistant. Zarqawi soon emerged as the leader of the Islamist group, while Maqdisi continued to be the voice of authority. His decisions were often controversial; for instance, when Hamas began its suicide operations against Israel in 1994, Maqdisi denounced the attacks as un-Islamic—a position that Zarqawi supported at the time.

In March, 1999, Jordan's new king, Abdullah II, granted amnesty to political prisoners. Zarqawi went to Afghanistan, but his defiant mentor chose to stay in Jordan, where he felt that he was doing productive work. He was soon back in prison.

Unruly and independent, Zarqawi refused to swear fidelity to bin Laden, and established his own camp in western Afghanistan, populated mainly by Jordanians, Syrians, and Palestinians. He was bluntly critical of Al Qaeda's decision to wage war against America and the West rather than against corrupt Arab dictatorships.

After September 11th, Zarqawi and his followers were flushed out of Afghanistan by the invasion of the coalition forces. He took refuge in Iran and, eventually, in the Kurdish region of Iraq. In April, 2003, after the United States' invasion of Iraq, he set up a new terror group, al-Tawid wal Jihad (Monotheism and Jihad). Unlike the senior members of Al Qaeda, Zarqawi was obsessed with fighting the Shiites, "the most evil of mankind," thinking that he would unite the much larger Sunni world into a definitive conquest of what he saw as the great Islamic heresy. That August, shortly after he began his Iraq campaign, he bombed a Shiite mosque, killing a hundred and twenty-five Muslim worshippers, including the most popular Shiite politician in the country, Ayatollah Muhammad Bakr al-Hakim, who, had he lived, would probably have become Iraq's first freely elected President.

In a letter to bin Laden in January, 2004, which was intercepted by U.S. intelligence, Zarqawi explained that "if we succeed in dragging [the Shia] into the arena of sectarian war it will become possible to awaken the inattentive Sunnis as they feel imminent danger." He said that he would formally pledge allegiance to Al Qaeda if bin Laden endorsed his battle against the Shiites. Bin Laden told Zarqawi to go ahead and "use the Shiite card," perhaps because his son Saad and other Al Qaeda figures were being held in Iran, and he hoped that Zarqawi would persuade the Iranians to hand them over; he hesitated, however, to formally ally himself with Zarqawi.

Meanwhile, Zarqawi's operatives had spread into Europe, where they forged documents and smuggled illegal aliens into the continent while gathering recruits for Iraq. One of his lieutenants, Amer el-Azizi, is a suspect in the March 11, 2004, train bombings in Madrid. Like Zarqawi's organization, the Spanish cell included former prison inmates and operated more like a street gang than like the highly bureaucratic Al Qaeda. Zarqawi and his men were putting into action the vision that Abu Musab al-Suri had laid out for them: small, spontaneous groups carrying out individual acts of terror in Europe, and an open struggle for territory in Iraq.

Suicide bombings became a trademark of Zarqawi's operation, despite Maqdisi's condemnation of the practice. And Zarqawi soon improvised a more gruesome signature: in May, 2004, he was filmed decapitating Nicholas Berg, a young American contractor. The footage was posted on the Internet, and it was followed by other beheadings, along with bombings and assassinations—hundreds of them.

Within radical Islamist circles, Zarqawi's gory executions and attacks on Muslims at prayer became a source of controversy. From prison, Maqdisi chastised his former protégé. "The pure hands of jihad fighters must not be stained by shedding inviolable blood," he wrote in an article that was posted on his Web site in July, 2004. "There is no point in vengeful acts that terrify people, provoke the entire world against mujahideen, and prompt the world to fight them." Maqdisi also advised jihadis not to go to Iraq, "because it will be an inferno for them. This is, by God, the biggest catastrophe."

Zarqawi angrily refuted Maqdisi's remarks, saying that he took orders only from God; however, he was beginning to realize that his efforts in Iraq were another dead end for jihad. "The space of movement is starting to get smaller," he had written to bin Laden in June. "The grip is starting to be tightened on the holy warriors' necks and, with the spread of soldiers and police, the future is becoming frightening." Finally, bin Laden agreed to lend his influence to assist Zarqawi in drawing recruits to his cause. In October, 2004, Zarqawi announced his new job title: emir of Al Qaeda in Iraq.

From that time until he was killed by American bombs, in June, 2006, Zarqawi led a murderous campaign unmatched in the history of Al Qaeda. Before Zarqawi became a member, Al Qaeda had killed some thirty-two hundred people. Zarqawi's forces probably killed twice that number.

In July, 2005, Ayman al-Zawahiri, Al Qaeda's chief ideologue and second-in-command, attempted to steer the nihilistic Zarqawi closer to the founders' original course. In a letter, he outlined the next steps for the Iraqi jihad: "The first stage: Expel the Americans from Iraq. The second stage: Establish an Islamic authority or emirate, then develop it and support it until it achieves the level of a caliphate. . . . The third stage: Extend the jihad wave to the secular countries neighboring Iraq. The fourth stage: It may coincide with what came before—the clash with Israel, because Israel was established only to challenge any new Islamic entity."

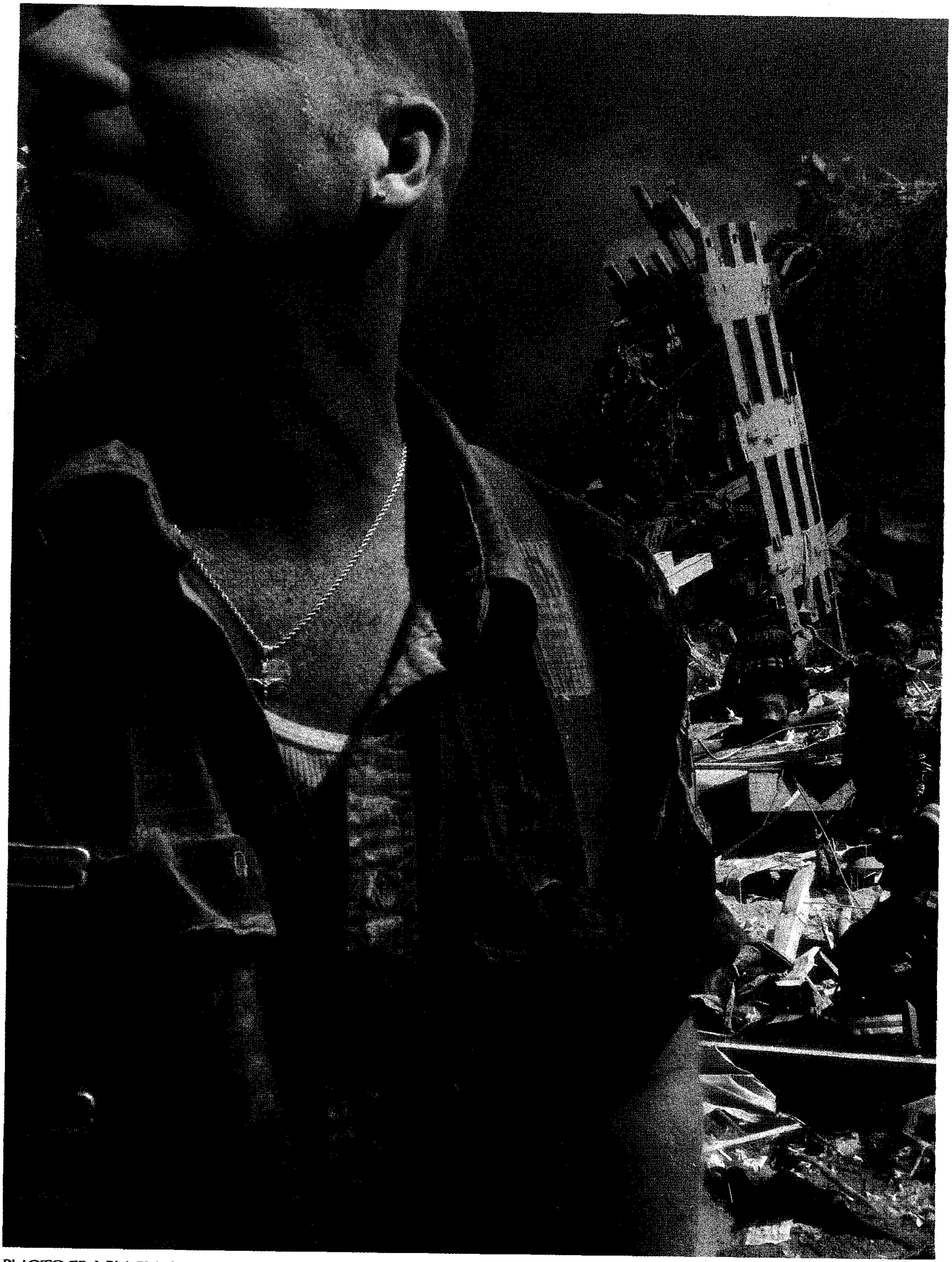
Zawahiri advised Zarqawi to moderate his attacks on Iraqi Shiites and to stop beheading hostages. "We are in a battle," Zawahiri reminded him. "And more than half of this battle is taking place in the battlefield of the media."

Zarqawi did not heed Al Qaeda's requests. As the Iraqi jihad fell into barbarism, Al Qaeda's leaders began advising their followers to go to Sudan or Kashmir, where the chances of victory seemed more promising. Al Qaeda, meanwhile, was confronting a new problem, which one of its prime thinkers, Abu Bakr Naji, had already anticipated, in an Internet document titled "The Management of Savagery."

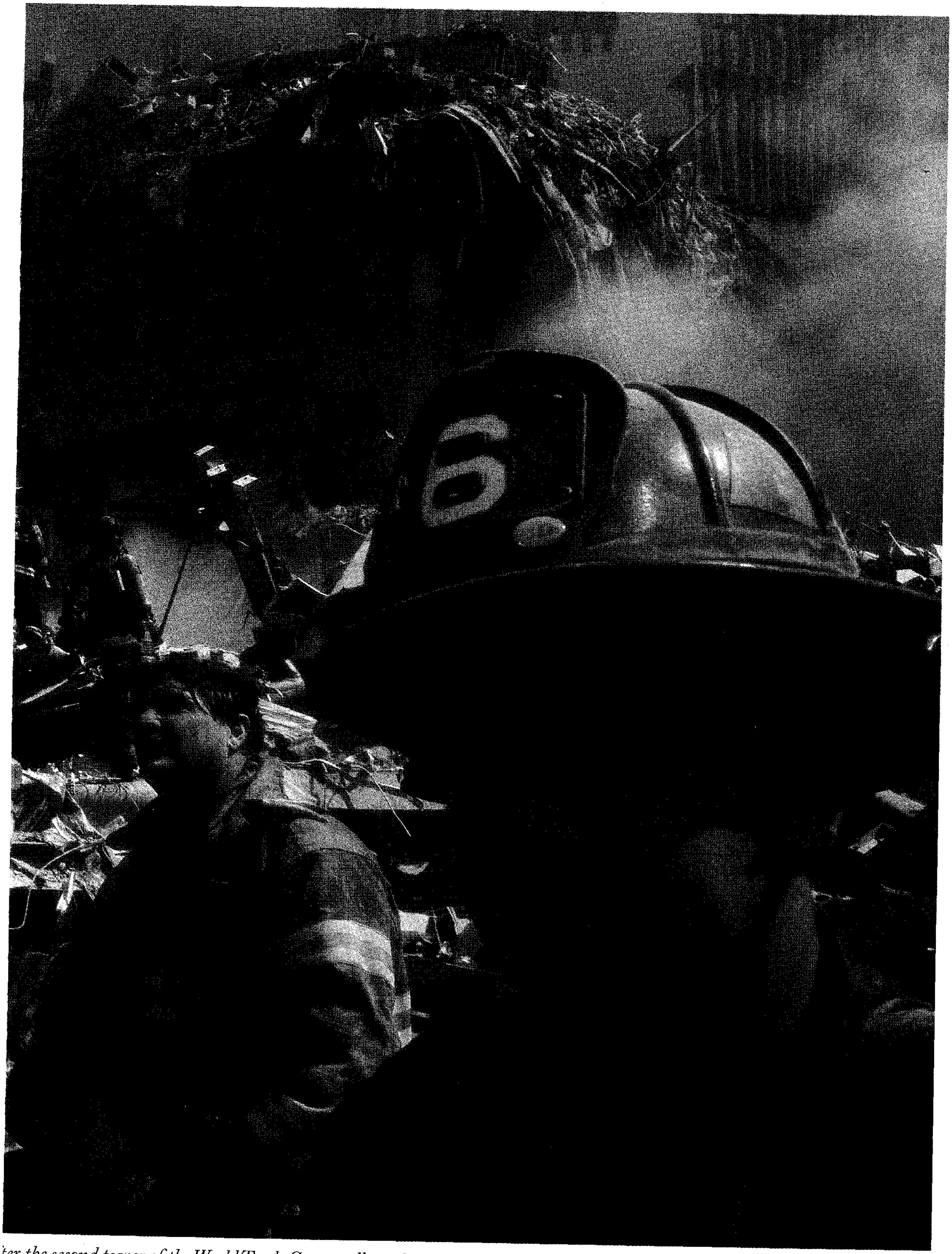
Naji's identity is unknown. Other Islamist writers have said that he was Tunisian, but a Saudi newspaper identified him as Jordanian. Will McCants, the West Point scholar, has translated Naji's work. He said that "Abu Bakr Naji" might be a collective pseudonym for various theorists of jihad. But, he added, Naji's work has appeared on *Sawt al-Jihad*, the authoritative Al Qaeda Internet magazine, meaning that it reflects the prevailing views of the organization. Other analysts are cautious about giving too much weight to Naji's words. Speaking at a conference earlier this year, David Kilcullen, the chief counterterrorism strategist at the U.S. State Department, highlighted the tendency of extremist movements to fragment into splinter groups based on ideological differences. "It's important to realize that there are numerous competing points of view within the movement," he said. "Not everything published in jihadist forums has the approval of the senior leadership."

Naji's document, which appeared in the spring of 2004, addresses the crisis and the opportunity posed by the tumult in the Arab world. "During our long journey, through victories and defeats, through the blood, severed limbs and

WHEN MOMS DANCE
Stop. You're hurting me.
R. Chst



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLINA SALGUERO *New York City firefighters at Ground Zero on September 11, 2001, immediat*



ter the second tower of the World Trade Center collapsed.

skulls, some of the movements have disappeared and some have remained," he writes. "If we meditate on the factor common to the movements which have remained, we find that there is political action in addition to military action." Many Islamist groups have disparaged the notion of politics, considering it "a filthy activity of Satan," but understanding the politics of the enemy, Naji suggests, is a necessary evil. "We urge that the leaders work to master political science just as they would work to master military science."

Naji argues that Al Qaeda's public image has suffered among Muslims because the organization has failed to carry the battle to the media. "The first step in putting our plan in place should be to focus on justifying the action rationally and through the Sharia," he says. "Second, we must communicate this justification clearly to the people and the masses such that any means or attempt to distort our action through the media is cut off."

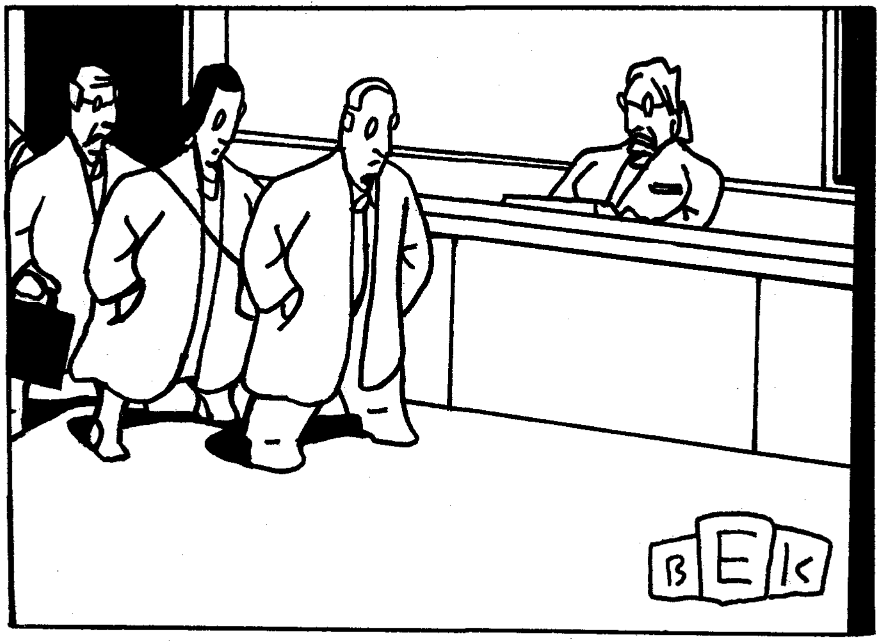
The media is especially important in the chaotic period that the jihadi movement has entered, when people are understandably offended by the carnage. "If we succeed in the management of this savagery, that stage—by the permission of God—will be a bridge to the Islamic state which has been awaited since the fall of the caliphate," he proclaims. "If we fail—we seek refuge with God from that—it does not mean an end of the matter. Rather, this failure will lead to an increase in savagery."

Naji writes in the dry, oddly temperate style that characterizes many Al Qaeda strategy studies. And, like all jihadi theorists, he embeds his analysis in the tradition of Ibn Taymiyya, the thirteenth-century Arab theologian whose ideas undergird the Salafi, or Wahhabi, tradition; bin Laden frequently refers to Ibn Taymiyya in his speeches. The remarks of bin Laden and Zawahiri play only a modest part in Naji's work. Indeed, Naji is a more attentive reader of Western thinkers: the thesis of "The Management of Savagery" is drawn from the observation of the Yale historian Paul Kennedy, in his book "Rise and Fall of the Great Powers" (1987), that imperial overreach leads to the downfall of empires.

Naji began writing his study in 1998, when the jihad movement's most promising targets appeared to be Jordan, the countries of North Africa, Nigeria, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen—roughly the same countries that bin Laden later named. Naji recommended that jihadis continually attack the vital economic centers of these countries, such as tourist sites and oil refineries, in order to make the regimes concentrate their forces, leaving their peripheries unprotected. Sensing weakness, Naji predicts, the people will lose confidence in their governments, which will respond with increasingly ineffective acts of repression. Eventually, the governments will lose control. Savagery will naturally follow, offering Islamists the opportunity to capture the allegiance of a population that is desperate for order. (Naji cites Afghanistan before the Taliban as an example.) Even though the jihadis will have caused the chaos, that fact will be forgotten as the fighters impose security, provide food and medical treatment, and establish Islamic courts of justice.

After coalition forces overran Al Qaeda compounds in Afghanistan in late 2001, they seized thousands of pages of internal memoranda, records of strategy sessions and ethical debates, and military manuals, but not a single page devoted to the politics of Al Qaeda. Alone among Al Qaeda theorists, Naji briefly addresses whether jihadis are prepared to run a state should they succeed in toppling one. He quotes a colleague who posed the question "Assuming that we get rid of the apostate regimes today, who will take over the ministry of agriculture, trade, economics, etc.?" Beyond the simplistic notion of imposing a caliphate and establishing the rule of Islamic law, the leaders of the organization appear never to have thought about the most basic facts of government. What kind of economic model would they follow? How would they cope with unemployment, so rampant in the Muslim world? Where do they stand on the environment? Health care? The truth, as Naji essentially concedes, is that the radical Islamists have no interest in government; they are interested only in jihad. In his book, Naji breezily answers his friend as follows: "It is not a prerequisite that the mujahid movement has to be prepared especially for agriculture, trade, and industry.... As for the one who manages the techniques in each ministry, he can be a paid employee who has no interest in policy and is not a member of the movement or the party. There are many examples of that and a proper explanation would take a long time."

Fouad Hussein is a radical Jordanian journalist who met Zarqawi and Maqdisi in 1996, when, he writes, "a career of trouble led me to Suwaqah Prison." He had published a series of articles criticizing the Jordanian government, and, in response, the authorities locked him up for a month. Since Zar-



"How slowly should I do this to make you the most upset?"

THE JOKE

One afternoon you skipped school
to go for a swim in the river.
There were a few older boys there
splashing around naked,
their clothes in neat piles on the bank.

That time someone hid yours as a joke.
You squatted in shallow water
pleading, while they took their time
combing their hair, getting dressed,
running off without a glance back.

Little by little it got dark and cold.
The lights went on in the city.
Still, you were going to wait a bit longer
before stepping out of the river
to make a search among the rocks—

or, if no luck, scale the embankment,
dash bare-assed over the railroad tracks,
slip mothlike past the first lamppost,
let shadows lying in wait take you home
on small streets lined with trees.

—*Charles Simic*

qawi and Maqdisi were being held at the same jail, Hussein sought out interviews with them; eventually, Zarqawi served him tea while Maqdisi talked politics. Zarqawi mentioned that he had been in solitary confinement for more than eight months and had lost his toenails as a result of being tortured. The next week, Zarqawi was sent to solitary again, and his followers staged a riot. Hussein became the negotiator between the prisoners and the warden, who relented—an episode that cemented Hussein's standing among the radical Islamists.

In 2005, Hussein produced what is perhaps the most definitive outline of Al Qaeda's master plan: a book titled "Al-Zarqawi: The Second Generation of Al Qaeda." Although it is largely a favorable biography of Zarqawi and his movement, Hussein incorporates the insights of other Al Qaeda members—notably, Saif al-Adl, the security chief.

It is chilling to read this work and realize how closely recent events seem to be hewing to Al Qaeda's forecasts. Based on interviews with Zarqawi and Adl, Hussein claims that dragging Iran into conflict with the United States is key to Al Qaeda's strategy. Expanding the area of conflict in the Middle East will cause the U.S. to overextend its forces. According to Hussein, Al Qaeda believes that Iran expects to be attacked by the U.S., because of its interest in building a nuclear weapon. "Accordingly, Iran is preparing to retaliate for or abort this strike by means of using powerful cards in its hand," he writes. These tactics include targeting oil installations in the Persian Gulf, which could cut off sixty per cent of the world's oil supplies, destabilizing Western economies.

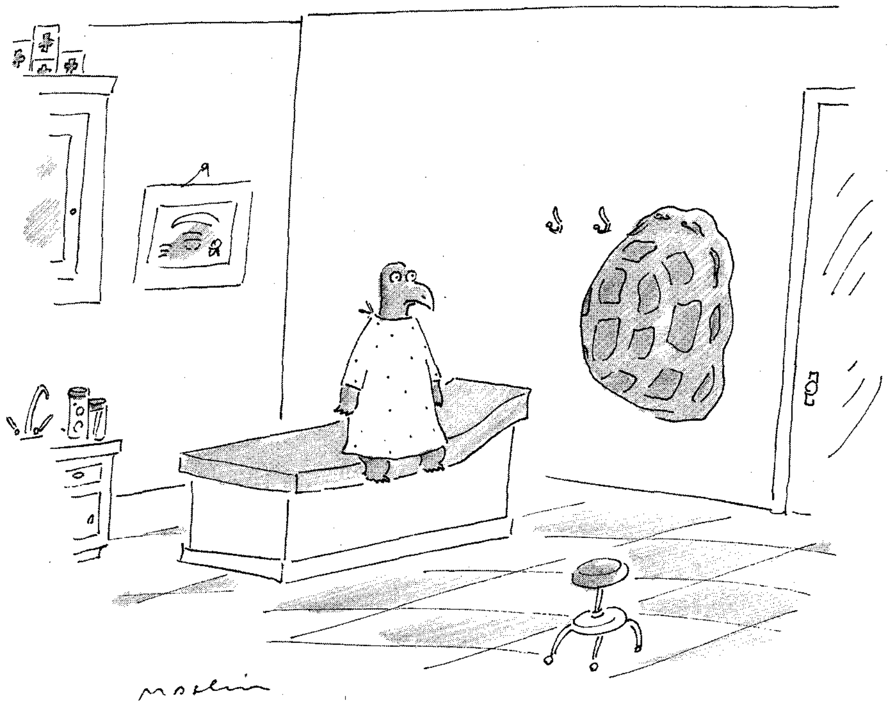
In an ominous passage, Hussein notes that "for fifteen years—or since the end of the first Gulf War—Iran has been busy building a secret global army of highly trained personnel and the necessary financial and technological capabilities to carry out any kind of mission." He is clearly referring to Hezbollah, which has so far focussed its attention on Israel. According to Hussein, "Iran has identified American and Jewish targets around the world. This secret army is led by two professional Lebanese men who have pledged full allegiance to Iran and who hold enough of a grudge against the Americans to qualify them to inflict damage on Jewish and American interests around the world."

Iran, he continues, has been cultivating good relations with other Palestinian resistance groups, including Hamas. "Iran views these parties as its entrenched wings in occupied Palestine," Hussein writes, asserting that the peace talks between Israelis and Palestinians at the Egyptian resort town of Sharm al-Sheikh in February, 2005, were secretly aimed at countering Iranian influence on the Palestinian resistance. "Al Qaeda interpreted this as the first step toward launching an attack on Iran," Hussein claims. Both the U.S. and Israel view Hezbollah, the Islamist group in Lebanon, as a creature of the Iranian state, and are intent on eliminating it. "The military campaign against Iran will begin when the United States and Israel succeed in disarming Hezbollah," Hussein predicts.

Hussein claims, without offering evidence, that Iran already has thirty thousand intelligence agents in Iraq. "Since the Americans have not succeeded in eliminating the Sunni resistance, how can they deal with the situation if the Shiites join the resistance? Iran plans to incite its proponents in Iraq to join the anti-U.S. resistance in the event that the United States or Israel launches an attack on Iran. Iran plans to open its border to the resistance and provide it with what it needs to achieve a swift and major victory against the Americans." Al Qaeda, he writes, also expects the Americans to go after Iran's principal ally in the region, Syria. The removal of the Assad regime—a longtime goal of jihadis—will allow the country to be infiltrated by Al Qaeda, putting the terrorists within reach, at last, of Israel.

Hussein observes that Al Qaeda's ideologues have studied the failure of Islamist movements in the past and concluded that they lacked concrete, realistic goals. Therefore, he writes, "Al Qaeda drew up a feasible plan within a well-defined time frame. The plan was based on improving the Islamic jihadist action in quality and quantity and expanding it to include the entire world."

Al Qaeda's twenty-year plan began on September 11th, with a stage that Hussein calls "The Awakening." The ideologues within Al Qaeda believed



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that "the Islamic nation was in a state of hibernation," because of repeated catastrophes inflicted upon Muslims by the West. By striking America—"the head of the serpent"—Al Qaeda caused the United States to "lose consciousness and act chaotically against those who attacked it. This entitled the party that hit the serpent to lead the Islamic nation." This first stage, says Hussein, ended in 2003, when American troops entered Baghdad.

The second, "Eye-Opening" stage will last until the end of 2006, Hussein writes. Iraq will become the recruiting ground for young men eager to attack America. In this phase, he argues, perhaps wishfully, Al Qaeda will move from being an organization to "a mushrooming invincible and popular trend." The electronic jihad on the Internet will propagate Al Qaeda's ideas, and Muslims will be pressed to donate funds to make up for the seizure of terrorist assets by the West. The third stage, "Arising and Standing Up," will last from 2007 to 2010. Al Qaeda's focus will be on Syria and Turkey, but it will also begin to directly confront Israel, in order to gain more credibility among the Muslim population.

In the fourth stage, lasting until 2013, Al Qaeda will bring about the demise of Arab governments. "The creeping loss of the regimes' power will lead to a steady growth in strength within Al Qaeda," Hussein predicts. Meanwhile, attacks against the Middle East petroleum industry will continue, and America's power will deteriorate through the constant expansion of the circle of confrontation. "By then, Al Qaeda will have completed its electronic capabilities, and it will be time to use them to launch electronic attacks to undermine the U.S. economy." Islamists will promote the idea of using gold as the international medium of exchange, leading to the collapse of the dollar.

Then an Islamic caliphate can be declared, inaugurating the fifth stage of Al Qaeda's grand plan, which will last until 2016. "At this stage, the Western fist in the Arab region will loosen, and Israel will not be able to carry out preëmptive or precautionary strikes," Hussein writes. "The international balance will change." Al Qaeda and the Islamist movement will attract powerful new economic allies, such as China, and Europe will fall into disunity.

The sixth phase will be a period of "total confrontation." The now established caliphate will form an Islamic Army and will instigate a worldwide fight between the "believers" and the "non-believers." Hussein proclaims, "The world will realize the meaning of real terrorism." By 2020, "definitive victory" will have been achieved. Victory, according to the Al Qaeda ideologues, means that "falsehood will come to an end. . . . The Islamic state will lead the human race once again to the shore of safety and the oasis of happiness."

Al Qaeda's version of utopia has drawn the allegiance of a new generation of Arabs, who have been tutored on the Internet by ideologues such as Suri and Naji. This "third generation of mujahideen," as Suri calls them, have been radicalized by September 11th, the occupation of Iraq, and the Palestinian intifada. (Suri wrote this before the current struggle in Lebanon.) Those jihadis fighting in the conflict in Iraq have been trained in vicious urban warfare against the most formidable army in history. They will return to their home countries and add their expertise to the new cells springing up in the Middle East, Central Asia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Malaysia, and many European nations.

With a few troublesome exceptions, America has been free of the kind of indigenous Islamist terrorism that has recently visited Britain. It is a tribute to the American Muslim community, which is more integrated into American society than its counterparts in Europe. Relatively few Muslims in the U.S. have been imprisoned, and the typical Muslim household earns more than the national average. The situation in Europe is starkly different, which means that it will be an ongoing source of trouble, and may continue to be a launching pad for the kind of attacks against America represented by the alleged plot to blow up as many as ten airliners over the Atlantic.

In 2002, the Dutch government commissioned a study of the recruits to the Islamist movement. The report, titled "Recruitment for the Jihad in the Netherlands," divides the jihadis into three groups. First are young men of Dutch descent who have converted to Islam—a phenomenon, noticed elsewhere in Europe, in which traditional forms of worship have lost their allure and radical Islam functions as an all-encompassing identity and as a form of protest. Many of these conversions take place in prison. The second category is composed mainly of illegal Arab immigrants who have little knowledge of the culture and language of their host country. The third and largest category is made up of the sons and grandsons of predominately Moroccan immigrants, native speakers of Dutch who speak little or no Arabic. This group, caught between cultures, identifies most profoundly with radical Islam.

After the murder of the filmmaker Theo van Gogh, in Amsterdam in 2004, the government published another study, "From Dawa to Jihad," detailing the threats from radical Islam. This study notes a sharp difference between "traditional" radical political Islam and what the authors term "radical-Islamic puritanism," which characterizes the new generation. Traditional radical Islam was homogeneous and organized; it had a detailed ideology with a specific vision of a non-Western alternative society. There was, in theory, a peaceful path to this idealized vision, but the traditional radical thinkers believed that this path had been cut off by the West, making jihad—which they saw as a political struggle carried out on the battlefield—the only alternative. The ideology of the new generation, comprising a mixture of ethnic identities, is alarmingly vague. Their only political goal is a return to the ideals of the seventh-century Prophet and his early successors; they spout messianic slogans about the caliphate and imposing Sharia, without a clear idea of what those goals entail. They categorically reject the possibility of a peaceful path. They believe that the world is divided between "sons of light" and "sons of darkness," and that a fight to the end is the will of God.

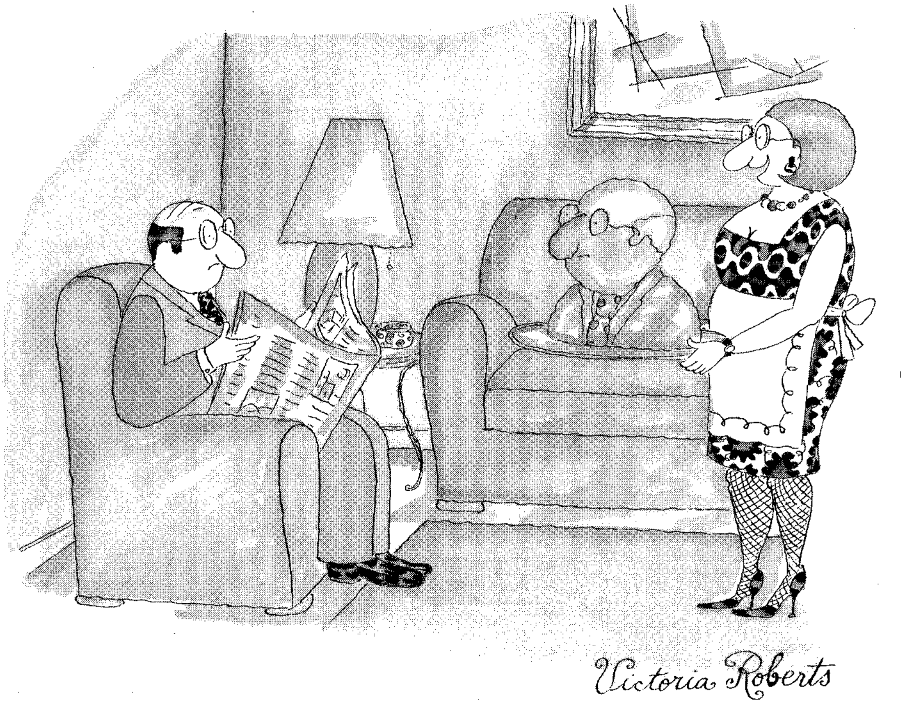
Al Qaeda's apocalyptic agenda is not shared by all Islamists. Although most jihadi groups approve of Al Qaeda's attacks on America and Europe, their own goals are often more parochial, having to do with purifying Islam and toppling regimes in their own countries which they see as heretical. Many of these groups would be happy to see Al Qaeda disappear, so that their campaigns can be understood as nationalist guerrilla struggles with specific political goals.

This rupture has grown increasingly apparent in the past five years. Sheikh Muhammad Hussein Fadlallah, Hezbollah's spiritual leader, publicly denounced the September 11th attacks and condemned Al Qaeda's use of suicide bombers, even though the tactic was employed in the 1983 attacks on the U.S. Embassy in Beirut and the barracks of American and French troops in Lebanon, both of which are believed to have been carried out by Hezbollah. After September 11th, leaders of the Egyptian Islamist organization, Gama'a Islamiya, which has worked closely with Al Qaeda in the past, publicly condemned Al Qaeda's tactics and its goals of worldwide jihad. Even some of Zawahiri's former colleagues in the Egyptian terror group he formed, Al Jihad, argue that Al Qaeda has undermined the cause of Islam by instigating anti-Muslim sentiment in the U.S. and the West.

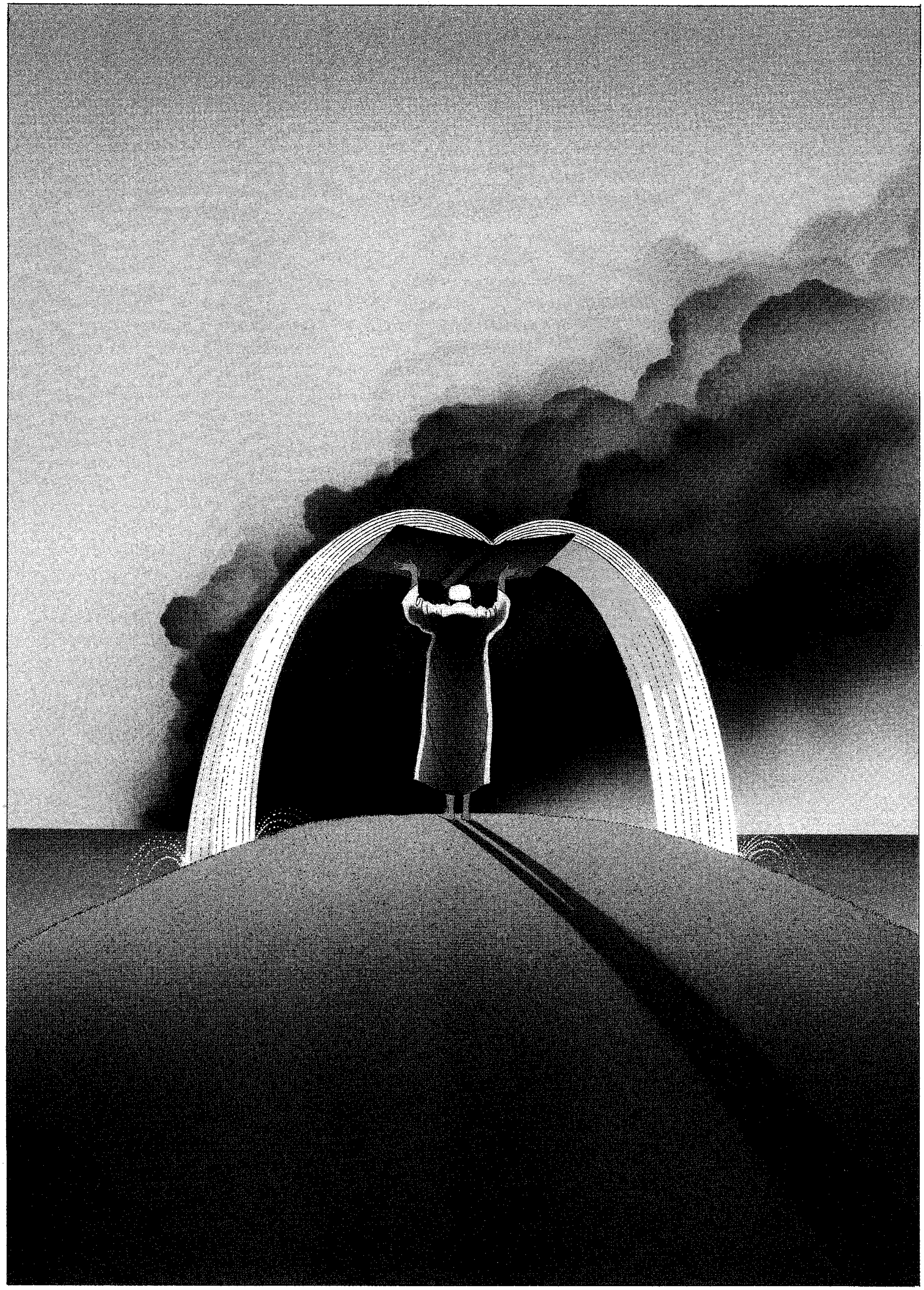
It is notable how seldom these ideologues refer to the words of bin Laden or Zawahiri, the nominal leaders of the movement, perhaps because the declarations of Al Qaeda's leadership are directed more at Americans and Europeans than at the jihadis. "Beware the scripted enemy, who plays to a global audience," David Kilcullen, the counterterrorism strategist at the State Department, wrote in a paper now being used by the U.S. military in Iraq as a handbook for dealing with the insurgency. Al Qaeda, he wrote, propagates a "single narrative" aimed at influencing the West; but each faction within the jihadi movement has its own version of this narrative, often sharply different from the message being put forward by bin Laden and Zawahiri.

Although American and European intelligence communities are aware of the jihadi texts, the work of these ideologues often reads like a playbook that U.S. policymakers have been slavishly, if inadvertently, following. "The data don't get to the top, because the decision-makers are not looking for that kind of information," a policy analyst who works closely with the American intelligence community told me. "They think they know better."

As the writings of Abu Musab al-Suri, Abu Bakr Naji, Fouad Hussein, and others make clear, the tradition of Salafi jihad existed before bin Laden and Al Qaeda and will likely survive them; yet, from the beginning of the war on terror, the strategy of the Administration has been to decapitate Al Qaeda's leadership. Bruce Hoffman, who is the author of "Inside Terrorism" and a professor at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service, told me, "One of the problems with the kill-or-capture metric is that it has often been to the exclusion of having a deeper, richer understanding of the movement, its origins, and our adversaries' mindset. The nuances are absolutely critical. Our adversaries are wedded to the ideology that informs and fuels their struggle, and, by not paying attention, we risk not knowing our enemy." ♦



"I had a bit of a quiet day, so I sculpted you in butter."



Mahmoud Muhammad Taha addressed the central dilemma of reconciling ancient sacred texts with life in the modern world.

LETTER FROM SUDAN

THE MODERATE MARTYR

A radically peaceful vision of Islam.

BY GEORGE PACKER

In 1967, a law student at the University of Khartoum named Abdullahi Ahmed an-Naim was looking for a way to spend a summer evening in his home town, a railway junction on the banks of the Nile in northern Sudan. No good movies were showing at the local cinemas, so he went with a friend to hear a public lecture by Mahmoud Muhammad Taha, an unorthodox Sudanese mystic with a small but ardent following. Taha's subject, "An Islamic Constitution: Yes and No," tantalized Naim. In the years after Sudan became independent, in 1956, the role of Islam in the state was fiercely debated by traditional Sufists, secular Marxists, and the increasingly powerful Islamists of the Muslim Brotherhood, who, at the time, were led in Sudan by Hasan al-Turabi, a legal scholar. Politically, Naim was drifting toward the left, but his upbringing in a conservative Muslim home had formed him. "I was very torn," Naim recently recalled. "I am a Muslim, but I couldn't accept Sharia"—Islamic law. "I studied Sharia and I knew what it said. I couldn't see how Sudan could be viable without women being full citizens and without non-Muslims being full citizens. I'm a Muslim, but I couldn't live with this view of Islam."

Naim's quandary over Islam was an intensely personal conflict—he called it a "deadlock." What he heard at Taha's lecture resolved it. Taha said that the Sudanese constitution needed to be reformed, in order to reconcile "the individual's need for absolute freedom with the community's need for total social justice." This political ideal, he argued, could be best achieved not through Marxism or liberalism but through Islam—that is, Islam in its original, uncorrupted form, in which women and people of other faiths were accorded equal status. As Naim listened, a profound sense of peace washed over him; he joined Taha's movement, which came to be known as the Republican Brothers, and the night that had begun so idly changed his life.

It is a revelation story, and some version of it is surprisingly easy to hear in the Islamic world, especially among educated middle-class Muslims in the generation that came after the failures of nationalism and Socialism. During a recent trip to Sudan, I visited the University of Khartoum, which is housed in a collection of mostly colonial-era, earth-colored brick buildings in the city center, where I met a woman named Suhair Osman, who was doing graduate work in statistics. In 1993, at the age of eighteen, she spent the year between high school and college in her parents' house on the Blue Nile, south of Khartoum, asking herself theological questions. As a schoolgirl, she had been taught that sinners would be eternally tormented after death; she couldn't help feeling sorry for them, but she didn't dare speak about it in class. Would all of creation simply end either in fire or in Paradise? Was her worth as a woman really no more than a quarter that of a man, as she felt Islamic law implied by granting men the right to take four wives? Did believers really have a duty to kill infidels? One day, Osman took a book by Taha off her father's shelf, "The Koran, Mustapha Mahmoud, and Modern Understanding," published in 1970. By the time she finished it, she was weeping. For the first time, she felt that religion had accorded her fully equal status. "Inside this thinking, I'm a human being," she said. "Outside this thinking, I'm not." It was as if she had been asleep all her life and had suddenly woken up: the air, the taste of water, food, even the smell of things changed. She felt as if she were walking a little off the ground.

The quest for spiritual meaning is typically a personal matter in the West. In the Islamic world, it often leads the seeker into some kind of collective action, informed by utopian aspiration, that admits no distinction between proselytizing, social reform, and politics. The Islamic revival of the past several decades is the history of millions of revelation stories. Far from being idiosyncratic or marginal, they have combined into a tremendous surge that is now a full-time concern of the West. Renewal and reform—in Arabic, *tajdid* and *islah*—have an ambiguous and contested meaning in the Islamic world. They signify a stripping away of accumulated misreadings and wrong or lapsed practices, as in the Protestant Reformation, and a return to the founding texts of the Koran and the Sunna—guidelines based on the recorded words and deeds of the Prophet. But, beyond that, what is the nature of the reform? The father of one modern revelation story is Sayyid Qutb, the Egyptian religious thinker who, after advocating jihad and the overthrow of secular Arab regimes, was hanged by Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1966. Qutb's prison writings reject modernity, with its unholy secularism, and call on adherents of Islam to return to a radically purified version of the religion, which was established in the seventh century. Among the idealistic young believers who found in his books a guide to worldwide Islamization were Ayman al-Zawahiri and Osama bin Laden. With the newest generation of jihadis—Qutb's spiritual grandchildren—the ideas of the master have been construed as a justification for killing just about anyone in the name of reviving the days of the Prophet; earlier this year, several Baghdad falafel venders were killed by Islamists because falafel did not exist in the seventh century.

Mahmoud Muhammad Taha is the anti-Qutb. Taha, like Qutb, was hanged by an Arab dictatorship; he was executed, in 1985, for sedition and apostasy, after protesting the imposition of Sharia in Sudan by President Jaafar al-Nimeiri. In death, Taha became something rare in contemporary Islam: a moderate mar-

GUY BILLOUT

tyr. His method of reconciling Muslim belief with twentieth-century values was, in its way, every bit as revolutionary as the contrary vision of Qutb. It is one sign of the current state of the struggle over Islam that, in the five years since September 11th, millions of people around the world have learned the name Sayyid Qutb while Mahmoud Muhammad Taha's is virtually unknown. Islamism has taken on the frightening and faceless aspect of the masked jihadi, the full-length veil, the religious militia, the blurred figure in a security video, the messianic head of state, the anti-American mob. At Islam's core, in the countries of the Middle East from Egypt to Iran, *tajdid* and *islah* have helped push societies toward extremes of fervor, repression, and violence. But on the periphery, from Senegal to Indonesia—where the vast majority of Muslims live—Islamic reform comes in more varieties than most Westerners imagine. At the edges, the influence of American policy and the Israeli-Palestinian siege is less overwhelming, and it is easier to see that the real drama in Islam is the essential dilemma addressed by Taha: how to revive ancient sacred texts in a way that allows one to live in the modern world.

Taha was born sometime early in the twentieth century—scholars say 1909 or 1911—in a town on the eastern bank of the Blue Nile, two hours south of Khartoum, called Rufaa. It is a somnolent, heat-drenched town, one of those silent places—they stretch from one harsh end to the other of the North African region known as the Sahel—where mystical movements often begin. In the years before Sudan's independence, Taha was educated as a civil engineer in a British-run university, and after working briefly for Sudan Railways he started his own engineering business. He absorbed modern political and social ideas by reading widely, if incompletely, in the works of Marx, Lenin, Russell, Shaw, and Wells. In 1945, he founded an anti-monarchical political group, the Republican Party, and was twice imprisoned by the British authorities: first for writing pro-independence pamphlets, and then for leading an uprising in Rufaa against the arrest of a local woman who had subjected her daughter to a particularly severe form of female circumcision. (Taha opposed the practice but believed that the colonial edict banning it would only make it more widespread.) His second imprisonment lasted two years, and when he was released, in 1948, he entered a period of seclusion, prayer, and fasting in a small mud building in the courtyard next to his in-laws' house. By the time I visited Rufaa, in July, the hut had been torn down and replaced, and the house was occupied by a family of southern Sudanese.

While in seclusion, Taha spoke to few people; one man described him as having long, unruly hair and bloodshot eyes. His wife brought him plates of simple food—her family urged her to divorce this formerly successful professional, who some people thought had gone mad, but she refused—and he left the hut only to take swims in the Nile, a short walk away. During this period, which lasted three years, Taha developed his radically new vision of the meaning of the Koran. After emerging from seclusion, in 1951, he dedicated the rest of his life to teaching it.

For any Muslim who believes in universal human rights, tolerance, equality, freedom, and democracy, the Koran presents an apparently insoluble problem. Some of its verses carry commands that violate a modern person's sense of morality. The Koran accepts slavery. The Koran appoints men to be "the protectors and maintainers of women," to whom women owe obedience; if disobeyed, men have the duty first to warn them, then to deny them sex, and finally to "beat them (lightly)." The Koran orders believers to wait until the holy months are finished, and then to "fight and slay the Pagans wherever you find them, and seize them, beleaguer them, and lie in wait for them in every stratagem (of war)." These and other verses present God's purpose in clear, unmistakable terms, and they have become some of the favorite passages in the sermons, fatwas, and Internet postings of present-day fundamentalists to justify violence and jihad. An enormous industry of reform-minded interpreters has arisen in recent years to explain them away,

W.M. Hamilton

"Would you like a professional critique of your orders?"

contextualize them, downplay them, or simply ignore them, often quoting the well-known verse that says there is "no compulsion in religion." Not long ago, I received one such lecture from a Shiite cleric in Baghdad, who cited the "no compulsion" verse while sitting under a portrait of Ayatollah Khomeini. In confronting the troublesome verses head on, Taha showed more intellectual honesty than all the Islamic scholars, community leaders, and world statesmen who think that they have solved the problem by flatly declaring Islam to be a religion of peace.

The Koran was revealed to Muhammad in two phases—first in Mecca, where for thirteen years he and his followers were a besieged minority, and then in Medina, where the Prophet established Islamic rule in a city filled with Jews and pagans. The Meccan verses are addressed, through Muhammad, to humanity in general, and are suffused with a spirit of freedom and equality; according to Taha, they present Islam in its perfect form, as the Prophet lived it, through exhortation rather than threat. In Taha's most important book, a slender volume called "The Second Message of Islam" (published in 1967, with the dedication "To humanity!"), he writes that the lives of the "early Muslims" in Mecca "were the supreme expression of their religion and consisted of sincere worship, kindness, and peaceful coexistence with all other people." Abdullahi an-Naim, who is now a law professor at Emory University, translated the book into English; in his introduction, he writes, "Islam, being the final and universal religion according to Muslim belief, was offered first in tolerant and egalitarian terms in Mecca, where the Prophet preached equality and individual responsibility between all men and women without distinction on grounds of race, sex, or social origin. As that message was rejected in practice, and the Prophet and his few followers were persecuted and forced to migrate to Medina, some aspects of the message changed."

As Taha puts it in "The Second Message of Islam," whereas Muhammad propagated "verses of peaceful persuasion" during his Meccan period, in Medina "the verses of compulsion by the sword prevailed." The Medinan verses are full of rules, coercion, and threats, including the orders for jihad, and in Taha's view they were a historical adaptation to the reality of life in a seventh-century Islamic city-state, in which "there was no law except the sword." At one point, Taha writes that two modest decrees of the Meccan verses—"You are only a reminder, you have no dominion over them"—were appended with a harsh Medinan edict: "Except he who shuns and disbelieves, on whom God shall inflict the greatest suffering." In his distinctive rhetorical style, which combines dense exegesis with humanistic uplift, Taha observed, "It is as if God had said, 'We have granted you, Muhammad, dominion over anyone who shuns and disbelieves, so that God shall subject him to minor suffering at your hands through fighting, then God shall also subject him to the greatest suffering in hell.' . . . Thus the first two verses were abrogated or repealed by the two second verses."

The Medinan verses, directed not to Muhammad alone but to the community of early believers, became the basis for Sharia as it was developed by legal scholars over the next few centuries—what Taha calls the "first message of Islam." In Taha's revisionist reading, the elevation of the Medinan verses was only a historical postponement—the Meccan verses, representing the ideal religion, would be revived when humanity had reached a stage of development capable of accepting them, ushering in a renewed Islam based on freedom and equality. Taha quoted a Hadith, or saying of the Prophet, that declared, "Islam started as a stranger, and it shall return as a stranger in the same way it started." This "second message of Islam" is higher and better than the first, delivered by a messenger who came to seventh-century Arabia, in a sense, from the future. And, in the twentieth century, the time had come for Muslims finally to receive it. Taha offered a hermeneutical way out of the modern crisis of Islam, allowing Muslims to affirm their faith without having to live by an inhumane code.

Taha's reputation and importance far exceeded his actual following, which never amounted to more than a few thousand intensely devoted Sudanese: the stories of overwhelming personal transformation that I heard from Naim, Osman, and other Republican Brothers were apparently common among his adherents. (Taha adapted the name of his old political party for his new spiritual movement; he was wary of substituting Islamist slogans for critical thinking.) He received visitors at his house in Omdurman, northwest of Khartoum, at all hours, engaging in a kind of continuous seminar in which he was unmistakably the instructor—Republican Brothers still call him Ustazh, or "revered teacher"—but one who welcomed argument. "He would listen with utmost respect," a follower named Omer el-Garrai told me. "I never saw him frustrated, I never saw him angry, I never heard him shout." Naim recalled, "Taha could not transmit his religious enlightenment to us by talking about it. We would see the fruit of it by his personal life style, in his attitudes. His honesty, his intellectual vigor, his serenity, his charisma—those are the things that we can observe, and from them I understood that this is someone who had a transformative religious experience." Taha lived simply, urging his followers to do the same, and even today Republican Brothers are known for their lack of show in dress and in wedding ceremonies. An aura of saintliness hangs over stories I heard about Taha in Sudan, and, as with Gandhi, to whom he is sometimes compared, there's an unappealingly remote quality to his moral example. A man named Anour Hassan recalled that when Taha's twelve-year-old son vanished in the Blue Nile, in 1954, Taha calmly told people who wanted to continue looking for the boy, "No, he's gone to a kinder father than I am."

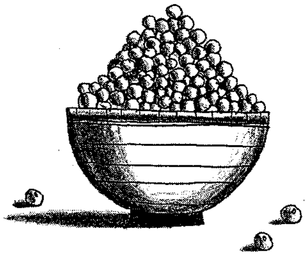
Perhaps the twentieth century was too soon for the second message of Islam. Taha was condemned for apostasy by Sudanese and Egyptian clerics, his movement was under constant attack from the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood, and his public appearances were banned by the government. Various rumors began to circulate: that Taha and his followers believed him to be a new prophet, or even a divinity; that Taha didn't pray; that he was insane. His legacy became controversial even among liberal-minded Sudanese. One evening in July, I spoke with the moderate politician and intellectual Sadiq al-Mahdi on the terrace overlooking the garden of his palatial home in Omdurman. Mahdi, who twice served as Prime Minister of Sudan and was twice ousted, in 1967 and 1989, is an imposing man: he was wearing the traditional white djellabah and turban, and his beard was hennaed. He spoke respectfully of Taha but found him theologically unsound. "Amongst the Islamists, there are those who jump into the future and those who jump into the past," Mahdi said, comparing Taha with Qutb. "Taha is amongst those who jump into the future. He definitely is for radical Islamic reform. But he based it on arguments that are not legitimate." Mahdi, like many other modern Muslim thinkers, believes that the Koran already offers the basis for affirming democratic values; there is no need, as he put it, to perform "these somersaults."

What's truly remarkable about Taha is that he existed at all. In the midst of a gathering storm of Islamist extremism, he articulated a message of liberal reform that was rigorous, coherent, and courageous. His vision asked Muslims to abandon fourteen hundred years of accepted dogma in favor of a radical and demanding new methodology that would set them free from the burdens of traditional jurisprudence. Islamic law, with its harsh punishments and its repression of free thought, was, Taha argued, a human interpretation of the Medinan verses and the recorded words and deeds of the Prophet in Medina; developed in the early centuries after Muhammad, it was then closed off to critical revision for a millennium. When Taha spoke of "Sharia," he meant the enlightened message of the Meccan verses, which is universal and eternal. To Muslims like Mahdi, this vision seemed to declare that part of the holy book was a mistake. Taha's message requires of Muslims such an intellectual leap that those who actually made it—as opposed to those who merely admired Taha or were interested in him—took on the quality of cult members, with their white garments, street-corner sermons, and egalitarian marriage contracts. Small wonder that Taha failed to create a durable mass movement. In "Quest for Divinity," a new and generally sympathetic study of Taha, to be published this fall, Professor Mohamed A. Mahmoud, of Tufts University, writes, "The outcome of this culture of guardianship and total intellectual dependency was a movement with impoverished inner intellectual and spiritual resources, intrinsically incapable of surviving Taha's death."

Why did the Sudanese state, the religious establishment, and the Islamist hard-liners consider the leader of such a small movement worth killing? Perhaps because, as Khalid el-Haj, a retired school administrator in Rufaa, who first met Taha in the early sixties, told me, "They are afraid of the ideas, not the numbers. They know that the ideas are from inside Islam and they cannot face it."

Eventually, Taha's teaching collided with Islamist power politics. Sudan's military dictator, Jaafar al-Nimeiri, who had seized control of the country in 1969, was an opportunistic tyrant who had exhausted one model after another to justify his rule: Marxism, Arab nationalism, pro-Americanism. By the early eighties, Nimeiri's hold on power was loosening, and he felt particularly threatened by one of his advisers: Hasan al-Turabi, the legal scholar, who had an increasingly energetic Islamist following. Turabi, a brilliant politician with a British and French education, was an authoritarian ideologue, more in the mold of a Bolshevik than a hidebound cleric. One of Turabi's prime intellectual enemies was Taha, whose interpretation of the Koran he considered illegitimate. Taha, for his part, once dismissed Turabi as "clever but not insightful"—and many Sudanese believe that Turabi never forgot the slight.

In 1983, Nimeiri, aiming to counter Turabi's growing popularity, decided to make his own Islamic claim. He hastily pushed through laws that imposed a severe version of Sharia on Sudan, including its Christian and animist south. Within eighteen months, more than fifty suspected thieves had their hands chopped off. A Coptic Christian was hanged for possessing foreign currency; poor women were flogged for selling local beer. It was exactly the kind of brutal, divisive, politically motivated Sharia that Taha had long warned against, and southerners intensified a decades-long civil war against Khartoum. Taha and other Republican Brothers, including Naim, had been jailed in advance by Nimeiri to prevent them from leading protests; their imprisonment lasted a year and a half.



Soon after Taha was released, he distributed a leaflet, on Christmas Day, 1984, titled "Either This or the Flood." "It is futile for anyone to claim that a Christian person is not adversely affected by the implementation of sharia," he wrote. "It is not enough for a citizen today merely to enjoy freedom of worship. He is entitled to the full rights of a citizen in total equality with all other citizens. The rights of southern citizens in their country are not provided for in sharia but rather in Islam at the level of fundamental Koranic revelation."

Taha, who was now in his mid-seventies, had been preparing half his life for this moment. It was central to his vision that Islamic law in its historical form, rather than in what he considered its original, authentic meaning, would be a monstrous injustice in modern society. His opposition was brave and absolute, and yet his statement reveals the limits of a philosophy that he hoped to make universal. Taha opposed secularism—he once declared that the secular West "is not a civilization because its values are confused"—and he could not conceive of rights outside the framework of Islam and the Koran. At the very moment that he was defending non-believers from the second-class status enshrined in Islamic law, he was extending their equal rights through a higher, better Sharia.

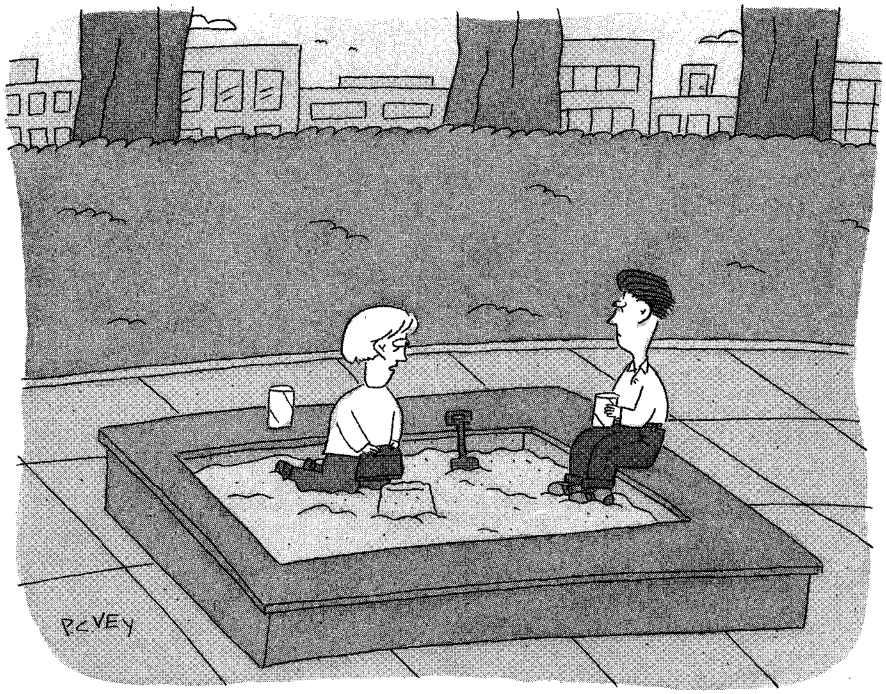
Abdullahi an-Naim defends Taha's approach, saying that in the Islamic world a Turkish-style secularism will always be self-defeating. "It is an illusion to think you can sustain constitutionalism, democratization, without addressing its Islamic foundation," he said. "Because for Muslims you cannot say, 'I'm a Muslim, but—' That 'but' does not work. What unites Muslims is an idea. It is Islam as an idea. And therefore contesting that idea, I think, is going to be permanent." Whenever secular intellectuals in Muslim countries try to bypass the question of Sharia, Naim said, "they leave the high moral ground to the fundamentalists, and they lose." Invoking Islam as the highest authority for universal rights was not simply a matter of belief; it meant that Taha and his movement could stay in the game.

Soon after Taha's Christmas statement was released, he was arrested again. This time, the government pressed charges amounting to apostasy, which carried the death penalty. Taha refused to recognize the legitimacy of the court under Sharia, refused to repent, and in a matter of hours was condemned to death. The hanging was scheduled for the morning of January 18, 1985. Among the hundreds of spectators in the vast courtyard of Kober Prison, in Khartoum North, was Judith Miller, then a *Times* reporter, disguised in a white cloak and head scarf. In the opening of her 1996 book, "God Has Ninety-nine Names," Miller described the scene:

> Shortly before the appointed time, Mahmoud Muhammad Taha was led into the courtyard. The condemned man, his hands tied behind him, was smaller than I expected him to be, and from where I sat, as his guards hustled him along, he looked younger than his seventy-six years. He held his head high and stared silently into the crowd. When they saw him, many in the crowd leaped to their feet, jeering and shaking their fists at him. A few waved their Korans in the air.
>
> I managed to catch only a glimpse of Taha's face before the executioner placed an oatmeal-colored sack over his head and body, but I shall never forget his expression: His eyes were defiant; his mouth firm. He showed no hint of fear.

In the instant that the trapdoor opened and Taha's body fell through, the crowd began to scream, "*Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar! Islam huwa al-hall!*"—"God is great! Islam is the solution!"—the slogan of the Muslim Brotherhood.

Some of Taha's followers could not accept that he was dead—they had actually come to believe in Taha's divinity—and they spent several days by one of the bridges spanning the Nile, waiting for him to appear. When he didn't (his body was flown by helicopter to an unknown location in the desert for a hasty burial), the Republican Brotherhood essentially died. Some members, including Naim, went abroad; others stayed in Sudan but ceased any public activity. The regime forced a number of imprisoned Republican Brothers to repudiate Taha's ideas in order to avoid his fate. His books were burned in public bonfires.



"By the time I develop a true understanding of sand, I'll probably be forced into some sort of organized sports."

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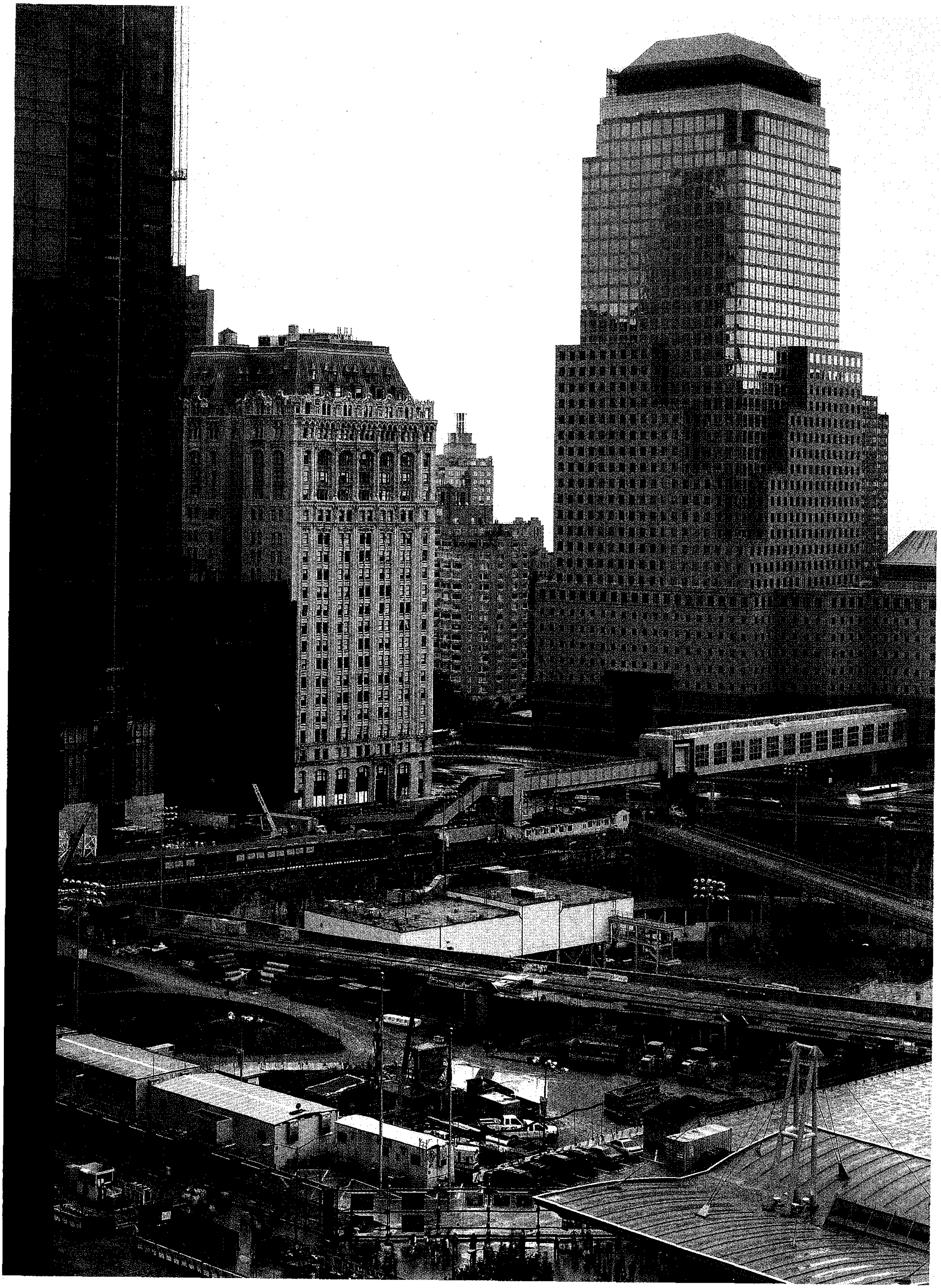
The execution appalled large numbers of Sudanese, who were unused to political violence, and it helped precipitate the downfall of Nimeiri, four months later, when a popular uprising restored democratic rule. January 18th became Arab Human Rights Day. In 2000, a Sudanese reporter asked Nimeiri about the death of Taha. Nimeiri expressed regret over the killing, then made a startling claim: Taha's execution had been secretly engineered by Hasan al-Turabi.

"I didn't want him killed," Nimeiri said of Taha. "Turabi told me that Mahmoud Muhammad Taha wanted to side with the left against me and that the Republican Brothers are a force not to be underestimated, and that if he united with the left I am definitely doomed. Turabi brought me the order to execute him and asked me to sign off on it. . . . I decided to postpone my decision for two days, and on the third day I went to Taha, dressed in civilian clothes. I told him, 'Your death would sadden me. Just back down on your decision.' But he spoke to me in a way that at the time I felt was blustering but now I see it was honorable, considering the situation. He told me, '*You* back down on *your* decision. As for me, I know that I'm going to be killed. If I'm not killed in court, the Muslim Brotherhood will kill me in secret. So leave and let me be. I know that I am going to die.' "

I asked a number of people in Khartoum about the role that Turabi might have played in Taha's death. "Turabi killed him" was the blunt verdict of Hyder Ibrahim Ali, a sociologist and the director of the Sudanese Studies Center. "I think Turabi was behind all this. Taha was a real rival for Turabi. At that time, the only people at the University of Khartoum as strong as the Muslim Brotherhood were the Republican Brothers." Others echoed this view: even if Turabi hadn't played a direct role in Taha's death, Taha's reform-minded movement had offered the most serious theological challenge to Turabi's severe Islamism.

In the decade after Taha's death, Turabi and his hard-line politics flourished. In 1989, he was the prime strategist of the Islamist revolution that followed the military overthrow of Prime Minister Sadiq al-Mahdi. He became the intellectual architect of the new regime, led by Omar al-Bashir, and presided over its reign of terror in the nineties. He was the impresario who attracted



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT POLIDORI *The World Trade Center site, August 28, 2006.*

just about every leading jihadi terrorist to Sudan; journalists started calling him "the Khomeini of the Sunnis" and "the pope of terrorism." In 1999, however, Turabi's fortunes abruptly changed: he lost a power struggle with Bashir, who fired him.

This spring, Turabi, in a striking return to Sudanese politics, said some astonishing things about Islam. Though he had always been more supportive of women's rights than other hard-liners, he was now declaring that women and men are equal, that women can lead Islamic prayers, that covering the hair is not obligatory, that apostasy should not be a crime. He said that Muslim women can marry Christians or Jews. Quotations in the Arab press made him sound like a liberal reformer. In Khartoum, people marvelled that he sounded exactly like Taha. Suhair Osman, the young woman I met at the University of Khartoum, informed me, with a wan smile, "It is said in the daily papers and in the discussion centers here in the university that Turabi killed Ustazh Mahmoud and now he's stealing his ideas."

In the next few decades, several Arab countries—Iraq, Palestine, perhaps Egypt and Algeria—may well come under some form of Islamist rule, either by election or by force. If so, they would do well to study the example of Sudan. A whole generation in Sudan has grown up under the hard-line ideology that was imposed by Turabi and his colleagues after 1989. "We are the wounded surgeons, we have had the plague," Sadiq al-Mahdi told me. "We have been the guinea pig of this whole exercise, and you should listen to us."

Islam is as diverse as Muslims themselves, but Islamism, thus far in its short history, tends to look the same wherever it appears. The Sudanese version was not a genuine revolution like the Iranian one; it was more of an élite project that never gained legitimacy outside of student, intellectual, and military circles. Still, Sudan's hard-line party, the National Islamic Front, marched the country through familiar paces. Suliman Baldo, the director of the Africa program at the International Crisis Group, who lived through the years of Islamization in Khartoum and published a report documenting the return of slavery in Sudan, said of the government, "They came with a social-engineering project—they were very open about this." Education became a form of indoctrination: small children learned jihadist chants; school uniforms were replaced with combat fatigues; students engaged in paramilitary drills and memorized the Koran; teachers overhauled the curriculum to focus on the glory of Arab and Islamic culture. Khartoum had been a socially relaxed city that celebrated Christmas, but now the morals police insured that women were veiled, especially in government offices and universities. The security agencies were taken over by Islamists, and torture chambers known as "ghost houses" proliferated in what had been a tolerant political culture. (Some torturers were reportedly trained by Iranian Revolutionary Guards.) Young men were conscripted into the new People's Defense Force and sent to fight in the jihad against the infidels of the south, thousands of them crying "*Allahu Akbar!*" as they went to their deaths. Turabi declared that the jihadis would ascend directly to Paradise. Actors simulated "weddings" between martyrs and heavenly virgins on state television. Turabi gave asylum and assistance to terrorists, including bin Laden and other Al Qaeda members, and Sudan soon made enemies of every one of its many neighbors, along with the United States. And so an ethnically and religiously mixed African country, with an egalitarian brand of Sufism as its dominant form of Islam, was mobilized by intellectuals and soldiers to create a militaristic, ideologically extreme state whose main achievements were civil war, slavery, famine, and mass death.

Sometime in the late nineties, Turabi realized that his grand enterprise was a failure. Sudan had come under United Nations sanctions for sponsoring a 1995 assassination attempt on President Hosni Mubarak, of Egypt. The country was internationally isolated; the civil war was killing millions. And the Islamist project was bankrupt. As in Iran, it had produced an increasingly wealthy and corrupt ruling class of ideologues and security officers, while young Sudanese, including many of Turabi's followers, left the country or turned inward.

It was at this low point that Omar al-Bashir expelled Turabi from the government. Until last year, Turabi found himself in and out of jail, and he began to rethink his politics. He declared that the war in the south had not been a jihad after all but, rather, a meaningless waste. In prison, he began to write about where the Islamists had gone wrong. The problem, he decided, was a failure to adhere to principles of democracy and human rights. This spring, Turabi began attracting attention with his liberal statements about women and Islam. He welcomed the deployment of a United Nations force to the Darfur region, where the government had launched a campaign of ethnic cleansing, and he mocked bin Laden for threatening to mount a jihad against the peacekeepers. (Some analysts believe that Turabi had a hand in the rebellion that preceded the mass killings in the region, but no one has been able to prove it.) His remarks were so radical that they earned him charges of apostasy by clerics in Sudan and Saudi Arabia. The Saudi edition of the Sudanese newspaper that quoted his proclamations had the offending lines torn out of every copy.

In Khartoum, people used the same phrase over and over: there had been "a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn" in Turabi's views. I heard several explanations. Sadiq al-Mahdi, the former Prime Minister, believed that Turabi was trying to atone for the damage he had inflicted on Sudan. Others saw old opportunism under new slogans: Turabi realized that, thanks to Islamist misrule, democracy would be the next wave in Sudan, and he wanted to get out in front of it. There was also the possibility that he couldn't bear to be ignored.

One day in late July, during a hard Sahara windstorm that obscured the merciless sun and left sand in my molars, Turabi received me in his office on the outskirts of Khartoum, beyond the airport. I found him sitting behind a vast desk, which was almost bare; so were the bookcases next to it, as if he were waiting for someone to refurnish the trappings of power. Turabi is now seventy-four years old. He has a trim white beard and bright eyes framed by elegant wire-rim glasses; he wore a white djellabah and turban, white patent-leather loafers, and flower-patterned polyester socks. He has a resonant voice, which, when the topic turns serious, often breaks into a disconcerting giggle, accompanied by a bucktoothed grin. Turabi is inexhaustible: before I arrived, he had spoken for three days to members of his breakaway political party, but he required scarcely any prompting to carry on a nearly three-hour monologue with me. It was like trying to follow the flight path of a mosquito: he would leave sentences unfinished, switch subjects in the span of a clause, swallow the point in a laugh, then suddenly alight somewhere—on hidebound Saudi clerics, clueless Algerian Islamists, pigheaded Sudanese soldiers, shortsighted American politicians—and draw blood.

Turabi presented himself as older but wiser, free now to be the one independent thinker in a world of ideologues, an emissary for both sides in the war between Islam and the West, unafraid of uttering any truth, including truths about his own mistakes—but whenever I tried to pin him down on one he blamed someone else and claimed that his role was exaggerated. "Oh, Turabi, he's the 'pope of terrorism,' of fundamentalism, the pope *noir du terrorisme!*" he mocked. The Bush Administration's war on terror, he said, was a gigantic misunderstanding based on a failure to communicate. As for the Islamic revival, it held no dangers for the West. "Oh, no, it's positive!" he said. "What is our economic model? It's not the Soviet model. It's not the old capitalist model, or the feudal model. It's your model! What is our political model? It's *your* model! Almost the same model! O.K.?"

Toward the end of his discourse, I mentioned that a number of Sudanese had heard echoes of Mahmoud Muhammad Taha in his recent statements. For the first time, Turabi lost his good humor. "Ooh," he groaned. He called Taha "an apostate" who was "not normal," and he insisted that, far from being behind Taha's death, he had argued with Nimeiri for his life: "I said, 'Why do you jail this man? He won't hurt you, he's not against this regime. He thinks he's the impersonation of Jesus Christ!' " Turabi laughed dismissively. "I said, 'Let him go and advocate his message. He will persuade a few people for some time. He's not harmful to you.' " He said of Taha, "From early days, I don't read his books, I don't mention his name. Even if people ask me questions, I try to evade, because in every society, in America, you have had these cult people—everyone has to drink the killing material! Jim Jones!"

Turabi giggled and stood up to say goodbye.

When I had asked Abdullahi an-Naim about Turabi's recent statements on women, minorities, and Islam, he had scoffed, "He has no *methodology*." It was true: Turabi threw out opinions like handfuls of seed. But, as Taha had said, the one constant in his long career has been cleverness. Turabi seemed to recognize that, in the ruins of his own making in Sudan, his countrymen required a new notion of Islam and government. Great turns in history seldom come because someone writes a manifesto or proposes a theory. Instead, concrete experience, usually in the form of catastrophic failure, forces people to search for new ideas, many of which have been lying around for quite a while. Naim, who had fled the country after the 1989 coup, went back to Sudan in 2003 to find that "people were totally disillusioned about the Islamist project. They could see that it was corrupting and corrupt." In reaction, a small but growing number of Sudanese have come under the influence of Saudi Wahhabism—turning to an even more extreme theology as the pure Islam. Others, such as Osman Mirghani, a newspaper columnist and a former follower of Turabi, have concluded that the problem in Sudan has less to do with religion than with its civic culture. Mirghani has formed a new citizens' movement, Sudan Forum, waging its first campaign against corruption in high places.

Taha's solution to the modern Muslim dilemma hovers over the conversations of Sudanese who are too young to have any memory of him. In a dingy office in downtown Khartoum, I met a man named Hussein and a woman named Buthina, two social activists who are just the kind of idealists that the Islamists used to attract. In 1989, as a teen-ager, Hussein had at first welcomed the new government. He soon realized that its promises of Islamic justice were false, and he was traumatized by the year he spent as a conscript in the jihad against the south. "In my view, this regime is a great shame in the history of Islam," he said. "It's pushed people away from Islam. Their mentality has changed. They are no longer abiding by Islamic regulations." He mentioned prostitution, drinking, and corruption. For all Hussein's disillusionment, he still believed in Sharia—in flogging for fornication, stoning for adultery, and beheading for apostasy—but he wanted it to be applied under a democratic government grounded in human rights. Buthina shook her head; Islamist rule had turned her toward secularism. "This is a very, very sensitive issue," she said. "When you design your regulations and constitution, you have to accept that all the people look at this constitution and see themselves in it. Otherwise, they will not implement it. If we design the constitution and the law of the country on Islam, this will create a problem."

When I described Hussein to Naim, he said, "He sees the corruption of the current regime, and he sees the unworkability of an Islamic state, but he has no alternative. That is the point about Taha. Taha provides an alternative. As the crisis intensifies, the receptivity to something like Taha's ideas will grow." The misrule of Turabi and the Sudanese Islamists, Naim said, had done more to advance the project of reforming Sharia than Taha's followers could ever have achieved. At the same time, he admitted that most people in Sudan today have never heard of Taha. All that is left of his movement is a few hundred followers, some of whom gather in the evenings at a house in Omdurman. I was invited to join them there one night: the men sat in chairs on one side of the courtyard, the women on the other, but they mixed more than the religious Muslims at most gatherings. All dressed in white, they chanted traditional Sufi songs and a mournful hymn about their martyred leader.

The hollowness at the core of Sudan, and the widespread cynicism about Islamist rule, with its enforced ideology and rituals, is reminiscent of Eastern Europe in the years before the fall of the Berlin Wall. But if you spend time in an Islamic country you soon realize that the Communism analogy runs dry. For Islam, unlike Marxism, is deeply rooted and still present in everyday life in profound ways. As such, it is an irresistible mobilizing tool for politicians: an Islamist leader in Morocco, Nadia Yassin, once said, "If I go into the streets and I call people to come with me to a demonstration, and I talk to them about Che Guevara and Lenin, nobody will go out. But if I start talking about Muhammad and Ali and Aisha and all the prophets of Islam, they will follow me." Islam remains the system of values by which Muslims live; it is strong enough to survive Islamism. Perhaps, in time, the religion's centrality will subside, but, for the foreseeable future, the Islamic enlightenment in which so many Western thinkers have placed their hopes—that is, secularism—will not sweep the Muslim world. The Islamic revival, and its attendant struggles and ills, is less like the eighteenth century in Europe than like the sixteenth, the age of Luther, when the most sensitive and ambitious Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans devoted their efforts to finding in the words of the Bible a meaning for which they were prepared to live and die.

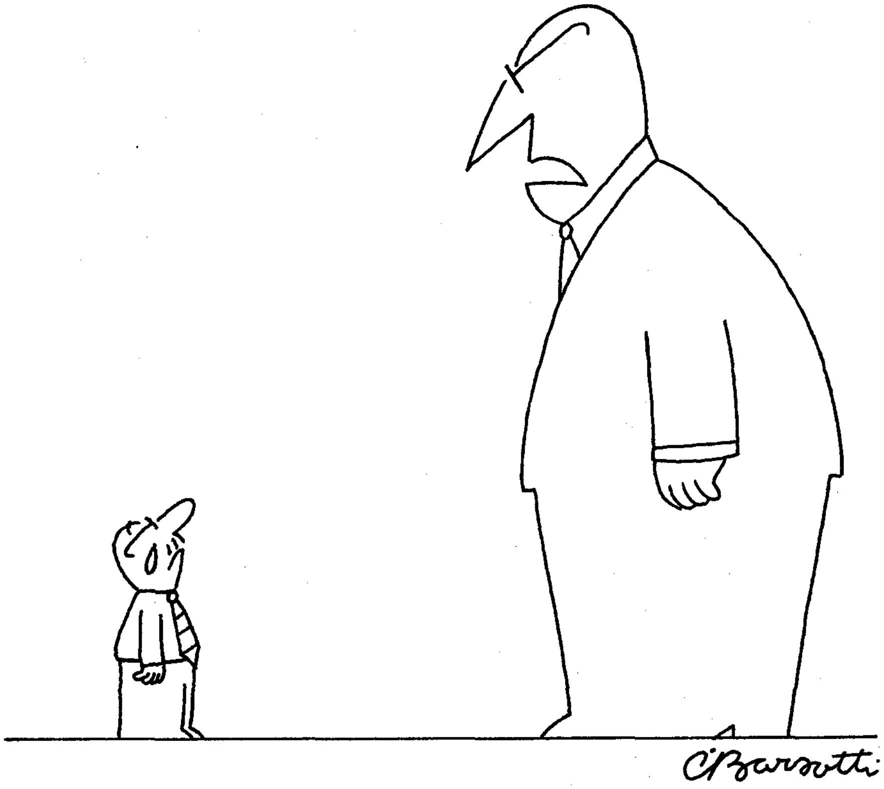
On the wall of Naim's office at Emory University, just above a picture of his parents, there is a black-and-white portrait of Taha in old age, seated, with the folds of a white robe draped over his shoulders and the Sudanese turban wrapped around his head; his gaze is both direct and abstracted, taking in something far beyond the camera. Ever since the night Naim attended Taha's lecture as a young law student, he has believed that Muslims must find a way out of the predicament in which their own history has placed them—if not by accepting Taha's vision, then by working toward another.

"I don't really have high hopes for change in the Arab region, because it is too self-absorbed in its own sense of superiority and victimhood," he said. His hope lies in the periphery—West Africa, the Sahel, Central and Southeast Asia: "They are not noticed, but that's where the hope is." The damage done to Muslim lives under the slogan "Islam is the solution," and Islamism's failure to solve their daily problems and answer people's deepest needs, has forced younger Muslims in countries like Indonesia, Turkey, and Morocco to approach religion and politics in a more sophisticated way. Naim's newest project, which he calls a work of advocacy more than of scholarship, is a manuscript called "The Future of Sharia." Even before its English publication, he has begun to post it on the Web, translated into Persian, Urdu, Bengali, Turkish, Arabic, and Bahasa Indonesia. Its theme is more radical than anything he has written before; although it is based on his long devotion to Taha's ideas, it goes beyond them and, according to some of Taha's followers, leaves them behind. "The Future of Sharia" amounts to a kind of secularism: it proposes not a rigid separation of politics and religion, as in Turkey, but, rather, a scheme in which Islam informs political life but cannot be introduced into law by an appeal to any religious authority. Otherwise, Muslims would not be free. "I need a secular state to be a Muslim," Naim said. "If I don't have the freedom to disbelieve, I cannot believe."

Two days after we spoke, Naim flew to Nigeria to give a series of lectures, based on the new book, in the northern states that have imposed a particularly harsh form of Sharia. He plans to travel next year to Indonesia and, if possible, to Iran. Two years ago, when he lectured in northern Nigeria, a quarter of his audience of eight hundred people walked out on him, and he had to slip away through a side door. He acknowledged that violence, even murder, might be the response this time. But Naim believes that, despite the evidence of the headlines, Islamic history is moving in his direction.

"In Sudan this simplistic answer failed," Naim said. "In Iran it failed. In northern Nigeria it failed. In Pakistan it failed. As these experiences fail, people are going to realize that there is no shortcut—that you have to confront the hard questions." His message to Muslims on his travels will be this: "I have been that way and I've seen the street is closed and I came back. And I see someone rushing and I tell him, this street is deadlocked, and he will not take my word and go all the way and discover that it is deadlocked and come back." He will tell them, "Listen, you don't have to do this, you don't have to go down this dead-end street. There is an Arabic expression: 'The fortunate ones will learn from the mistakes of others, the unfortunate ones will learn from their own mistakes.' "

By taking his message to the Muslim public and risking his own life, Naim is, perhaps unconsciously, following the example of one of the intellectual heroes of modern Islam. The first years of the twenty-first century hardly seem hospitable to Mahmoud Muhammad Taha's humane vision, but his words are there for young Muslims to discover once they get to the end of the street and need a way to turn around. ♦



"Oh, that's right, Stanwick, cry—mock my inability to empathize."

FICTION

BLACK ICE

BY CATE KENNEDY

When I went up to check my traps, I saw that the porch lights at the lady's place were still on, even though it was morning. "That's an atrocious waste of power," my dad said when I told him. His breath huffed in the air like he was smoking a cigar. The rabbit carcasses steamed when we ripped the skin off, and it came away like a glove.

Skin the rabbit—that's what my mum used to say when she pulled off my shirt and singlet for a bath. Mr. Bailey gives me three dollars for every rabbit, to feed his dogs. I take them down to him in the wooden box with a picture of an apple on it. At the butcher's, rabbits are only two-fifty but Mr. Bailey says he likes mine better. I've got fifty-eight dollars saved. I want to get a bike.

Dad thinks it's good to save up your money. The tourists who stand around the real-estate agent's window pointing and touching each other on the arm—he reckons they're loonies. When the lady up the road bought that house, my dad went over after the "Sold" sign got stuck on and everybody had gone. He took one of the clapboards off the side of the house and looked under at the rotting pilings, and made a noise like he was holding back a sneeze. "That lady's a bloody wacker," he said. "Those pilings are bloody atrocious."

He stood there looking at the house and rolled a cigarette. "Throwing good money after bad," he said, and kicked the clapboard. I kicked it, too.

After she moved in I didn't set no more snares up there on the hill. I walked in the state forest on the tracks round the lake, the tracks the rabbits make. I made myself small as a rabbit and moved through them on my soft scrabbly claws. I saw everything differently then. Saw the places where they sat and rested, the spots where they reached up with their noses and ate tiny strips of bark from the bottoms of the river willows.

You've got to set a trap so that it kills the rabbit straight off. On the leg is no good. All night the rabbit will cry and twist, then you'll have to kill it in the morning with its eyes looking at you, wondering why you did it. Mr. Bailey, he said he can't believe that I can catch them so near town. I told him that you just have to watch things and work out where to put the trap, that's all. He nodded so small you could only just see his chin moving up and down. "You've got it there, Billy," he said.

After he paid me we looked at the dogs and had a cup of tea. His dogs know me and why I come. Their eyes get different when they see me.

Lately, in the morning, everything is frozen. All up the hill are the gum trees and every time I look at them I think of that day in school when I was right and Mr. Fry was wrong. Mr. Fry showed us a picture and told us that trees lose their leaves in autumn, and the other kids started writing it down, but I felt the words come up, and I said no they don't lose their leaves, they lose their bark. Mr. Fry said how typical it was that the one time I opened my mouth in class I'd come up with the wrong answer. Now I look at the trees standing bare in the mist and think about how I kept shaking my head when he told me to say I was wrong, and how the other kids sat smiling, staring down at their hands, waiting for after school like the dogs wait for the rabbits.

When you smell the leaves, they're like cough lollies, and the bark goes all colors when it's wet. One day I was looking at the leaves and my eyes went funny and I flew up high and looked down at the tops of the trees all bunched together and they were like the bumpy green material on the armchairs at my Aunty Lorna's place. I never told no one about that, not even my dad. The trees talk loud when it's windy and soft when it's quiet. I don't know what they talk about—rain, probably. When they get new gum tips, they're so full of sap they shiver in the air. Maybe they're excited. Or frightened.

But now that it's winter the trees just look dark and shrunken, as if they're hanging on by shutting off their minds, like my grandpop when he had the stroke and Dad said that his body was closing down slowly. On the track there's ice crystals in the clay, and when you look real close you can see that the crystals are long, growing into lines, and the more mushy the clay the tighter the crystals pack in. They do it in the night, in a cold snap. You can put your foot at the edge of a puddle and just press real gently, and all these little cracks run through it, rushing outward like tiny creeks.

Sometimes there's frost on the rabbits' fur. I brush it off with my hand. Rabbit fur smells nice, like lichen or dry moss. My mum left behind some leather gloves with rabbit fur inside and when I put them on once I pulled my hot hands out and smelled her smell. "What are you bawling for?" my dad said. I hid the gloves under my mattress. When I touch them they feel like green leaves, soft and dry and bendy, not knowing autumn's coming.

The morning I saw the lady's porch lights my dad gave me a new hat for my chilblains. He made it for me from rabbit skins. He rubbed my ears hard with his sweater till my mouth ached from holding it shut, then he pulled the rabbit-fur flaps down and tied them. "See you back here with the bunnies," he said, squeezing his hands under his arms before he stoked up the chip furnace.

One day a boy at my school who works at the feed supply told the other kids that we were so backward we didn't even have hot and cold running water at our place. He said, "It's like deliverance down there with you-know-who." I asked Dad what deliverance meant and he rolled a cigarette and said why. The next time he wanted chicken pellets he asked for them to be delivered that day and then he stoked the chip furnace up so high that a spray of boiling water gushed up and hit the roof like rain and it sounded like the fancy coffee machine at the milk bar. When this boy came around with the pellets, Dad told him to empty them into the bin and then asked would he like to wash the dust off his hands in the kitchen. The boy went in. I stood looking at the hens and made myself small like them and felt the straw under my claws as I scratched around, and felt how the wheat powdered as I cracked it in my beak, and then there was a scream and the boy came running out holding his hands in front of him. They were bright pink, like plastic. As the boy ran past, my dad called, "Don't forget to tell your friends."

I pushed the rabbits into a hessian bag and heard music coming out of the house with the lights on. It was violin stuff. I saw the lady who bought the house come out onto her porch as I cut across the ridge. She was wearing new overalls and you could still see the fold marks in them. She had hair the color

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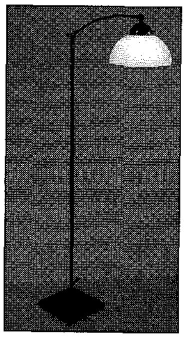

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Some hard pumpernickel for good gums.
A sad bundle of underwear. A leaf
dropped by a poor scrub oak to remind me.
It will be a long Monday when I go.
The alarm throbs inside me, the early news
is crowded with bodies returning.
I'm off to the front lines in the war to preserve
the privilege of myth-making,
the consternations of art, the nerve to think
the future and remember the past. Others
left their homes to sail and trek, to consort
with consorts and outsiders and so
learn the reaches of mankind's instinct
for survival. They breathed the fumes and ate
the stew. They lived among the heroic
who did not want another life, and if
they erred in creating bigger-than-life characters,
they broke bread with the unspeakable,
and that is worth something.

—*Marvin Bell*

of a fox. When she saw me her face went all bright and excited even though she didn't know me—like the lady doctor who did all those stupid tests on me at school, just saying stupid words and expecting me to make up more words and say them straightaway and not giving me any time to think it over.

She said, "Well, hello there, has the cat got your tongue?" She had lipstick on. I thought maybe she was on her way to church.

I said I didn't have a cat and her eyebrows went up.

"You're up very early on this wintry morning. What's that you've got in your bag?" she said, like we were going to play a joke on someone. I showed her the top rabbit's head and her mouth went funny and she said, "Oh dear, oh the poor little things. What did you want to kill them for?"

I said for Mr. Bailey. I said they died very quickly and always got the traps right around their necks. She hugged herself with her arms and shook her head and said, "Goodness me," looking at my rabbit-skin hat. I turned my head slowly round so she could see it better.

She asked me suddenly if I lived in the house down the hill and I said yes. Then she said what a marvellous location and what a shame that it would cost an arm and a leg to put the power through, otherwise she would have made an offer, but this little place she'd picked up was such fun and a gold mine. She said all her friends from the city thought she was quite mad but she'd be the one laughing when property values went up and she'd done all the extensions. I was waiting for her to finish talking so I could go. I could feel the rabbits stiffening up inside the bag—I could smell them.

"What's your name?" she asked me finally, and I said Billy.

"And do you go to school, Billy?"

I looked at her and said you have to. Her eyes went all crinkly and happy again.

"And is it a special school, just for special children?"

I couldn't work her out. Maybe she didn't understand about school. I said not really, then my mouth blurted out, "You got hair like a fox."

She laughed like someone in a movie. "Good heavens," she said. "You are a character, aren't you?"

A man in a red dressing gown came out onto the veranda and the lady said, "Look, darling, some local color."

"Love the hat," the man said to me. I waited for them to tell me their names, but the man just complained that it was bloody freezing, and thank Christ they'd got the central heating in. The lady said yes, the whole place was shaping up well, then she looked out down the track and said, "The only problem is there's no bloody view of the lake." Then she said, "Billy, show Roger your bunnies, darling," and I pulled one out and Roger said, "Good God."

They both laughed and laughed, and Roger said, "Well, it looks like the light's on but there's no one home." Which was wrong. They were both home and they'd turned the lights off by then.

When I walked down the track past the sharp turn and through the cutting, my boots cracked on the black ice. You've got to be careful you don't go for a sixer on that. People say it's invisible but it's not really—you just have to get down real close to see where the water froze then melted a bit, then froze again, all through the night, till it's like a piece of glass from an old bottle.

Dad had had his shower by the time I got home. The rabbits were harder to skin because so much time had passed. The skins ripped off with the sound of one of those Band-Aids they put on your knees in the school sickroom. "Get them off," my dad said when I came home with the Band-Aids on the time someone tripped me at school and I banged my knees on the concrete. Dad was watching me, so I pulled both of them off fast and my knees bled again. "Call that first aid? That's bloody atrocious," my dad said. "Get some air onto them." I looked at my knees. They felt like the hinges inside had got stiff and rusty, like the oil in them had leaked out.

Every day for the next few weeks, people drove up the hill to fix things in the lady's house. You could hear banging and machines, and then a pointy bit of new roof pushed up over the trees. The lady's friends, the ones who thought she was quite mad, came up a lot at first but then it got colder and they stopped. The lake froze over at the edges. One day I

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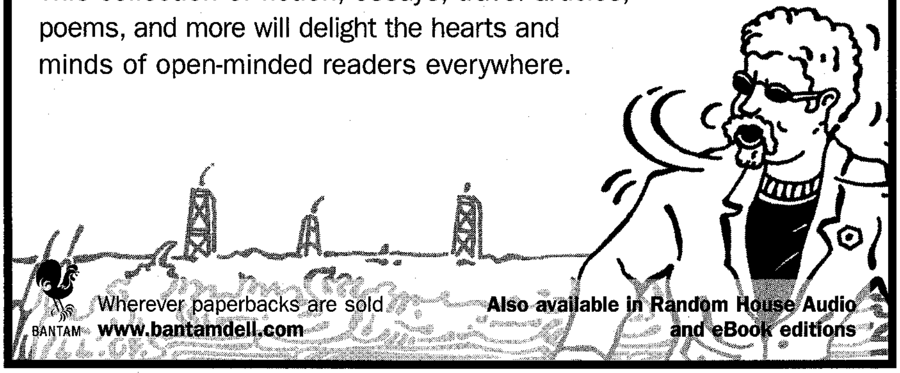

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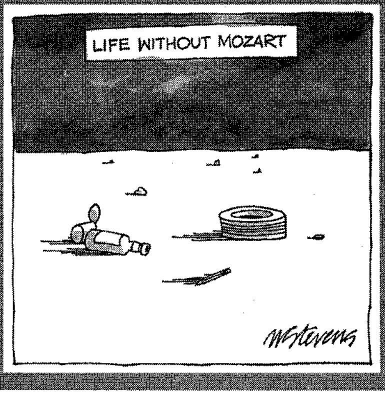

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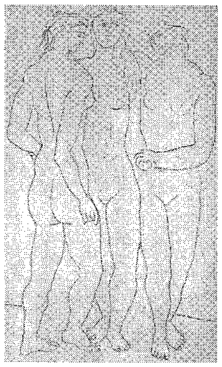

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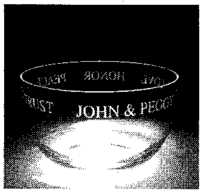

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crept up and saw the lady on a new veranda, which was covered in pink paint, standing with her arms folded, just staring out at the trees. She didn't look so happy now, with everything half finished and mud instead of a garden. There were big piles of rocks around, like she was waiting for someone to move them, and I saw a duck standing still as anything under a tree. I went closer and she saw me.

"Well, Billy!" she called, and I went over and saw that the duck was a pretend one.

"Look at all these bloody trees," she said, sighing. "I'm sick of the sight of them."

She had the overalls on again but they didn't look so new anymore.

"What *are* those trees, anyway, Billy?" she said, and I said that they were gum trees, and she laughed and said she might have guessed that would be my answer, even though I hadn't finished talking and was only sorting out what I was going to say next.

I said there was going to be another cold snap that night and more hard weather. And she asked how did I know and I started explaining but she wasn't really listening—she was still looking down the state-forest gully toward the lake, turning her head like the ladies in the shop when they're buying dresses and looking at themselves in the mirror, deciding.

Three weeks later I was up in the trees, just listening to them and looking for good spots for snares, when I found the first sick one. When I touched its leaves I knew it was dying. It was a big old tree and it used to have a big voice but now it was just breathing out. And it was bleeding. All around the trunk somebody had cut a circle, and sap was dripping out, which is the tree's blood, my dad says. The person had used a little saw, then a hatchet, and I could see that whoever it was didn't know how to use the saw properly and had scratched all up and down around the cut. There was nothing I could do for that tree. I wanted to kill it properly so that it wouldn't just stand there looking at me, trying its hardest to stay alive.

The next week I found another tree that was the same and then it just kept on happening: seven of the biggest trees got cut. When I looked real hard I flew up in the air again and saw them from the top and the dying ones made a kind of line down to the lake all the way from the lady's house on the hill to the shore. Then I came back down onto the ground, and I saw how it was.

"You've done it again, Billy," Mr. Bailey said when I came by. "I don't know what I'd do without you. Two big fat ones today."

I got my money and walked up the hill toward the lady's house and I saw her through the trees, planting something in the garden. Dad said she kept the whole nursery in business.

This time I got quite close to her and the pretend duck before she saw me, and she jumped backward.

"Jesus, kid, just give it a break, will you?" she said, all shaky. She had a scarf that had slipped a bit off her hair and you could see where the red color stopped and the hair underneath was dark brown and silver, which was funny because sometimes it's exactly the same on a fox's tail, striped like that.

"God, this place," she said like a hiss, and threw down her trowel. "Isn't the collective cold shoulder enough without you creeping around like . . ." Then she stopped and said, "Forget it, forget it." I saw that she had a special little cushion for kneeling on and I was looking at that cushion when she said in a different voice, "Where did you get that box, Billy?"

I said, "Out of the shed." She laughed. I looked down at the box with the picture of the apple on it.

"Out of your shed? That's a finger-joint Colonial box, Billy. Do you know how much some of them are worth?"

Her voice was all excited.

"What about selling it to me?" she said.

I said that it was my rabbit box and she asked did I have any others in the shed. I said I would have a look. She was a loony. My dad sometimes split up the old boxes for the chip furnace. He kept nails and bolts in them.

"I know where there'll be a lot," I said. "At the Franklin garage sale."

Her eyes looked a little bit like Mr. Bailey's dogs' eyes inside the netting.

"When is it?" she asked.

"On Sunday. They got lots of stuff."

"Like what?" she asked, and then said a whole list of things—fire pokers?

ironwork? cupboards?—and I just kept nodding.

"Lots of that kind of thing," I said. "Lots of these little boxes with writing and maps of Australia and animals like emus."

She folded her arms and looked at me harder. "Boxes with emus and kangaroos on them? With joints like this one?"

"Yep," I said. "But you got to get there real early in the morning. Like six-thirty or something. 'Cause other people come up from the city."

She asked me where Franklin's was, and I told her.

"I can get there earlier than the dealers," she said, looking down the hill at the trees all secretly dying in a row to the lake.

On Saturday I set a snare just inside a little tunnel of grass by the lake. Dad says that it's bad to kill something without a good reason but I knew the rabbit wouldn't mind. The trees were very quiet now. It was going to be a black frost. When the moon came up there was a yellow ring around it like around a Tilley lamp when you take it out on a frosty night.

I couldn't hardly get to sleep with thinking. I thought of her going out there with her new saw from the hardware shop in the night, cutting open the trees' skin while the rabbits nosed around with their soft whiskery mouths and Mr. Bailey's dogs cried and choked on their chains over and over.

When I got up it was still dark, as dark as the steel on the monkey bars at school, cold metal that hurts your chest. I found a still, stiff rabbit in the trap and I felt sorry for it. I knew she would, too. Because in the lady's head you can feel sorry and worried for rabbits but not for trees.

The crystals had grown in the night and now the black ice was smooth as glass all around that sharp turn. I was careful with the rabbit, as careful as when I set a snare. It looked like it was alive all right, sitting up there by itself in the middle of the track.

I got back into bed when I was finished. I felt my mum's gloves.

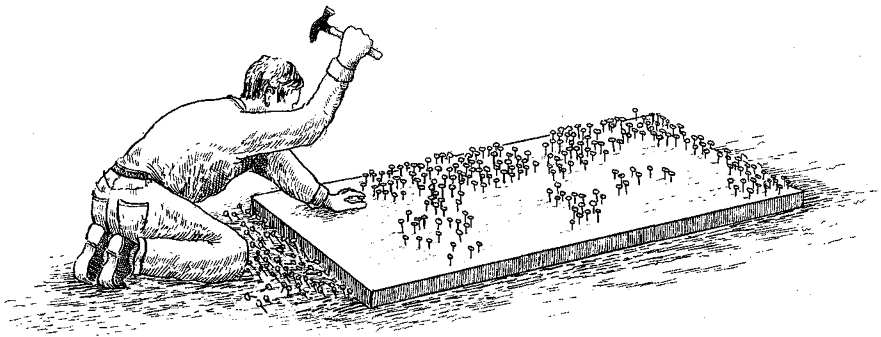
My dad knew I'd got up early when he came to wake me up again. I don't know how.

"You'd better go out and check your traps," he said as he split the kindling.

Up the road Farrelly's tractor was pulling her car out of the ditch. It had crumpled into one of the big gums, and leaves and sticks had been shaken all over it. Mr. Farrelly said that the ambulance blokes themselves had nearly skidded on the bloody ice, trying to get in to help. "What's a sheila like her doing getting up in the bloody dark on a Sunday morning, anyway?" Mr. Farrelly said as he put the hooks on. "Bloody loonies."

Under her front wheel I saw white fur, turned inside out like a glove, like my hat. I went down through the trees, touching the sick ones. On the way I stepped in a big patch of nettles. No use crying if you weren't looking out for yourself, my dad says. I looked around and found some dock and rubbed it on and it stopped hurting like magic. For everything poisonous there's something else nearby to cure it, if you just look around. My dad says that, too.

I made a little fire and smoked my traps. Five more weeks and I can get a mountain bike. ♦



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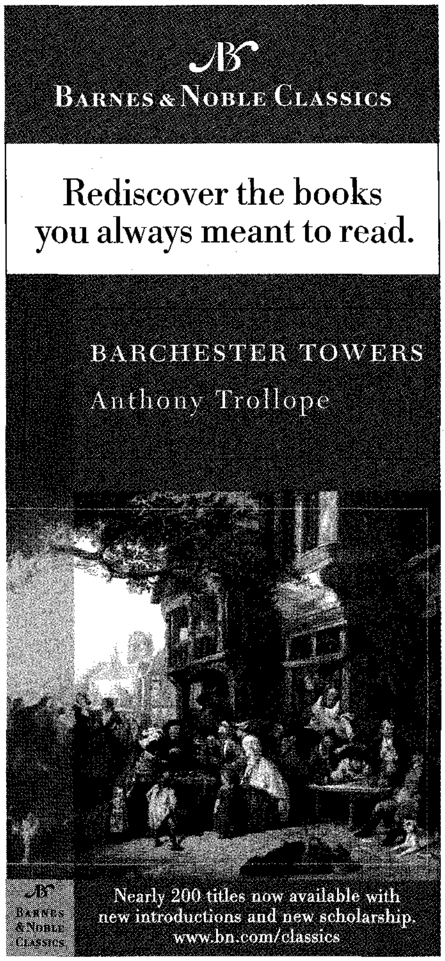

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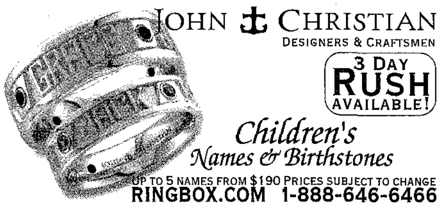

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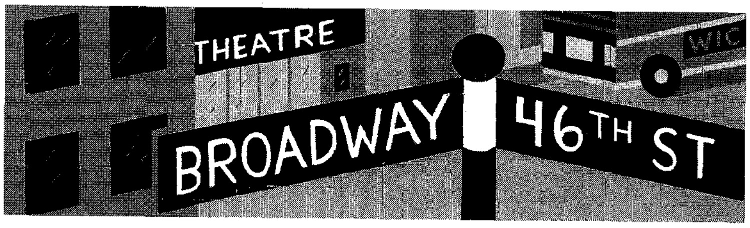


A CRITIC AT LARGE

SURVEILLANCE SOCIETY

The Mass-Observation movement and the meaning of everyday life.

BY CALEB CRAIN

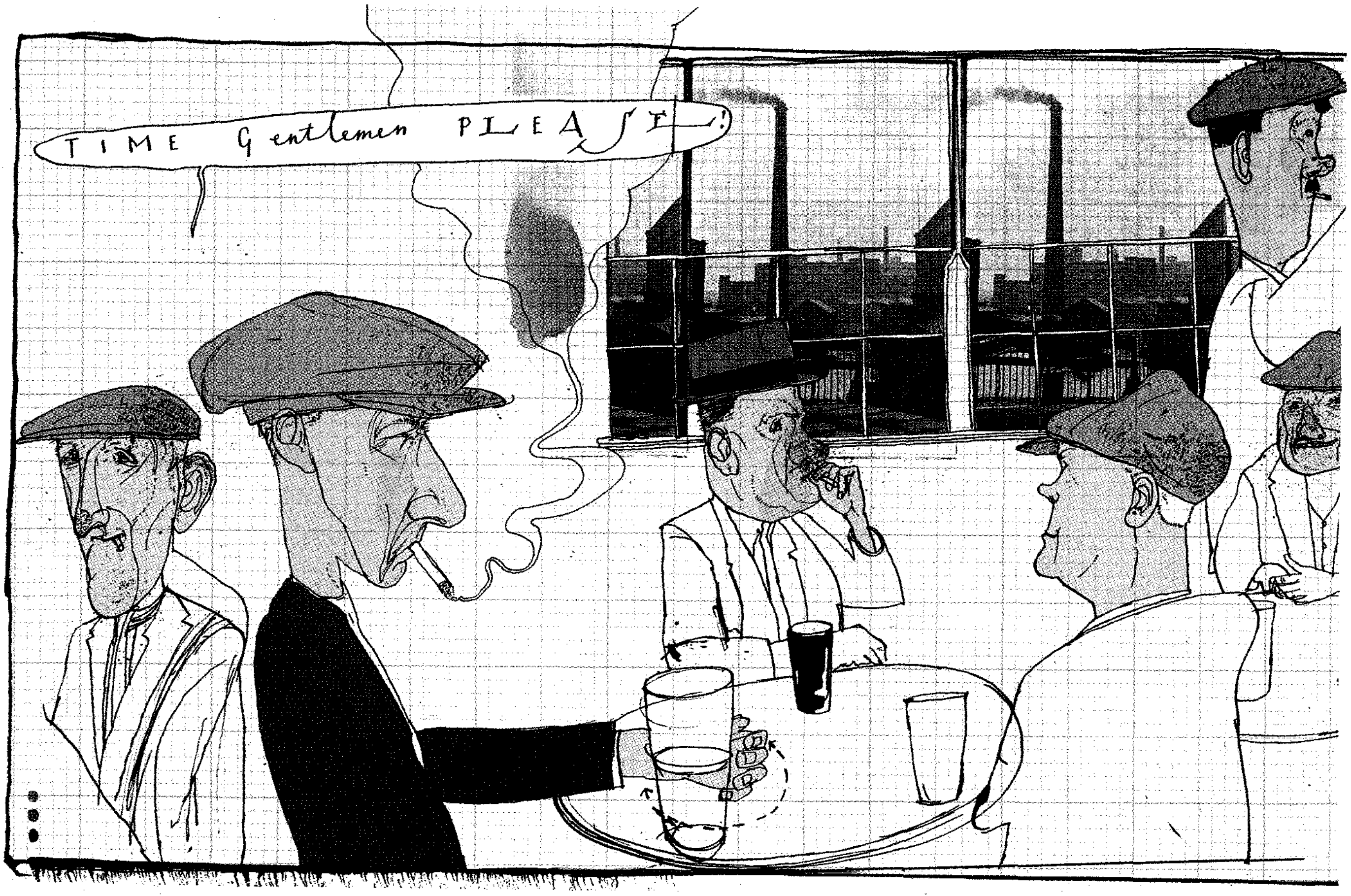
On January 30, 1937, a letter to the *New Statesman and Nation* announced that Darwin, Marx, and Freud had a successor—or, more accurately, successors. "Mass-Observation develops out of anthropology, psychology, and the sciences which study man," the letter read, "but it plans to work with a mass of observers." The movement already had fifty volunteers, and it aspired to have five thousand, ready to study such aspects of contemporary life as:

> Behaviour of people at war memorials.
> Shouts and gestures of motorists.
> The aspidistra cult.
> Anthropology of football pools.
> Bathroom behaviour.
> Beards, armpits, eyebrows.
> Anti-semitism.
> Distribution, diffusion and significance of the dirty joke.
> Funerals and undertakers.
> Female taboos about eating.
> The private lives of midwives.

The data collected would enable the organizers to plot "weather-maps of public feeling." As a matter of principle, Mass-Observers did not distinguish themselves from the people they studied. They intended merely to expose facts "in simple terms to all observers, so that their environment may be understood, and thus constantly transformed."

The letter was the first of several manifestos, none of which made Mass-Observation easy to categorize. In February, the group declared, in the journal *New Verse,* that it would establish a new standard for literary realism and liberate poetry from the grasp of professionals: "In taking up the role of observer, each person becomes like Courbet at his easel, Cuvier with his cadaver, and Humboldt with his continent."

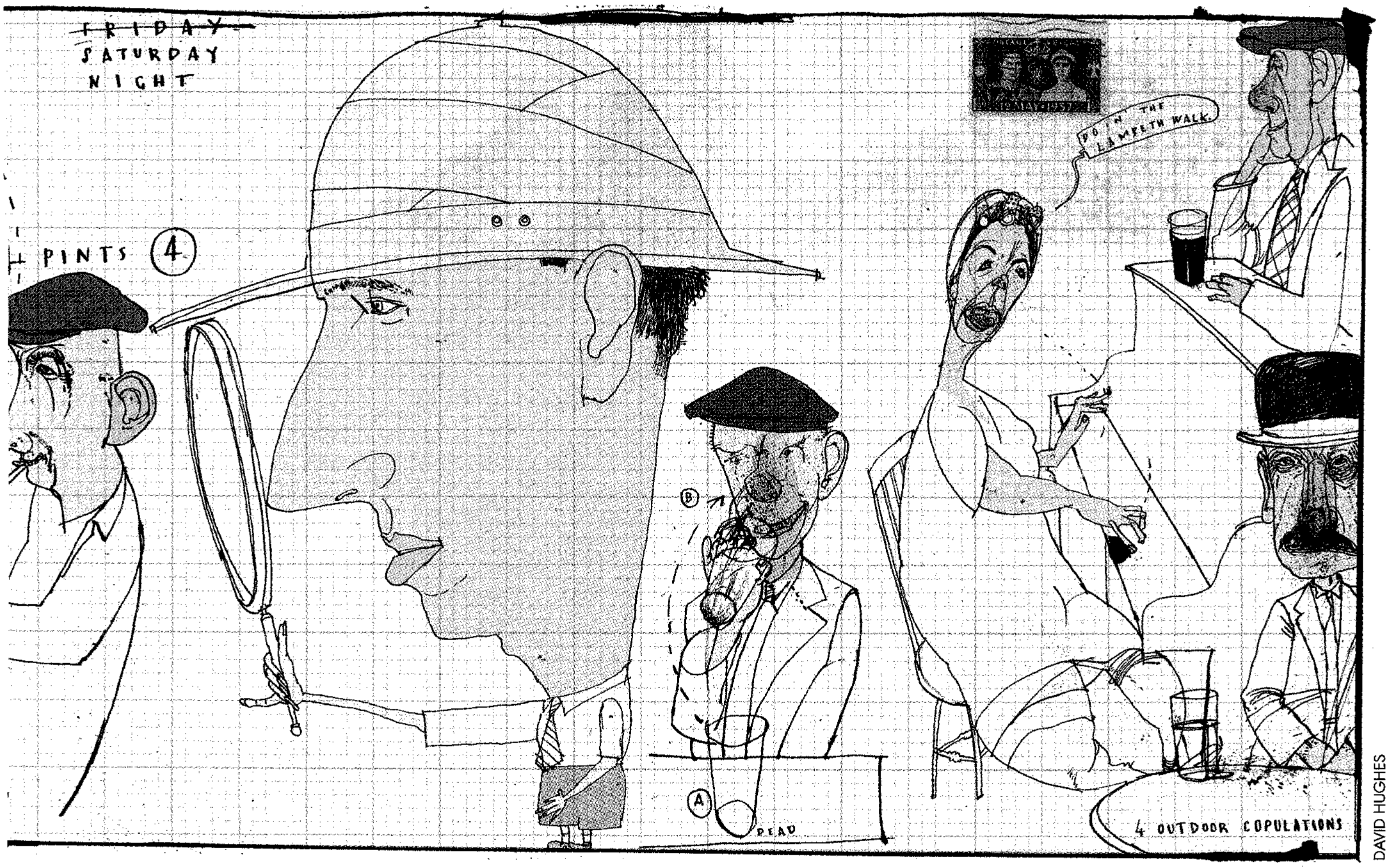
The inventors of the new science were Charles Madge, a poet, journalist, and card-carrying Communist; Humphrey Jennings, a Surrealist painter and


TIME Gentlemen PLEASE!

The Mass-Observation group aimed at capturing ordinary existence in unprecedented detail. The approach was encyclopedic documentary filmmaker; and Tom Harrisson, a renegade anthropologist more at home with cannibals than with academics. They were a fractious triumvirate from the outset, never even agreeing whether their group's name meant observation of the masses or by them, but between 1937 and 1945 hundreds of people mailed in regular reports of their daily lives. They came from all backgrounds, though young unmarried clerks and schoolteachers were especially well represented. No detail was too trivial. Mass-Observation studied which end of a cigarette people tap before lighting it (fifty-two per cent tap the end they put in their mouths), the nature of women's revenge fantasies in wartime (cut Hitler into slices for pie; saw off his ankles, sharpen his shins into stakes, and pound him into the earth with a big saucepan), and the number of outdoor copulations on a typical night in the working-class vacation town of Blackpool (four, including one in which an observer participated). The group released a series of quirky books, and during the Second World War its reports influenced the British government's approach to civilian morale and even tax policy. Young, confused, and vigorous, Mass-Observation sought to understand something that anthropology and sociology still took largely for granted: the everyday life of ordinary people.

The first to daydream about an "anthropology of ourselves" was Madge, a young man with a long face, slender fingers, beautiful manners, and a steely will. At Cambridge, he had studied English with I. A. Richards, best known for giving his students unsigned poems to get their unprejudiced responses, and had joined the Communist Party. After Madge left school, Yeats put two of his poems in the "Oxford Book of Modern Verse," and Eliot arranged a day job for him as a reporter for the *Daily Mirror*. On the night of November 30, 1936, London's Crystal Palace—the iron-and-glass home of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and a triumph of Victorian capitalism—burned down. Madge, then twenty-four, had been mixing with England's Surrealists, who, following Freud, saw significance in accidents, and he started to wonder if there could be a meaning in the destruction of such an iconic building. Perhaps, by documenting events that shook public consciousness, one could make society aware of its unexamined myths and fantasies, and thus free to change them. For this kind of liberation, the French Surrealist André Breton had explained, "poetry must be created by everyone." So Madge had started to plan a movement that he called "Popular Poetry," to be spread by "Coincidence Clubs" throughout Great Britain. The fire provided a perfect opportunity, particularly since, soon afterward, the news broke that Edward VIII was being forced to choose between his crown and his not yet divorced lover, Wallis Simpson. Coincidence? Now a double omen hung over Britain. The press had delayed reporting the abdication crisis until the last minute—exactly the kind of society-wide repression that the Surrealists wanted to break.

Madge's chief collaborator was Jennings, a close friend since Cambridge days. Jennings had a nervous habit of eating paper and a mannered way of sucking on sugar cubes. Peggy Guggen-



DAVID HUGHES

nventional; observers logged drunk talk, sermons, and which end of a cigarette people tap before lighting it.

heim, one of his lovers, claimed that he “looked like Donald Duck”—she dumped him and took up with Samuel Beckett—but in a 1944 photograph that Lee Miller shot for *Vogue* Jennings appears glamorous and confident. For all his peculiarities, he succeeded at almost everything he put his hand to. In college and after, he designed theatre costumes and sets, and in 1931, at the age of twenty-four, he went to Paris to design in silk. “My balls feel as quiet & rich as the paintings of Poussin in exile,” he wrote home to his young wife, yearningly. As the simile suggests, his first and greatest love was painting, and he painted until his money—and his wife’s patience—ran out. In 1934, he at last settled down to steady work, making films. For Britain’s General Post Office he edited a half-hour history of the British mail, and for Shell Oil he helped out on a commercial about a robot thrilled into life by lubrication. In 1936, he helped to organize the International Surrealist Exhibition, in London, and his connections with the movement made him a natural partner for Madge’s new venture.

In a letter to the *New Statesman* published on January 2, 1937, Madge announced that he and his friends intended to crack “the Crystal Palace-Abdication symbolic situation,” and asked for help with the collection of evidence. “Only mass observations can create mass science,” he wrote, and gave his address.

In Bolton, an industrial town in northern England so bleak that even the riverbed was paved, Madge’s letter caught the eye of twenty-five-year-old Tom Harrisson, who was reading the *New Statesman* in the public library because he couldn’t afford to buy it. He saw it because the next item on the page was a poem of his, “Coconut Moon,” written some three years earlier, in the New Hebrides (the South Pacific archipelago today known as Vanuatu), where he had gone on a zoological expedition. He had ended up staying for two years, studying the natives and establishing himself as a “booze-artist of first rank” with kava, the native drink. He let a chief’s wife scarify his chest, and later insinuated that he had participated in a cannibal feast. Judith M. Heimann, in her lively and scrupulously researched biography, “The Most Offending Soul Alive” (1998), writes that this claim was disingenuous, but she does believe that he ate a rotting wood grub offered to him by a leper.

Back in Britain, Harrisson lectured about his experiences, wrote them up in a book, and then found himself at loose ends. Alienated from his peers and about to be disinherited by his father, he decided to go down and out and become a participant-observer of his own country, then mired in the Great Depression. In much the same spirit in which George Orwell went to Wigan, and James Agee to Alabama, Harrisson chose Bolton. He worked there as a mill hand, truck driver, shop assistant, and ice-cream man.

Soon after reading the *New Statesman* letter, Harrisson rode the train to London to meet Madge and Jennings. A witness to the meeting recalled “Humphrey, with his elbow on one end of the mantelpiece, and Harrisson, with *his* elbow on the other end of the mantelpiece, both talking loudly and simultaneously to those present in general, without either of them paying the slightest attention to what the other was saying.” Madge was no doubt listening to and for both.

On February 12, 1937, thirty volunteers kept one-day diaries, which Mass-Observation called “day-surveys.” They were designed “to collect a mass of data without any selective principle,” and the experiment was repeated monthly. In “Humphrey Jennings” (2004), an authoritative and sympathetic biography, Kevin Jackson prints Jennings’s day-survey for April 12th: the filmmaker and his wife happen to put on each other’s dressing gowns; there’s sand in the bathtub because their daughter played in sand the day before; Jennings notices that the bath mat is “untidy” but doesn’t do anything about it. It’s miscellaneous and trivial, but somehow riveting. By January of 1938, Mass-Observation had collected seventeen hundred and thirty day-surveys, for a total of 2.3 million words.

In the rough division of labor that emerged, Madge took charge of the day-surveys, Harrisson returned to Bolton to continue his up-close study of working-class life, and Jennings was responsible for presenting results. In practice, this meant that Jennings designed the cover of an introductory pamphlet and was the chief editor of the movement’s strangest and most poetic book, “May the Twelfth: Mass-Observation Day-Surveys 1937 by Over Two Hundred Observers.”

May 12, 1937, was the date of George VI’s coronation. As Madge and Harrisson explained in one of their manifestos, when George’s brother Edward abdicated, in December, “millions of people who passed their lives as the obedient automata of a system” were suddenly left to decide for themselves what they thought of its breakdown. The coronation was designed to put their anxiety to rest by means of a grand show. But it was a delicate moment for manipulation of the British people—given the use that European Fascists were making of nationalist spectacle at the time—and thus an ideal one for Mass-Observation. The group collected forty-three day-surveys, seventy-seven people answered written questionnaires, and a squad of twelve anonymous observers covered the coronation like reporters—or, rather, like cameras. “By these three methods, three kinds of focus were obtained,” Jennings and Madge explained. “Close-up and long shot, detail and ensemble.”

Jennings’s “film” begins to unspool in the second chapter. It’s around midnight on the eve of the coronation. Euston train station, in central London, is already crowded. There’s a “man drinking beer and eating sandwiches in a telephone box.” In the snack room, another man and his fiancée are playing a game with rolls on the counter. She “says that it is a prejudice that one should always sleep at night time. He begins to sing ‘Night and Day you are the one.’ ” As the observer notes, “Everybody here is talking to nobody in particular,” and there’s a sense of plenitude and humanity—of warm chaos. On the Underground, grownups unscrew light bulbs and, when the train goes into a tunnel, make animal noises. At 3:15 A.M., a prostitute solicits the observer: “I say ‘You look as if you’ve done enough for to-night.’ Reply: ‘None of your sauce, me lad.’ ” The reader feels as if he were eavesdropping on an enormous, citywide party, all the more appealing because the typical partygoer is both in and out of the game—playing along with the mass-produced artifice around him while a practical, ironic self survives inside. Thus, during the service, while no one is looking, an usher at Westminster Abbey smokes a cigarette in the King's state coach.

In "Mass-Observation and Everyday Life" (Palgrave Macmillan; $85), an insightful new history written in a style that will, unfortunately, limit it to academic specialists, Nick Hubble argues that, by focussing on the crowd's perceptions, Mass-Observation undercut the nationalist message of the coronation. To one onlooker, the Queen seems to have bed head, and the King looks "bony, frozen-nervous, staring." Another mistakes the Viscount Craigavon for Princess Juliana. Beside a radio in Nottingham, a hairdresser's mother weeps and moans, "*Oh*, it ought to be Edward—it—it—it ought to be Edward."

The subversive power of "May the Twelfth" could not have been too great, however. The book sold poorly, perhaps because it wasn't as cheap as Mass-Observation had vowed its books would be. Purchasing "May the Twelfth" would have eaten up more than a quarter of a miner's weekly paycheck. The reviews were mostly favorable, though a few were vicious. "The facts simply multiply like maggots in a cheese," one critic complained. But Mass-Observation was fun to write about, even if you hated it, and the Mass-Observer soon became a sort of public figure. The *New Statesman* imagined him with "a loping walk, elephant ears, an eye trained to keyholes," and Graham Greene put one in his 1939 thriller "The Confidential Agent":

> "That's only Mr. Muckerji—a Hindu gentleman . . . very respectful. . . . He's inquisitive. That's the only thing. Asks such questions."
>
> "What sort of questions?"
>
> "Oh, everything. Do I believe in horoscopes? Do I believe the newspapers? What do I think of Mr. Eden? And he writes down the answers too. I don't know why."

Harrisson sat out "May the Twelfth," writing to a friend, "It was a crazy idea to have it edited by a whole bunch of intellectual poets." Jennings decided that Harrisson was a philistine, and quit. He didn't abandon the ideas of Mass-Observation, however. He began to collect descriptions, in poetry and prose, of machines and the changes they had wrought in human life throughout history. He called the descriptions "Images," and, as he assembled them, he came to believe that they could be read as "a continuous narrative or *film* on the Industrial Revolution," much as he had meant "May the Twelfth" to be read as a film of the coronation. He carried the clippings, which eventually filled twelve notebooks, in a weather-beaten suitcase. When a Surrealist friend asked what was inside, Jennings answered, "Pandemonium." Naming his anthology after the city that Lucifer and his fallen angels forged in Milton's "Paradise Lost," Jennings wrote, "The building of Pandaemonium is the real history of Britain for the last three hundred years."

"That's it. . . . Keep moving. . . . Almost there. . . . Don't look at me. . . . Just a little more. . . . Atta boy. . . . Not far now. . . . Don't look at me."

• •

In contrast to the artiness of the London wing of Mass-Observation, Harrisson's operation in Bolton was rough-and-tumble. Harrisson lived in a working-class house recalled variously as "bare," "bleak," "horrible," "bug-ridden," and "a house like any other in Bolton." Usually, two or three observers lived with him, enslaved by his charisma and his willingness to work sixteen hours a day. Every morning, after reading the newspapers, he issued directives. The photographer Humphrey Spender, younger brother of the poet Stephen Spender, recalled being asked to find out "how people hold their hands, the number of sugar lumps that people pop into their mouths . . . how much people stole things like teaspoons in restaurants, matches, bits of paper." Observers were to count hat pins, list the hymns sung in church, and "try and pinch a copy of the sermon" while they were at it. "Tom literally did say: go into public lavatories and take pictures of people peeing," Spender told an interviewer, years later. The austerity of Bolton frightened Spender, and his empathy for the people sometimes put him on the verge of tears, but the photographs he took there, not published until four decades later, match Walker Evans's in honesty and Helen Levitt's in aesthetic flair.

At odd, late hours, Harrisson treated the staff to fish-and-chips, of which the house stank. The Surrealist painter Julian Trevelyan was invited up from London to make a collage of Bolton, and at night, Trevelyan recalled, he drank beer "in various pubs and watched an all-in wrestling match in a foundry rather reminiscent of some prison of Piranesi, with chains and ladders and pieces of rusty machinery." A coal deliv-

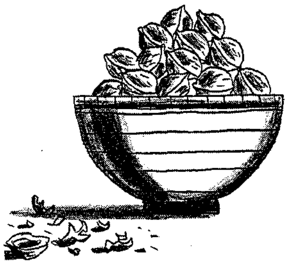
BRIEFLY NOTED

The Emperor's Children, *by Claire Messud (Knopf; $25).* In this witty examination of New York's chattering classes, which opens in the spring of 2001, the despot of the title is Murray Thwaite, a famous journalist who made his name in the Vietnam era. The next generation, however, is having trouble gaining traction. Murray's daughter, Marina, unable to complete a long-overdue book on the cultural significance of children's clothing, has moved back into her parents' Upper West Side apartment and is doing a lot of yoga. Her two best friends—Danielle, a television producer, and Julius, a gay freelance critic—are similarly ambitious and entitled, without being particularly driven. All three find sex the easiest way to transform themselves. Only Murray's brainy and profoundly disenfranchised nephew from upstate aggressively pursues his belief in the true and the good, but he proves to be a sort of literary terrorist, threatening to blow the family apart. The humorous intimacies of Messud's portraits do not, finally, soften the judgments behind them: If this is what's become of the liberal imagination, is it worth fighting for?

A Spot of Bother, *by Mark Haddon (Doubleday; $24.95).* Haddon's acclaimed début novel, "The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time," brilliantly imagined the inner world of an autistic teen-ager. Here the hero is similarly uncommunicative and detached, this time because of a stiff upper lip. George, recently retired, thinks talking is "overrated" and greets the death of a friend with relief "that they would not be playing squash again." Obsessed with his own mortality, he barely registers the dramas around him: his wife is having an affair, his daughter is marrying a man she's not sure she loves, and his son is afraid to bring his boyfriend to the wedding. Haddon has a deft comic touch, but he pushes his characters too hard toward epiphanies, and in the end this antic farce is merely affable, without surprises.

Mao's Last Revolution, *by Roderick MacFarquhar and Michael Schoenhals (Belknap/Harvard; $35).* MacFarquhar and Schoenhals successfully synthesize the many plotlines of the Cultural Revolution in a narrative that shuttles from the endless micro-maneuvers of the Party élite to the marauding teens of the Red Guard; and from the Revolution's macroeconomic fallout to such bizarre manifestations as the cannibalizing of counter-revolutionaries in Guangxi. Carefully orchestrating the pandemonium and fuelling it with his "deliberate opaqueness" is the figure of Mao Zedong. Utterly unfazed by violence—"China is such a populous nation, it is not as if we cannot do without a few people," he remarked—he hoped the Revolution would perpetuate his legacy. But the arbitrary brutality of the regime insured the opposite. One weary subject recalled that when Mao died, in 1976, "the news filled me with such euphoria that for an instant I was numb."

Hollow Earth, *by David Standish (Da Capo; $24.95).* Tracing the modern history of the belief that other worlds might exist inside our own, Standish begins with the Enlightenment-era astronomer Edmond Halley—remembered widely for his eponymous comet but less so for his theory that geomagnetism can be accounted for by three concentric spheres that rotate inside the globe and sustain their own ecosystems. Halley's conception of the subterranean realm spawned a recurring theme in science fiction (Jules Verne, Edgar Rice Burroughs, and L. Frank Baum all set novels inside the earth), as well as a small but enduring strain of true believers. Standish, who calls the Hollow Earth theory an "idea that was wrong and changed nothing," laces his research with too much boisterous humor, but he has an engaging affection for his cast of fantasists and misguided visionaries.



eryman named Bill Naughton volunteered because he hoped Mass-Observation would improve his writing; a few decades later, his screenplay for the movie "Alfie," starring Michael Caine, won international acclaim.

The result of all this activity was a single book, "The Pub and the People," which appeared in 1943, four years after it was written. In Bolton, the book explains, "the pub has more buildings, holds more people, takes more of their time and money, than church, cinema, dance-hall, and political organizations put together." The statistics are thorough. In the course of a single Thursday night, pubgoers drink, on average, 3.16 pints of beer; on a Saturday, the average goes up to 3.45 pints. The purchase of fish-and-chips climaxes on Friday, the local payday, but the purchase of beer climaxes on Saturday—"what is left in our culture of the old orgy, the recurring unrepression." More beer is sold in the last hour the pub is open than any other. In a group, people drink faster than alone, and the rhythm of the drinking is so deeply felt that they nearly always finish their rounds together, even if they're blind.

The book's principal author was John Sommerfield. A master at blending in, he interviewed no one formally, but merely drank, watched, and listened. He describes "swiggling," the moving of a nearly empty glass in circles, "so that the beer eddies round and round." He notices that "Time—Gentlemen—please!" is always called with the same distinctive intonation. (In the previous decade, Eliot had also noticed this, using it to unsettling effect in "The Waste Land.") Sommerfield explains, with generous quotation, what makes drunk talk sound drunk; shows that classier pubs have fewer spittoons; reveals that darts became popular after the King and Queen played a round in 1937; and, in his exposition of pigeon racing, a popular working-class sport, tells you how to motivate your cock bird (make a cake of sugar, sherry, and seeds, and, before taking him out to race, show him his hen eating it). A woman praises snuff, unforgettably: "Eeee, it's lovely, makes your navel perk like a whelk!" The book celebrates the pub as an active and social form of leisure, a way of life that, Orwell wrote when he reviewed it, was in danger of being "gradually replaced by the passive, drug-like pleasures of the cinema and the radio."

Orwell once described himself as "lower-upper-middle class," and Hubble pegs Madge, Jennings, and Harrisson in the same hole, because all of them were raised with the expectation that they would live like gentlemen, only to discover that their inheritance was tiny to nonexistent, and that they would have to struggle to make a living. No one, however, would have mistaken any of them for proletarians. In a 1961 reminiscence, Harrisson confessed that "in those far-off days, nearly everybody who was not born into the working-class regarded them as almost a race apart." Crossing the social distance raised eyebrows at the time. "Let's go down and see Humphrey being nice to the common people," Jennings's boss sneered, irked by the democratic spirit on his film set. In the past few decades, it has also raised a suspicion in the minds of some critics. Did the leaders of Mass-Observation take an interest in workers merely to express dissatisfaction with their own socioeconomic niche? More bluntly, were they slumming?

Hubble suggests, reasonably enough, that Madge, Jennings, and Harrisson might have had impure motives and transcended them. In any case, one hardly needed a personal reason to take an interest in workers in the nineteen-thirties. The Depression had made workers' misery acute, and, for the first time in history, a country, the Soviet Union, was ruled in the name of its workers. As Fascism spread, it seemed crucial to understand what workers wanted and believed. Not that workers were Mass-Observation's exclusive focus. Tom Jeffery, the author of a 1978 history of the group, is more impressed by their engagement with the lower middle class—the clerks, shop assistants, and schoolteachers who wrote most of the day-surveys. Upper-class leftists usually dismissed these people as "instinctively fascist and carriers of all that was worst in consumer culture," Jeffery writes. Mass-Observation gave them, too, a chance to describe their world.

In the fall of 1938, Harrisson came to London and moved in with Madge while the two researched a new book, "Britain." They were tracking public opinion about Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, who, three times in September, flew to Germany, where he postponed war by giving part of Czechoslovakia to Hitler. Published quickly by Penguin, "Britain" reportedly sold a hundred thousand copies in ten days. At last, Mass-Observation was being written for the people, as well as about and by them.

Chamberlain, who was sixty-nine, had never flown before, and Madge and Harrisson subjected the hero worship surrounding him to a mockery inflected by anthropology: "The combination of his age and his sky-journey made him a father-deity. But his self-sacrificial abasement in going to Hitler made him like the son-deity who descends among the wicked to save them." As always with Mass-Observation, the human eye caught telling details. Before Chamberlain announced from a window in Downing Street that he had brought back from Munich a promise of "peace for our time," he stretched out his arm to silence the people cheering below. An observer noted, "Several in crowd appear to take this for a Fascist salute and stretch forth their arms likewise."

The book took in other aspects of Britain, too. The writers seemed pleased by a "slight case of totemism" that they found in a small mining town, which annually celebrated the sawing off and devouring of a cow's head stuck in a gate. In the Lambeth Walk, a popular dance modelled on a Cockney original, they saw a reservoir of organic antifascism, because the craze for it reversed the usual top-down flow of culture and offered working people an opportunity to express themselves. "It is lovely to be common and let yourself go," one fan explained.

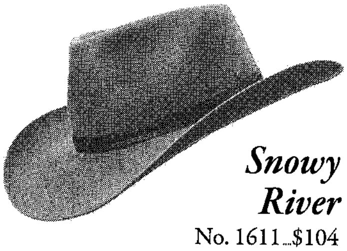
By late 1938, Madge was in love with Stephen Spender's wife, Inez, and wanted to get out of town, so, once he and Harrisson finished writing "Britain," the men swapped houses. In London, Harrisson was supposed to take charge of the national team of correspondent observers, but the task bored him, and his attention soon wandered to a rich married woman with a drinking problem. In Bolton, by contrast, Madge prospered, starting a study of workers' saving and spending habits that impressed the economist John Maynard Keynes. Though Mass-Observation survived for another decade, the constellation that formed it was dispersing.

In a January, 1939, lecture, later published in the journal *Sociological Review*, Raymond Firth, an anthropologist at the London School of Economics, attacked the group at its weakest point: statistics. The samples of people surveyed in "Britain" were small, unrepresentative, and inconsistent, he asserted; he noted that George Gallup's organization had brought scientific polling to Britain. It was the start of a long argument, which Mass-Observation was doomed to lose.

But, just as it was being cast out of science, Mass-Observation had a new birth in art. In March, Humphrey Jennings began to shoot "Spare Time," a documentary about workers' leisure commissioned for the New York World's Fair. It was to have three segments, on workers in steel, cotton, and coal, and for the segment on cotton Jennings returned to Bolton, which he had photographed with his Leica in the old days. He checked in with the Mass-Observation team there, now run by Madge.

This time, rather than a "film" of textual images, Jennings presents a sequence of visual ones, subtly interconnected by sound. While men play darts, for example, the viewer hears the tuning up of a brass band, which appears in the next scene. After the band has come and gone, the music continues as a boy reads a comic book, his mother removes a shepherd's pie from the oven, and a man takes three racing dogs out for a run behind a factory. As if brought to life from the pages of Mass-Observation's studies, old men in a pub play billiards, an audience watches all-in wrestling, and a man launches some pigeons into flight. Even more evocative of Mass-Observation than any of these details is the film's mood. For a scene of ballroom dancing, Jennings chooses a shot where a woman stoops and fixes the strap of her shoe. At a chorus rehearsal, a woman takes off her scarf with her right hand while she plays the piano with her left, and then keeps playing as a man in the chorus helps her out of her coat, and they begin to sing Handel. Improvisation is a part of life, and beauty emerges naturally from informality.

In the film's closing sequence, a woman cuts slices of bread for her husband's tea, late at night, while he reads a newspaper (headline: "Her Scent Was Bat's Delight"), and the viewer gradually realizes that the man isn't relaxing at the end of his



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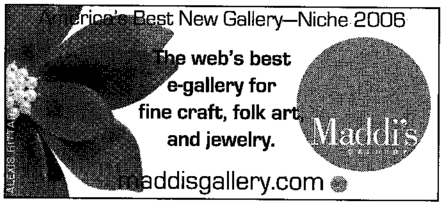

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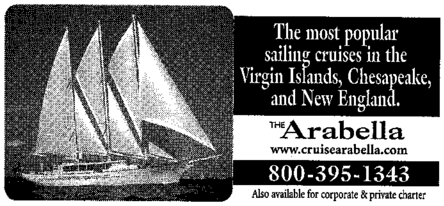

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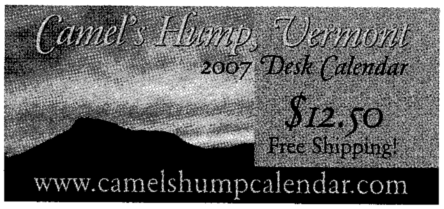

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workday but preparing to begin it, in a coal mine. Carrying lamps, miners file into the cage that will carry them down into the pit. As the cage shuts, the narrator says, "As things are, spare time is time when we have a chance to do what we like. A chance to be most ourselves." After a brief pause, the cage descends.

Previously, Jennings had dismissed his films as jobs he did for the money, but when he and his wife went to see "Spare Time," she recalled, "he was so excited that he sat on the edge of his seat in the cinema like a small boy." He had found his style.

In September, 1939, Britain declared war. Mass-Observation asked its volunteers to keep diaries of the experience, and the government hired the group to find out whether its posters were improving morale. "*Your* Courage / *Your* Cheerfulness / *Your* Resolution / Will Bring Us Victory," one poster read. Mass-Observation reported that the pronoun shift was disastrous.

To raise money, Madge and Harrisson wrote a book about this and other wartime observations, "War Begins at Home." They reported that people hated and resisted the blackout, perhaps because the Blitz had not yet begun, and the point of it was not apparent. The dark made people afraid of assault and theft, including the theft of pets. "They do say there is cats in pies," a charwoman in Hampstead explained.

Behind the scenes, Harrisson was campaigning for more government contracts. "I had misgivings," Madge later recalled; he did not want Mass-Observation to degenerate into "a sort of home-front espionage." Hubble reports that the debate over the group's future turned bitter in January, 1940, with Harrisson accusing Madge of being too literary, and Madge accusing Harrisson of a wish to turn Mass-Observation into a kind of political party. They even bickered over whose name should be first on the title pages. In May, Harrisson started to send secret weekly reports on morale to the government; by July, Madge had quit.

When the Blitz began, that autumn, Mass-Observation's founders rose to the challenge separately. Madge's research on saving habits helped Keynes persuade Parliament that workers would not mind having taxes taken out of their paychecks, thus making it easier for Britain to finance the war. Keynes's sponsorship brought Madge into the academic establishment, and he later became a professor of sociology at the University of Birmingham. Jennings directed a series of tender and resolute propaganda films, such as "London Can Take It" and "Listen to Britain"—the work for which he is chiefly remembered today. In 1950, while location-scouting on the Greek island of Poros, he fell off a cliff and died. Harrisson began the war reporting to the government, which tried to discourage him from sending so much commentary along with his facts, and was later conscripted. In 1945, he parachuted into Borneo, where he led a guerrilla force of native tribesmen, who were thrilled to resume head-hunting, which the British had only recently forbidden. He lived in Borneo on and off for the next two decades and three spouses.

Without its founders, Mass-Observation gradually lost its subversive eccentricity; in 1949, it was incorporated as a market-research firm. Its archives lay unread in a basement until the late sixties, when they were discovered by two historians and brought to the University of Sussex. Madge, looking back at Mass-Observation in 1961, felt thankful that "some sort of a net had been spread to catch that fleeting, glinting apparition, the essence of the time." In a 1938 radio talk, Jennings had suggested it was no accident that the search for the meaning of everyday life led to history. "Mysteries reside in the humblest everyday things," he said; they are a kind of legacy, and the poet, by examining them, can extract "an idea of 'what I am' from the past." To share this discovery, he relates it to contemporary experience, "the things that the community knows about, the things that they're interested in." Jennings cited, as an example, "The Waste Land," in which Eliot represents the past as a Christopher Wren church and the everyday as a pub in Lower Thames Street. The poet has to love both in order to connect them, Jennings insisted; "Everything else is snobbery." ♦

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

But Rittenberg, a council member, cautions about treating China as a scapegoat. "It's one thing to find a whipping boy, but we don't want to upset this apple cart," he said.

BOOKS

HEAVEN'S GATE

Irish prayers in Nassau County.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA

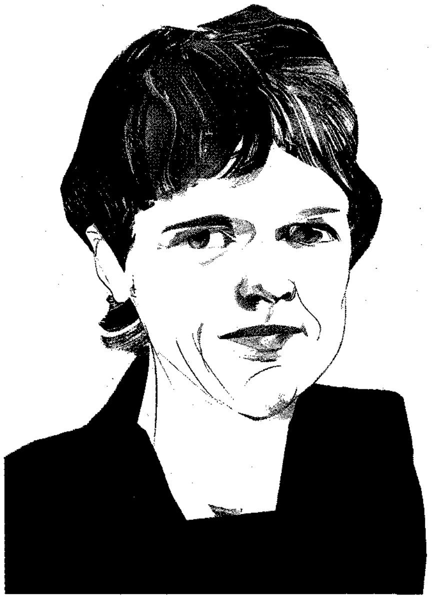
Alice McDermott's excellent novels "Charming Billy" and "At Weddings and Wakes" had to do with Irish-Americans living modest lives in Queens and on Long Island—this is the world McDermott comes from—and her new novel, "After This" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $24), concerns the same people. As it opens, just after the Second World War, Mary, who works in a typing pool in New York, is coming out of lunchtime Mass:

> Leaving the church, she felt the wind rise, felt the pinprick of pebble and grit against her stockings and her cheeks.... And all before her, the lunch-hour crowd bent under the April sun and into the bitter April wind, jackets flapping and eyes squinting, or else skirts pressed to the backs of legs and jacket hems pressed to bottoms. And trailing them, outrunning them, skittering along the gutter and the sidewalk and the low gray steps of the church, banging into ankles and knees and one another, scraps of paper, newspapers, candy wrappers, what else?—office memos? shopping lists? The paper detritus that she had somewhere read, or had heard it said, trails armies, or was it (she had seen a photograph) the scraps of letters and wrappers and snapshots that blow across battlefields after all but the dead have fled?

"After This" is the story of Mary and her husband, John Keane, and their children, but all the main themes are stated in these first sentences. There is the Church, whose teachings are taken for granted by Mary and John but flouted by their children. There is the "pebble and grit," apt symbols of the utterly ordinary griefs that will assail this family. War is there, too—it will affect the Keanes terribly—and also just regular vulnerability, the innocent bottoms that the men's suit jackets are meant to cover but which are outlined, for all the world to see, by the heedless wind. Finally, already on this first page we hear about forgetfulness: the letters and snapshots that blow across battlefields and mean nothing apart from what they meant to the men who lie dead there. That is the chief subject of "After This"—time and what it erases and what kind of tribute we owe to its small, not necessarily interesting victims: the unwed girlfriend, the unpaid creditor. They'll survive, but harmed. Is there any remedy? This question is directly posed by McDermott, and she has an answer, sort of.

RICCARDO VECCHIO

Mary, when she steps out of that church, is thirty, and unmarried. She assumes she will be a spinster; she prays for contentment. But before going back to the office she ducks into Schrafft's for a sandwich, and there she exchanges a few words with the man next to her at the lunch counter. She notices his brass belt buckle. She thinks she'd like to put her hand on his belly. By the end of the next chapter, they are married. They will have four children: Jacob, small, tender, and slow; Michael, a tall, handsome smart-aleck and a torture to Jacob; Annie, the bright, literary one (this must be the McDermott character); Clare, not bright, not pretty, and loved by everyone. The book covers about twenty-five years, from the late nineteen-forties to the early seventies, and McDermott clearly means it to be a history of that postwar period: the gain in sophistication, the loss of optimism. Mary and John buy a little house in Nassau County; John takes a job with the phone company, and in twenty years never misses a day's work. They think they are succeeding, having the promised American life. But, late in the novel, Michael, enrolled in an upstate college where his parents have saved up to send him, says that if he and his classmates



Alice McDermott

> were not exactly the middle children born at mid-century to middle-class parents and sent from middling, mid-island high schools to mediocre colleges all across the state, they were close enough. They were out to be teachers, most of them—industrial or liberal arts the predominant goals since any interest in science or math portended better things: accounting, engineering, med school in Mexico.

That "med school in Mexico" pretty much nails it. These people's lives are indeed mediocre, and also, as the book progresses, increasingly shorn of the comforts that once alleviated that condition. The primary symbol of this change is the family's church. When the Keanes moved into the neighborhood, St. Gabriel's was a nice, dowdy old sanctuary, with the plaster statues and the Stations of the Cross and a back stairs that, it was rumored among the children, was the stairway to Heaven. But in the sixties the parish decides to knock down the church and replace it with something up to date. The resulting structure looks like a spaceship. It has no corners, no shadows. In the confessionals, there is no screen or kneeling bench, just two chairs, to the mortification of all concerned. St. Gabriel's parishioners went modern, American, and lost their souls' consolation.

Early in the book comes the only war scene, a flashback. John is with a detachment in the Ardennes. A new recruit, named Jacob, arrives: a boy, almost, his beard "only potential," his hands as small as a child's. He follows John around, and John, though he wishes he could shake him off, puts up with him, sings vaudeville songs with him. Jacob is killed that night. John's feelings about this, or even about his own sacrifices—three toes lost to frostbite—are left for us to imagine. McDermott's people are

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stoic. But, when John and Mary's first child is born, John insists on naming him Jacob. Mary protests: Isn't that a Jewish name? John insists.

This is the novel's first act of pity, but far from its last. About a third of the way into the book, we see Mary and Annie visiting the 1964 World's Fair, in Queens, and waiting in line to view Michelangelo's "Pietà" (the word means "pity"), which was shipped from the Vatican for the occasion. The line is long, the summer heat staggering. "You had to pity" the man whose girlfriend is leaning on him, McDermott writes. "You had to pity" the girlfriend, too. She has long, thick hair; it must be hot under that hair. Finally, when Mary and Annie, on a conveyor belt, are speeded past the famous statue, Mary pities the Virgin, "her lap, as wide as it might have been in childbirth," accommodating her son once more.

That is the this-is-my-theme episode, but legs have been opened before in this novel, and more urgently. At a certain point, in the fifties, there is a violent storm on Long Island, and a big, beautiful weeping willow in the Keanes' front yard—it was for this tree that they bought the house—is struck down. The next morning, a neighbor, Mr. Persichetti, who works as a night nurse at the state mental hospital but is picking up some extra money doing work on trees, appears at Mary's door to say that, for twenty dollars, he'd cut up the fallen willow and cart it away. Mary, who is hugely pregnant, tells him that she'll check with her husband. As she closes the door, her water breaks. Soon, Mr. Persichetti is back, to say that the price could be fifteen dollars. By now, Mary is on the living-room couch, racked by contractions and gushing amniotic fluid onto the slipcovers. Mr. Persichetti asks her if she would like him to check how things are going. She says O.K., and he reaches up under her dress, pulls down her soaked underpants, and sees that the baby's head is crowning. A few minutes later, Mary, with her knee against the cheek of this man she barely knows, delivers Clare. Mr. Persichetti manages it all expertly and kindly. He is a man, McDermott says, who is "plagued by pity the way other men were driven by ambition or greed."

The book has other episodes like this, scenes that belong on church windows. Most of McDermott's pity is spent on the men. Women, in her novels, have more interesting, or at least more expressible, inner lives, but the men, perhaps precisely because their feelings are less known to them, are more poignant to her. Midway into the novel, John suffers a slipped disk, but he won't go to a doctor, because, as Mary intuits, he cannot bear the "humiliation a man with four children making fifteen thousand a year endured while sitting with his bare legs dangling, those missing toes, in his boxer shorts and T-shirt before a diplomaed man in a good suit who had been to Columbia University." The same compassion is brought to bear on Jacob, John's first son. John loves him but is pained that he doesn't love him more, that the boy embarrasses him. The men in his family, John thinks, were not like Jacob, so frail and fearful, with his girlish lips and trembling Adam's apple. What McDermott doesn't know about the vulnerability of young men doesn't need to be known.

A book so drenched in compassion: how does McDermott keep it this side of sentimentality? Sometimes she doesn't—one or two scenes hurt your teeth—but mostly she does, in several ways. McDermott's last novel, "Child of My Heart" (2002), was the sort of junior year abroad that artists sometimes take in mid-career. Her previous books were masterpieces of realism—stories of housecoats and cooking smells and what they mean—but "Child of My Heart" was different: lyrical, sinister, full of fantasy. It wasn't as successful as her earlier novels, but writing it seems to have unharnessed her. In "After This," she is back to realism, but her language has changed—it tumbles out, freer, more elliptical—and so has her treatment of time. The tale is told in

flashes—five years may pass between one chapter and the next—and the truly big events are not the subject of the big scenes. The novel includes a death and a psychotic breakdown, but we find out about them only later, in after-tremors. (Sometimes we hear what will happen beforehand, in little flash-forwards.) On the surface, this is a traditional, chronological narrative, but underneath we seem to be getting the story from a mind remembering, and what minds remember about a catastrophe is often not the event itself—it's too much—but the neighbor who arrived the next day with the casserole. That's McDermott's method.

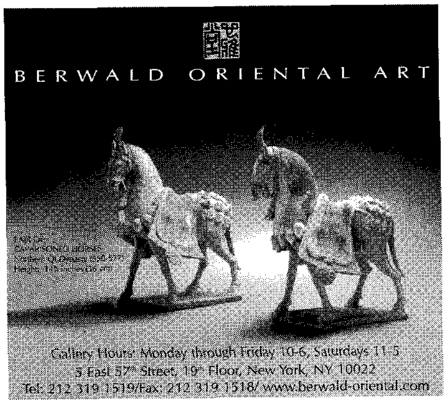
Another way she tempers her tenderness is by staying close to the body. When Mary delivers Clare into the hands of Mr. Persichetti, we are told about the oatmeal smell of the amniotic fluid, and how it soaked his T-shirt, and how the umbilical cord was blue and thick and writhing. Comedy also does service. Mr. Persichetti, when he realizes that Mary is giving birth, calls an ambulance, and it arrives soon after Clare. He tells one of the medics to watch out for that baby. She's six weeks premature, he says. That's what Mary told him. The medic takes one look at Clare and says no way; she's full term. Mary "can't count," he says. "My wife always knows exactly. . . . But that's probably because she only lets me do it twice a year, Valentine's and my birthday. . . . I got two kids born in November, two in June. No kidding." If Mary doesn't know whether it's been nine months or seven, he adds, her husband is a lucky man. With this nice dirty joke, the chapter on Clare's birth ends. In other hands, it might have turned into something out of Bethlehem.

McDermott's final defense against sentimentality is her fidelity to human facts—for example, the fact that many of the people we're called upon to pity are quite annoying. That's why they get into situations where we have to pity them. Mary's best friend, Pauline, is a grudging, resentful woman who quarrels with everyone. But in her childhood Mary was told by a nun, What is the good of loving only the lovable? So Mary sticks by Pauline. It's Pauline who has the psychotic episode, after falling out of the doorway of a bus. As she crashes into the gutter, breaking her nose and her wrist—and, to her greater distress, exposing the flesh at the top of her thighs—some kind hand, "soft and large, calloused, or perhaps it was a glove," reaches out and pulls her skirt back down over her legs. (That's McDermott's hand.) After Pauline gets out of the hospital, Mary and John, over their children's protests, take her in. They say this will be for only a little while, but Pauline never moves out, and she never stops being a pill.

At the end of the novel, one of the Keane children has a shotgun wedding—a great humiliation for Mary and John. Nevertheless, it is a beautiful occasion, presided over by a sort of angel, in the form of the pianist, a boy from the neighborhood whom Mary hired for the ceremony. He arrives a half hour early, as does the family's priest, Monsignor McShane. Listening to the boy practice, McShane can't believe his ears. This pianist, he thinks, was

> not the engine for the instrument but a conduit for some music that was already there, that had always been there, in the air, some music, some pattern . . . that needed only this boy, a boy like this, to bring it, briefly, briefly, to his untrained ear.

That's McDermott's concluding aria, but it's not the end of the story. As with Clare's birth, she adds a little joke. The naïve McShane asks the pianist if he's taken lessons, or did he always know how to play? In fact, the boy is a Juilliard student. "He looked over his shoulder at the priest. The lights from the altar cast the shadow of his long lashes across his cheeks. . . . 'Both,' he said, politely. 'A lot of lessons, but it seems I've always known how to play.' " In a sense, this is the same young man as the soldier Jacob and the son Jacob, and also the groom, Gregory, who now, with the others, enters the church, "looking like the oversize boy he was in his first suit, well-scrubbed, determined, afraid." They all have the same good manners, the same cheeks and eyelashes, the same courage they have mustered, out of nothing, in the face of what are life's true dangers. The pianist is just the seraphic version. Again and again, "After This" moves toward revelation and then modestly, modernly, pulls back, but not without a memory of what it glimpsed. ♦



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THE ART WORLD

NEW AND OLD

MOMA's latest contemporary-art installation.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

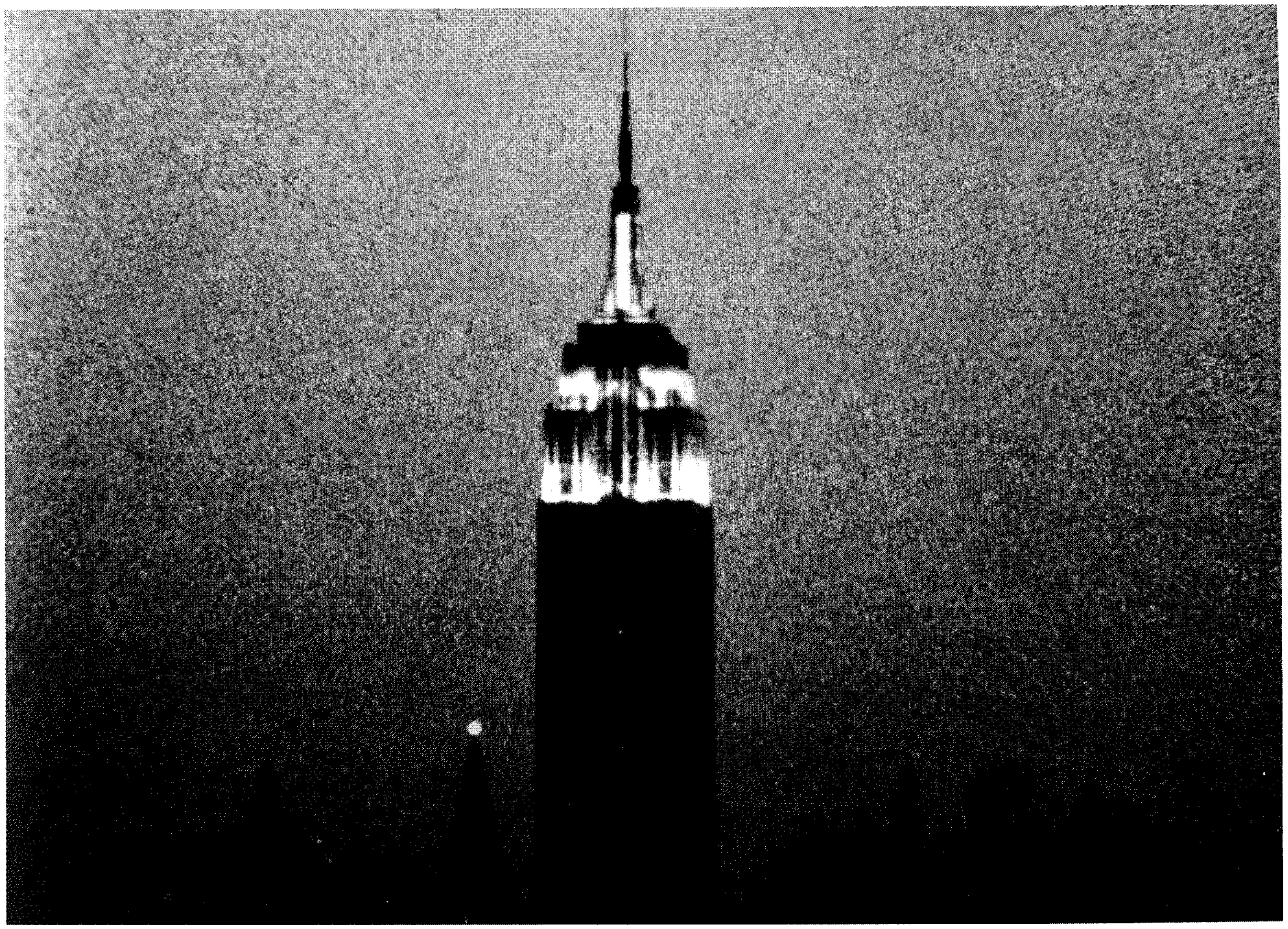
"Out of Time," the third annual reinstallation of the rehoused Museum of Modern Art's capacious contemporary galleries, is a mixed bag of works from the past four decades, with a trenchant and, considering MOMA's history, somewhat melancholy theme. Here is a museum, *the* museum of the twentieth century, whose founding idea was a time line: the march of modernization. That story disintegrated in the nineteen-sixties, when minimalism rejected the framed and pedestalled suggestiveness of historical painting and sculpture in favor of the droning presence of taciturn objects and arrangements. (The epoch called "contemporary" grows longer year by year, as the era that minimalism instituted bids to be eternal.) Since then, a great deal of ambitious art has espoused, or, at least, countenanced boredom—the forced consciousness of passing time.

The exhibition starts with a projected segment of Andy Warhol's baleful film masterpiece "Empire" (1964), an eight-hour static view of the Empire State Building, and climaxes with Gerhard Richter's great, sepulchral suite of fifteen paintings about the lives and, mostly, the deaths of the Baader-Meinhof terrorists, "October 18, 1977" (1988). In the middle comes "Work No. 227: The Lights Going On and Off" (2000), by the British artist Martin Creed: an empty room in which light and darkness alternate at five-second intervals. Everything in the show—paintings and drawings, groups of photographs, sculptural and video installations, and ad-hoc oddities—can be taken, if sometimes tortuously, to illustrate a possible meaning of the phrase "out of time": time regarded with detachment, as sheer phenomenon; or employed, as a kind of material. Another sense occurs to me: "too late"—game over, pencils down. The show crystallizes a recurrent suspicion that, at present, high culture inhabits an interminable aftermath of lost or broken purposes. The poetic tone of today's most vital art tilts toward elegy.

The show's young curators, Joachim Pissarro, of the Department of Painting and Sculpture, and Eva Respini, of the Department of Photography, have grouped works by formal or notional affinity rather than by chronology. Some juxtapositions are inspired. "Empire" is flanked by Philip-Lorca diCorcia's "Head #10" (2000), a starkly flash-lit color photograph of a sullen teen-ager in a Yankees cap, set in inky darkness. Building and boy, both monumentally composed, convey rhyming ratios of obduracy and, what with the inevitable thoughts of September 11th, vulnerability. (Time may not be on our side.) A room given over to dry exercises in time-based execution, such as a large, dense drawing that was frantically made by William Anastasi in one hour, and thirty photographs of a swatch of roiling river taken by Dieter Appelt in as many minutes, opens onto Pipilotti Rist's "Ever Is Over All" (1997). In this intoxicating video installation, with a gentle rock score, panning shots of flowers accompany the sight of a young woman, in a blue summer dress and ruby pumps, traipsing down a city street, now and then merrily smashing car windows with a long-stemmed flower. A police officer slowly approaches. It is a policewoman, who, coming abreast, smiles benevolently and walks on. Anarchy has never been so honey-sweet.

Rist, a Swiss artist born in 1962, is important for having conjoined the astringent disciplines of performance art with the industrialized fun of music video. I remember thinking, when I first saw "Ever Is Over All," that it heralded a dawning era of rococo pleasures, which would blur boundaries between art and entertainment in no end of surprising ways. As often happens in such cases, very little that has been produced since, even by Rist, has rivalled it for crazy joy. First thought, best thought? Perhaps, but it may be in the nature of hybrid art forms, like their botanical kin, to prove as sterile as they may be extraordinary. The same fate afflicted another superb video installation in the show: "Stasi City" (1997), by the British twins Jane and Louise Wilson, a devastating projection, onto four walls, of documentary and dream sequences made in the former headquarters of the East German secret police. Immersing us in beautifully managed redolences of a dreadful past, the piece both demonstrates the abundant creative resources of its medium and exhausts them. Subsequent work by the Wilsons, though impressively adept, has paled for want of equally gripping applications. The veteran American video artist Bill Viola is more consistent, if only because his work is unremittingly, emptily pretentious. His lavish "Stations" (1994) arrays five projected tapes of shapely naked people floating upside down underwater, the images reflected in polished black granite on the floor. There is a soundtrack of amplified, lugubrious water sounds. Viola is a master of special effects passed off as spiritual epiphanies. He strikes me as a latter-day avatar of grandly sentimental nineteenth-century academic painters. Does his current popularity justify his presence in this show? Why not? His prominence is undeniably a sign of our times, just not of time put to serious artistic use.

A test of true art is a real subject, as the variable success of Rist and the Wilsons and the futility of Viola indicate. Art itself—its structures and its uses—could seem a sufficient field of meaning, back when people still liked to believe that art's development expressed an intrinsic, progressive logic. That was called modernism, and it is enshrined in the catechismal hanging of MOMA's permanent collection, from Cézanne to Pollock. (The style parade obscures the fact that Cézanne and Pollock had real subjects, replete with philosophy and feeling, that emerged through and go beyond art.) As a lingering habit of the curatorial mind, modernist presumption shores up some otherwise



A frame from Andy Warhol's movie "Empire" (1964), an eight-hour static view of the Empire State Building.

"EMPIRE" (1964) / ANDY WARHOL MUSEUM / ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY

defenseless work in "Out of Time." Creed's flickering room is one example. Another is a handsome kinetic sculpture, "+ & –" (1994-2004), by Mona Hatoum, a British star of the international-festival circuit. A metal bar rotates on a circular bed of sand, carving ridges in it with one side and smoothing them out with the other. Then, there's "Drawing for Transient Rainbow" (2003), by the Chinese fireworks artist Cai Guo-Qiang: a big, Rorschach-like composition made by exploding piles of gunpowder between two thick sheets of paper. All of them amount to aesthetic demonstration projects that have no conceivable significance outside a gallery or museum—a dedicated art space—which they inhabit with the tender dependency of creatures in a petting zoo.

Warhol had a subject so vast that art space is incidental to it. His "Empire" is a masterpiece because it drew a hard line between past and future roles of art, and because this conceptual service is attended—when you witness, if not actively watch, the film—by steady sensations of self-evidence, beauty, and fathomless humor. Modern art had busied itself with adapting traditional creative mediums to unprecedented conditions. Like the minimalists, but with a vision hospitable to all manner of meaning, Warhol collapsed the contemplation of art into the self-conscious experience of existing, moment to moment, in a world where Rembrandts, say, and skyscrapers are just different objects of interest and distraction. What Warhol accomplished remains radical in ways that nothing in "Out of Time" transcends. He inaugurated the apparently incurable syndrome of the "contemporary" as one damned or blessed thing after another.

The best later works in the show completely assimilate Warhol's lessons to independent ends. These may be modest in character, like Cady Noland's "The American Trip" (1988), a sculptural installation that somehow evokes a dire moral emergency with steel pipe, American and pirate flags, a blind person's cane, an oven rack, and metal and leather whatnots. What this has to do with time is unclear, but it feels indelibly timely. So does—and, I predict, indefinitely will—the Belgian painter Luc Tuymans's recent "The Secretary of State" (2005), which renders a close-up photograph of Condoleezza Rice with a painterly sensitivity that overwhelms any opinionated response to the subject. Trying to understand it, your mind stammers. Tuymans has helped to restore painting's prestige in new art after its battering not only by minimalist literal-mindedness but also, ironically, by Gerhard Richter, the most esteemed living painter. Richter's emphatically elegiac repertoire of abstract and realist styles has seemed an irreversible, long goodbye to the once royal medium. His wonderful and terrible Baader-Meinhof pictures are a memento mori, for fevers of politics as well as vanities of art, that enthrones the one actually timeless reality: death. The good news is that knowing this proves conclusively that you're alive. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

SUPERMEN

"Hollywoodland" and the films of Kenji Mizoguchi.

BY ANTHONY LANE

What will be our lasting image of Superman, in a year that marked his return? Will it be Brandon Routh, jutting his jaw at a world that craves salvation? Or will it be Ben Affleck, falling like a sack of sugar beets onto a concrete floor, his airborne glide cut short by the snap of a wire harness? The latter, surely the more involving spectacle, comes from "Hollywoodland," the début of the director Allen Coulter. Written by Paul Bernbaum, it stars Affleck as George Reeves, the man whose wide smile and matching shoulders won him the love of a youthful public in the nineteen-fifties, when he played the Man of Steel on TV.

We see but a single clip from the credits of that show, yet the smell of television hangs around the movie like cigar smoke. It is there in a screening of "From Here to Eternity," when people start to laugh at Reeves—who shares a scene with Burt Lancaster—because they recognize him from the small screen and can't help thinking of his cape and tights. Listen, likewise, to the worried Edgar Mannix (Bob Hoskins), of M-G-M, presiding over his fiefdom like a superannuated Mussolini: "fags and television," he says, listing the threats to his supremacy. His marriage is no less frail, as he and his wife, Toni (Diane Lane), each take a lover with the other's consent; Edgar has a Japanese girl who speaks no English, while Toni meets the swaggering Reeves at a restaurant. The scene is a joy: jewels, long gloves, Rita Hayworth at a nearby table, and shoes removed to walk across a strip of sand and park yourself on a bench under lamplight. George and Toni go to bed that night, without ado, and only in the morning does he realize whose wife she is. As for Toni, her need for love is infinite but bounded: "I have another seven good years before my ass drops like a duffelbag."

That slice of the movie is interleaved with a second, culled from 1959, when Reeves is found with a bullet through his brain. The police call it suicide, but Louis Simo (Adrien Brody), a private detective, suspects foul play. Various suggestions rise like vapors in his mind: an angry spat, perhaps, between George and Leonore Lemmon (Robin Tunney), the minx to whom he was latterly engaged; a vengeful Toni, thrown over for the younger woman; or even Edgar, hiring hoods to act on her dismay. In fact, the official verdict on Reeves's death stands to this day, and Coulter's film is content to let the mystery (if it is a mystery) float onward unresolved. Although many viewers will emerge dissatisfied, the bathos with which "Hollywoodland" drifts to a close struck me as true to the times—to a sense of the fifties, so verdant in the early scenes, winding up as a burnt-out case, with Simo pacing a city the color of scorched grass. We switch from the dazzle of Diane Lane in a full-skirted dress, with polka dots of alternating red and blue, to Adrien Brody in a shirt about as dazzling as a tobacco stain.

Adrien Brody, Ben Affleck, and Diane Lane in a movie about George Reeves.

ROBERT RISKO

If only he were right for the role. Nobody else could have mustered his skeletal saintliness in "The Pianist," but who really believes he would last a week as a private eye? A rival dick gives Simo the once-over and remarks, "Nobody told him the world don't need two Ralph Meekers." A nice line, spoiled only by the fact that Brody looks as much like Meeker as he does like Whoopi Goldberg. Surely Simo needs muscle and a dab of meanness (as shown by Meeker, playing a solid, brutish Mike Hammer in "Kiss Me Deadly"), whereas all we get is the nervous hopes of a rube, and we soon grow bored with his sleuthing, keen to flip back to the living Reeves and his tanglings with Toni—in other words, to Affleck and Lane. I have rarely warmed to Affleck, except for his bastard turn in "Boiler Room," but here he delivers a lovely study of a star, both shooting and falling: tall, dark, handsome, but wise to the fate of all vanity, and, though hardly whip-smart, by no means dumb enough to be happy with his lot. For every Burt Lancaster, there have been thousands of George Reeveses, and Affleck pays them the kind of fond homage—an offer of limelight—that they otherwise never get. In the words of Reeves's genial agent (Jeffrey DeMunn), "An actor can't always act—sometimes he has to *work*."

To be honest, I could have used a whole film about Toni Mannix. To learn, as I did later, that she was once a Ziegfeld girl came as no surprise; you can sense it in her patter and her drive. Thanks to Lane, "Hollywoodland," no great shakes as a thriller, becomes a quiet horror story about the monstrosity of time. Actresses often lament, with justice, the drying up of roles for older women; Lane goes one better and makes that desiccation the subject of the drama—just wait for the final shot of her, lined and lovesick, turning back in weariness to her husband's hug. To be not merely beautiful but alive to the fact of beauty's slow fade, and to seem more beautiful because of such terrible knowledge: that is a gift most actors would prefer not to possess, but Lane has it, and she turns Toni's grab at love from a foolish fancy into a kind of tragic prayer. As she says to George, "Nobody ever asked to be happy later." That may be the motto of "Hollywoodland," but, in its yearning for the blaze of the immediate—for present laughter, for the return of Superman, for apocalypse right now—it is also the story of Hollywood.

The Japanese director Kenji Mizoguchi died fifty years ago, on August 24, 1956. In his honor, Film Forum has organized a short festival, starting September 8th, comprising half a dozen films. Should you enjoy those, you will have a mere eighty-four movies to go—an unfeasible task, given that many of them are silent, untraceable quickies from the nineteen-twenties. Nevertheless, the handful of films in the series, ranging from "Sisters of the Gion" (1936) to "Street of Shame" (1956), and including a six-day run of the celebrated "Ugetsu Monogatari" (1953), should be enough to back Jean-Luc Godard's claim that Mizoguchi was, "quite simply, one of the greatest of filmmakers." If you know the name already, that assessment will seem uncontentious; for many moviegoers—those familiar with Akira Kurosawa, perhaps, and eager to place "Rashomon" or "The Seven Samurai" at the summit of Japanese cinema—the more likely response will be "Who?"

There are certainly fertile comparisons to be made between Kurosawa and Mizoguchi; and yet, to those who love the latter, there is no comparison. Kurosawa seems sweaty and overwrought beside the astounding formal finesse of a movie like "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954). I have seen "Sansho" only once, a decade ago, emerging from the cinema a broken man but calm in my conviction that I had never seen anything better; I have not dared watch it again, reluctant to ruin the spell, but also because the human heart was not designed to weather such an ordeal. The film itself is a tale of broken men and women, or of those bent to the breaking point by the harrying furies of society. Kurosawa may have fashioned the thrilling "Throne of Blood" from the plot of "Macbeth," but Mizoguchi, though he adapted none of the plays, remains the more profound Shakespearean, such are the reversals and accelerations of fortune into which his characters are swept.

"Sansho" revolves around the widow and children of a provincial governor, all of them reduced to servitude and worse; the burden of resilience lies with the mother and daughter, and, indeed, it is hard to think of a Mizoguchi plot that does not flow from a female source. In the course of his inquiries into suffering, a woman is invariably both the star witness and the most enduring victim. "The Life of Oharu" (1952) traces the decline of its seventeenth-century heroine from a well-bred servant of the court to an aged prostitute, begging for alms under a sky of tarnished silver. Her crime is to be a slave to her own passions, not to the various men who control her by law. Mizoguchi himself was a womanizer and an avowed frequenter of brothels, and his wife succumbed to mental illness; what manner of guilt or expiation might have lain beneath his intensely sympathetic direction of actresses we can only guess.

Despite Mizoguchi's pleas for justice, his films could not be farther from tirades. They offer serenity to the point of hallucination, and even their scuffles of violence are like controlled explosions, held in by the composure of the frame. When Oharu learns that a lover has died, she attempts to follow suit, grabbing a knife and trying to stab herself. Her mother rushes to stop her, and the two women take their struggle from the family house to the adjacent wood. And what do we recall of the scene? Not the jab of the blade but the peaceful, sideways motion of the camera, and the way that it stays with them after they have come gaspingly to rest, as if it were breathing in the airy flickers of sunlight on the spearlike shafts of bamboo and so reassuring us that, somehow, all shall be well. If you have never witnessed the visual equivalent of perfect pitch, or understood how a single tracking shot can feel like a declaration of faith, here is your chance. Mizoguchi's work may brim with the fears of a fatalist, yet it also gleams with unexpected hope. ♦

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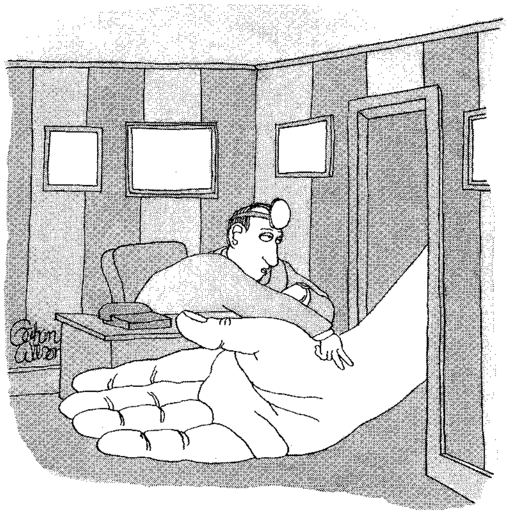
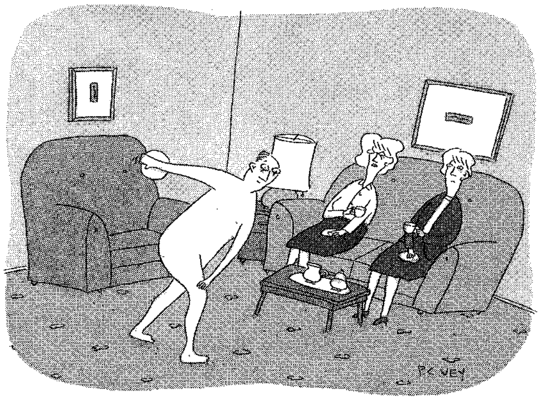
CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Lee Lorenz, must be received by Sunday, September 10th. Finalists in the August 28th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the September 25th issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"Take three thousand Tylenol and call me in the morning."
Michelle Haimoff, New York City



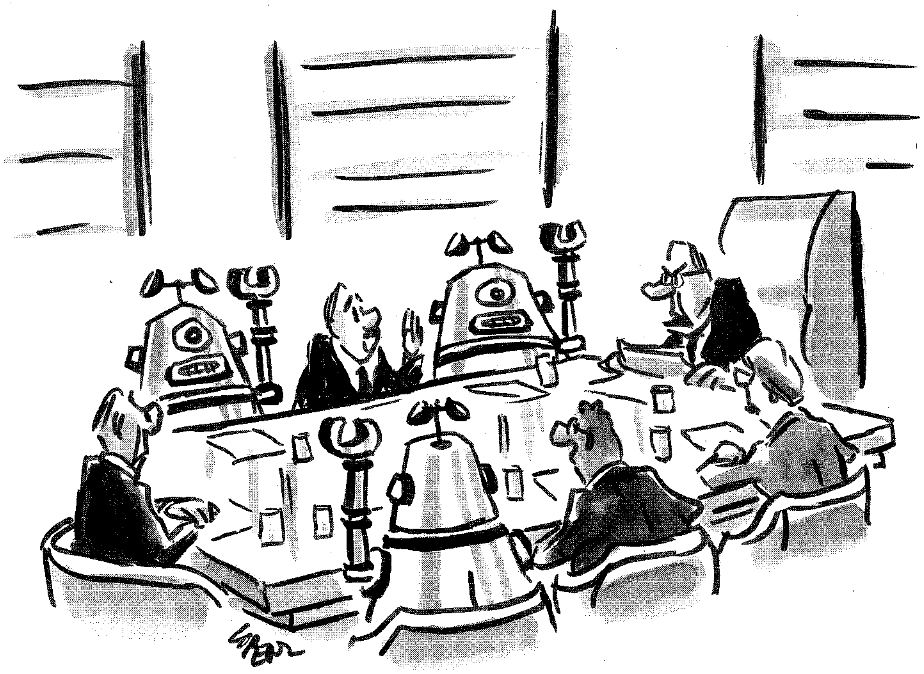
THE FINALISTS

"We have company, Henry. Use the good china."
Jay Shuck, Minneapolis, Minn.

"He has his life, and I have mine."
George Irizary, Forestville, Calif.

"Can you tell it's a knockoff?"
Elizabeth Tillotson, Minneapolis, Minn.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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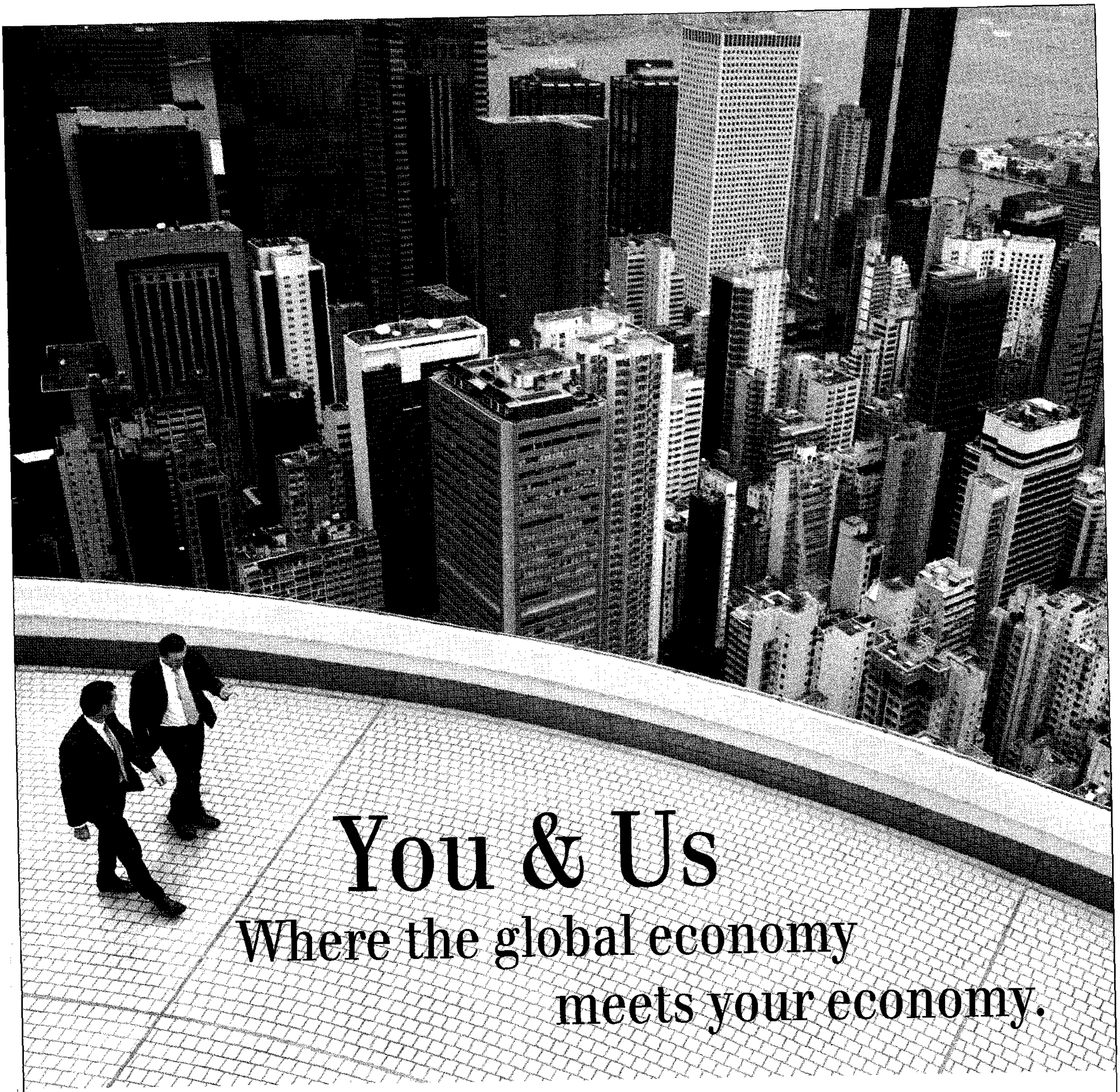

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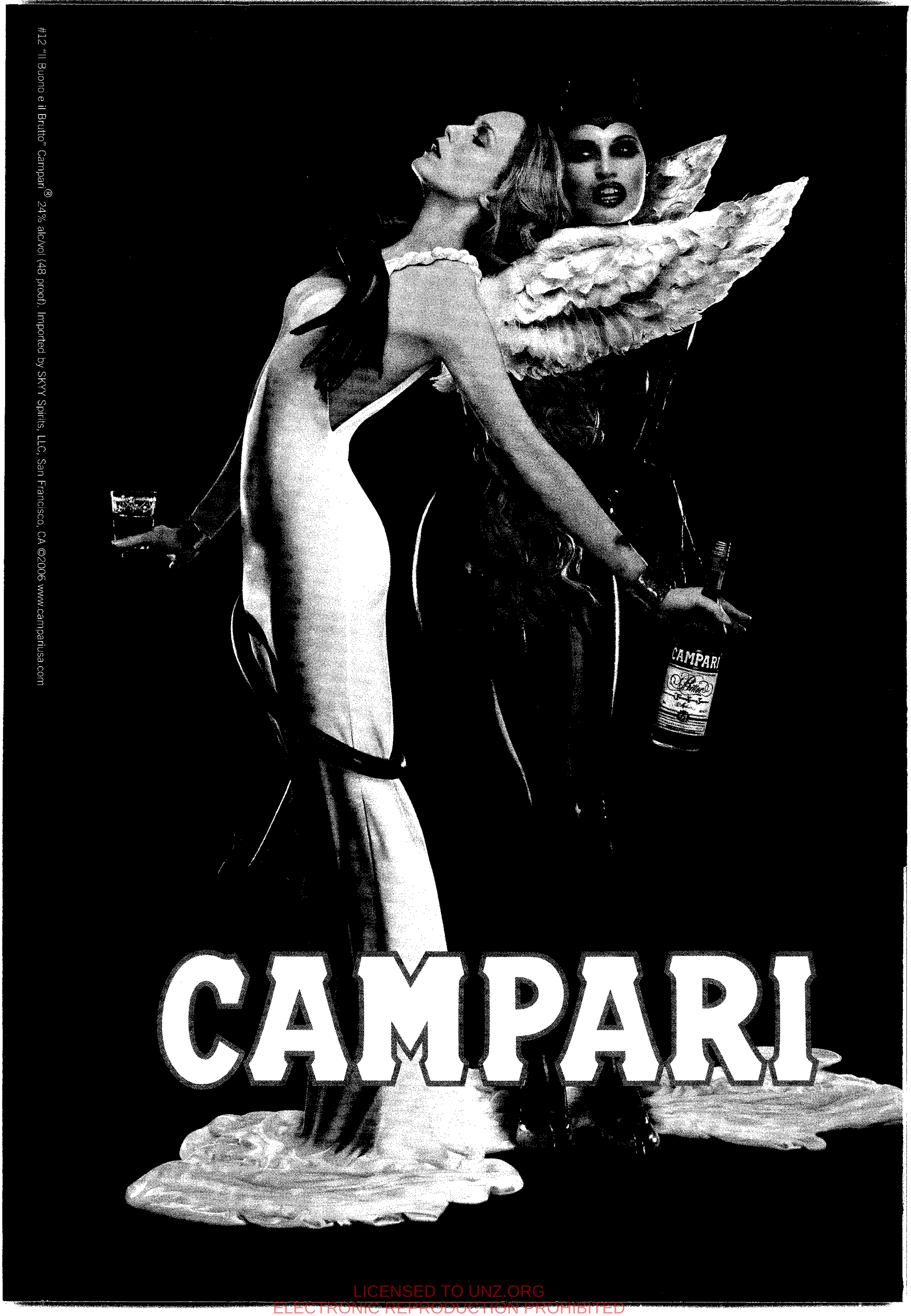
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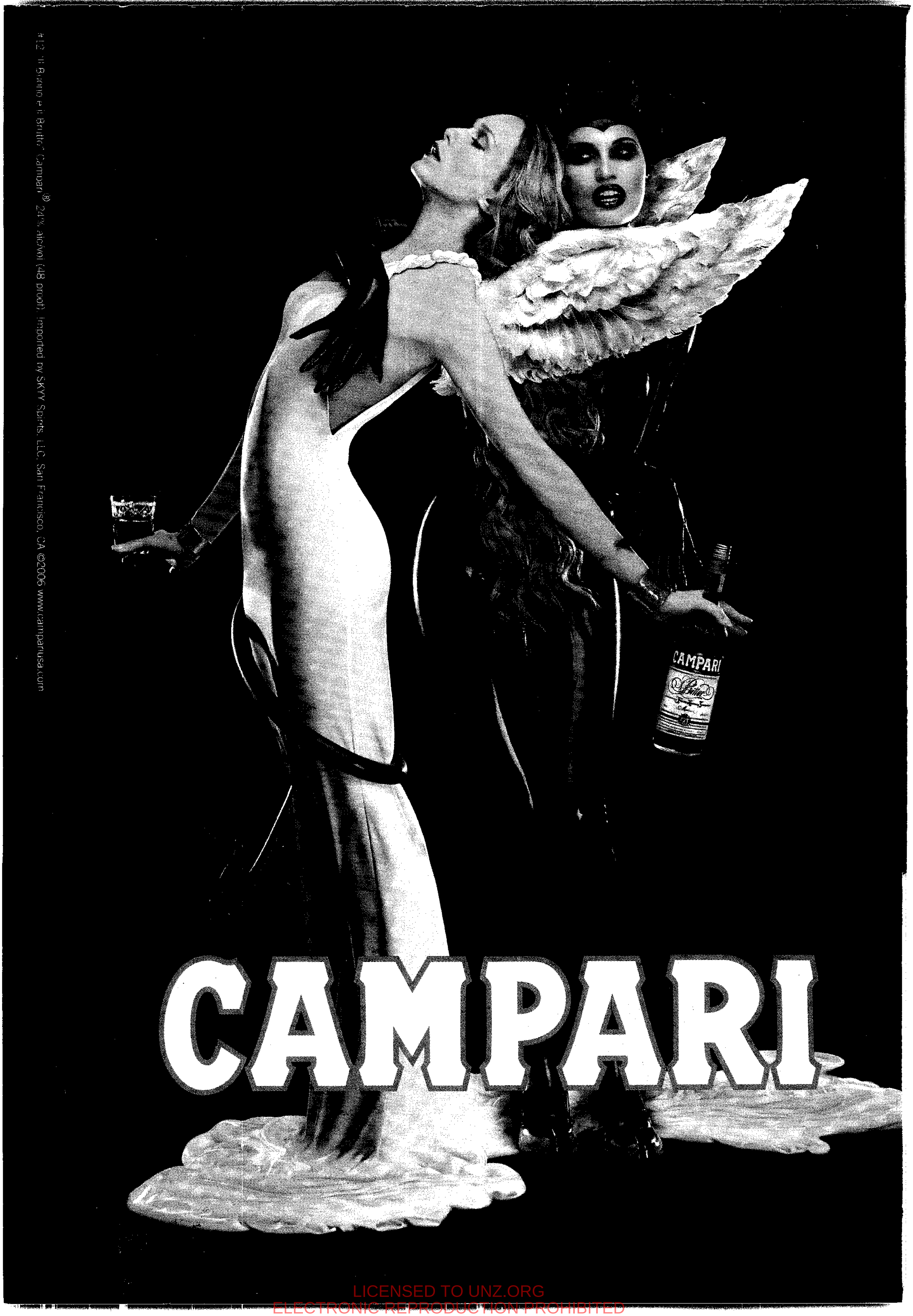
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